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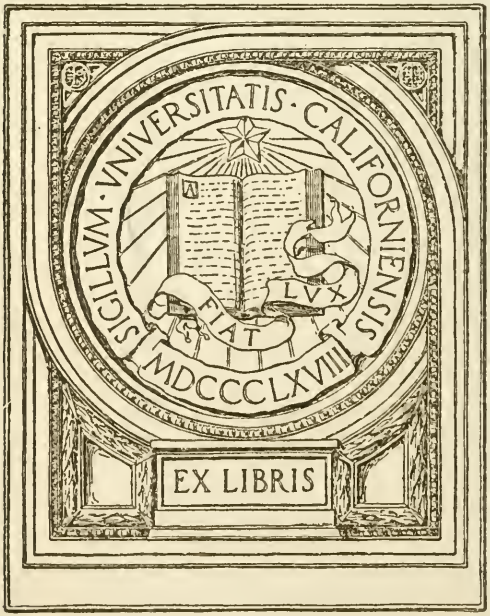
AT LOS ANGELES



UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT
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WAR AND PEACE

A HISTORICAL NOVEL

1787

BY

COUNT LÉON TOLSTOÏ

TRANSLATED INTO FRENCH

BY A RUSSIAN LADY

AND

FROM THE FRENCH BY CLARA BELL

BORODINO, THE FRENCH AT MOSCOW —EPILOGUE—

1812 — 1820

TWO VOLUMES — VOL. II.

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WAR AND PEACE.

BORODINO, THE FRENCH AT MOSCOW

— EPILOGUE —

1812 — 1820.

CHAPTER I.

When Russia, already half-conquered, saw the inhabitants of Moscow flying to distant provinces, while the levies of militia went on without cessation, we — who did not live then — we fancy that every individual, from the greatest to the least, can have had but one idea: that, namely, of sacrificing everything to save the country or to perish with it. The records of the time indeed are full of traits of devotion and love, of despair and anguish, but the reality was far from what we fancy it. The historic interest of those terrible years diverts our attention from the minor personal interests which, by their more immediate pressure, blinded contemporary witnesses to the importance of all that was going on around them. The individuals then living,

of whom the great majority were guided by these narrow considerations, were, by that very fact the most useful agents of their time; while those who endeavored on the contrary to comprehend the general progress of affairs and to play their part in them by acts of heroism and self-sacrifice were the most useless members of society. They looked at everything from the wrong point of view, and what they did with the best intentions was, after all, mere aimless folly; for example, the regiments formed by Pierre and by Mamonow, spent all their time in robbing villages; and again, the lint prepared by the ladies never reached the wounded for whom it was made.

The speeches of those men who never ceased talking of the situation of the country unconsciously bore the stamp either of false judgment, or of blame and of animosity against men whom they accused of faults for which no one was really responsible.

Those who write history learn the wisdom of the prohibition to touch the tree of knowledge; unconscious agency alone can bring forth fruit. He who plays a part in events is the last to know their real importance; and the moment he tries to seize their purport and to take a conscious part in them his actions are barren of result. At St. Petersburg as well as in the interior governments, all, from the militia to the ladies, bewailed the fate of Russia and of the capital and talked of nothing but sacrifice and devotion; the army, withdrawn beyond Moscow, thought nothing of what it was abandoning, nor of the conflagration it had

left behind — still less of vengeance on the French; it thought of the next quarter's pay, the next halting stage, of Matrechka the vivandiére and so forth.

Nicolas Rostow, who was still in the service when the war began, consequently played a real and active part in the defence of the country; but he had no preconceived plan and he gave himself up to no solemn reflections. If he had been asked his opinion as to the state of the country, he would have answered plainly that it was no concern of his; that Koutouzow and the others were there to think for him; all he knew was this: "the regiments were being steadily recruited, there would be fighting for a long while to come, and under existing circumstances it was very likely that he would be promoted to command a regiment." Thanks to this view of the question he did not even regret his absence from the last battle, and he had gladly accepted a commission to go to Voronège to buy horses for the division.

Thus, only a few days before Borodino, Nicolas had received the needful instructions and money, had sent a hussar in advance, had taken post-horses and set out.

Only those who have spent several months in the atmosphere of a camp during a campaign can form any idea of the gladness that Nicolas felt as he got beyond the radius pervaded by baggage-trains, hospitals, and forage and victualling stores. When he was fairly out of the camp and the influence of the inelegant details of every-day camp life; when he found himself

among villages, peasants, country houses, fields, herds pasturing at their will, post-houses with their sleepy masters — he felt such an exuberance of joy that he could have fancied he saw it all for the first time. Above all what took his fancy were the young, wholesome-looking women that he met, without the usual train of half a score of officers paying court to them, but flattered and smiling at the civilities of the travelling hussar. Enchanted alike with himself and his fate, he reached Voronège at night, put up at the inn, and ordered everything he had been forced to do without in camp. Next morning, after shaving with particular care and putting on his full-dress uniform — which had not seen the light for many a day — he sallied forth to pay his respects to the authorities.

The commandant of militia, a middle-aged civilian promoted to rank as a general, was quite enchanted with his uniform and new functions. He received Nicolas with a sternly-important air, which he believed to be the right thing for a real soldier, and questioned him with alternate approval or disapproval, as if he had the right of judgment. As Nicolas was in the best possible humor this only amused him, and not for a moment did he think of taking offence. He next called on the governor, a brisk, busy little man, fat and friendly, who told him of a stud-farm where he could buy good horses, recommended a horse-dealer and mentioned a land-owner whose estate lay about twenty versts out of the town, and who also had some capital beasts for sale, promising him every assistance.

"You are Count Ilia Andréïévitch's son?" he added. "My wife is a great friend of your mother's. We see our friends every Thursday evening — to-day is Thursday; let us have the pleasure of seeing you this evening. Quite without ceremony."

On leaving the governor Nicolas took a *telega* and set off with his quartermaster to visit the stud-farm of which he had been told. The owner was an old bachelor, a retired cavalry officer, a great connoisseur of horses, a furious hunter, and the owner of some brandy a century old besides some fine old Hungarian wine. Nicolas soon came to terms with him, acquiring seventeen stallions of the best breed to supply the future requirements of the regiment, for which he was to pay 6,000 roubles. Then, after a good dinner, doing ample justice to the old Hungarian, and taking a cordial leave of his entertainer with whom he was immediately on the most intimate terms, he made his way back by the same road, as jovially as he had come — rating the coachman to hurry him up, for fear of missing the party.

After sluicing himself from head to foot in a cold bath, in clean clothes, brushed and scented, he made his appearance, though rather late, at the Governor's house. It was not a ball, but as it was known that Catherina Pétrovna could play waltzes and country dances and there would be dancing, the ladies had preferred to come in low dresses. Life went on just as usual in Voronège in 1812; the only difference was that there was unwonted stir in the provincial town.

Several wealthy families from Moscow had taken refuge there under pressure of circumstances, and instead of the usual commonplace and gossip about the weather and their neighbors, they discussed what was going on at Moscow, the war, and Napoleon.

The governor's soirée consisted of the cream of local society, including several ladies whom Nicolas had known at Moscow; and of the men there was not one to compare with this brilliant knight of St. George, the young hussar, the handsome and agreeable Count Nicolas Rostow. Among the guests was an Italian, a prisoner from the French army, and Nicolas felt that his presence there — a living trophy, as it were — added lustre to his own splendor as a hero. In his simple conviction that every one must share this sentiment he was cordially polite to the Italian, with an infusion of dignified reserve.

The moment he entered the room in his hussar's uniform, diffusing odors of scent and wine, he was surrounded by an admiring circle, and "Better late than never!" was the word on all sides. As the centre of attraction he felt quite in his element, finding himself once more, to his great satisfaction, in the position of which he had so long been deprived as society's favorite. The ladies, married and single, aimed all their coquettish arts at him, and the dowagers at once laid plots for providing him with a wife — to put an end, as they said, to this dashing young officer's follies. The governor's wife, who received him as a near relation and already was on familiar terms, was among these.

Catherina Pétrovna played her tunes; the dancing became lively, giving Nicolas an opportunity of displaying all his graces. His elegant agility charmed the women, and he himself even was surprised to find himself dancing so well; at Moscow he would never have allowed himself such daring freedom, bordering, it must be owned, on bad style; but here he felt impelled to astonish his public by something extraordinary, a revelation to these provincial souls, and to compel them to accept it as the last fashion from the capital.

He selected as the particular object of his attentions a pretty, fair, blue-eyed young woman, the wife of a government official. In the simple conviction which all young men enjoy when their one object is pleasure, that other men's wives were created for them, he never left his conquest for an instant: he even carried his diplomacy so far as to make up to the lady's husband, as though they already foresaw that they could not fail to come to an understanding though they had not as yet confessed their feelings. The husband seemed to have no mind to lend himself to these manœuvres and met the hussar's advances with marked coldness; still, the young fellow's frank good humor and engaging high spirits more than once thawed his rigidity. Towards the end of the evening however, in proportion as the wife's face flushed and grew eager, the husband's became darker; it was as though they had only a certain modicum of vivacity between them, and when it rose in the wife it fell in the husband.

Nicolas, stretched in an arm-chair, was amusing

himself by putting himself into attitudes to show off his neat little feet in their irreproachable boots; and all the while he never ceased laughing and paying inflated compliments to the pretty blonde, confiding to her, as a great secret, that he fully meant to run away with one of the ladies of Voronège.

"Which is it?" she asked.

"Oh! a charming creature — lovely, divine! Her eyes," he went on, looking at his neighbor, "are blue, her lips are coral, her shoulders as white! — Her form Diana's own!"

At this moment the husband came up and asked his wife in gloomy tones of what they were talking.

"Ah! Nikita Ivanitch. . . ." Rostow exclaimed, rising politely; then, as if to invite him to share the joke, he told him that he intended to carry off a certain lady, fair and blue-eyed. The gentleman received the communication very coldly; the lady was beaming. The governor's wife, who was an excellent kind woman, came forward with a half-stern, half-smiling face.

"Anna Ignatievna would like to speak to you, Nicolas." And she pronounced the name in such a way as to make him understand that the lady was a person of importance. "Come — come with me."

"Immediately, Aunt; but who is she?"

"Madame Malvintzew. She had heard of you from her niece whom you rescued . . . Can you guess who?"

"But I rescued so many!" said Nicolas.

"Well, her niece is Princess Bolkonsky; she is here

with her aunt. Dear me! how you blush; what is the meaning of that?"

"Not at all — I assure you. . . ."

"Oh! Very well, mystery-monger!" And she introduced him to an old lady, very tall and stout, with a blue turban on her head, who had just risen from her game at Boston with the magnates of the town.

This was Mme. Malvintzew, Princess Marie's aunt on her mother's side, a rich and childless widow who never stirred out of Voronège. She was standing up and paying her losses when Nicolas made his bow. Looking at him from her lofty height and knitting her brows, she went on scolding the general who had won her money.

"Charmed, my dear boy," she said, holding out her hand. "Come and see me."

After a few words relating to Princess Marie and her late father, who had never been in her good graces, she asked for news of Prince André, who was no favorite of hers, neither. At last she dismissed him, renewing her invitation to call. Nicolas promised to do so and colored as he left her, for Princess Marie's name roused an incomprehensible emotion of shyness and even of alarm.

He was going back to the dancing-room when he was stopped by a fat little hand on his arm; the governor's wife had a few words to say to him. and she carried him off into a little room which her other guests very soon discreetly evacuated.

"Do you know, my dear," she began, and her

friendly little face assumed a grave expression, "I have found a wife for you. Shall I arrange a match?"

"With whom, Aunt?"

"Princess Marie. Catherina Pétrovna thought of Lili; but I am for the princess. Do you like it? I am sure your mother will thank me. — She is a charming girl, and by no means so ugly as people say."

"She is not ugly at all," cried Nicolas in an injured tone. "As for myself — my ways are a soldier's ways; I force myself on no one and I refuse nothing," he went on, without pausing to consider his reply.

"Then you must remember that it is not a mere jest, and I must say, my dear boy, that you are too attentive to the other lady; her husband is really pitiable to see."

"What an idea! We are very good friends!" said Nicolas, who, in his frank simplicity could not imagine that his pleasant pastime could give any one umbrage. — "I answered the governor's wife like a fool," said he to himself at supper. "Now she will be making up a match for me; — and Sonia?"

So when he was bidding her good-night, and she reminded him of their compact, with a smile, he drew her aside and said: "I ought to tell you Aunt, that. . . ."

"Come in here, my dear boy, sit down. . . ." And he suddenly felt an irresistible impulse to confide in this woman who was almost a stranger to him, and to tell her his most secret thoughts — thoughts which he would not have told his mother even, or his sister, or his most intimate friend. When he afterwards remembered this

inexplicable explosion of candor, for which there was no adequate motive and which led to serious issues, he could only ascribe it to chance.

"This is how matters stand. For a long time Mamma has been bent on marrying me to an heiress; but a marriage for money is to me supremely objectionable."

"That I quite understand," said the good lady. "But this is a very different thing."

"I may honestly confess to you that Princess Bolkonsky attracts me extremely: she would suit me perfectly; and since I met her under such painful circumstances I have often thought it was the hand of fate.— Besides, I daresay you know that my mother has always longed for this marriage, only, I don't know how it was, but we never had happened to meet. Then, when my sister Natacha was engaged to her brother, it was impossible that I should think of it.* Now, I have met her again just as that match is broken off, and other circumstances . . . In fact, the long and short of the matter — I never spoke of it to any one till this moment and it is between ourselves. . . ." The lady listened with added interest. "You know my cousin Sonia? I love her, and I have promised to marry her, and I mean to marry her. So you see, the other is out of the question. . . ." he added, hesitating and blushing.

* In the Greek church connection by marriage is regarded as blood relationship — for instance two brothers cannot marry two sisters.

"My dear, my dear boy, how can you talk so? Sonia has nothing, and you yourself told me that your affairs were all in confusion. As to your mother — it would kill her; and Sophie herself, if she has any good feeling, would certainly not accept such a life: a mother in despair, a fortune gone to ruin! — No, my dear, you and Sophie both must understand that."

Nicolas was silent, but the inference was not wholly unpleasing.

"But it is impossible, Aunt, nevertheless," he said with a sigh. "Would Princess Marie have anything to say to me? Besides, she is mourning; it is not to be thought of."

"Do you suppose I am going to take you by the throat, on the spot, and marry you out of hand? There are ways and means."

"Oh! what a match-maker you are!" said Nicolas, kissing her plump little hand.

On her return to Moscow Princess Marie had found her nephew there, with his tutor; also a letter from Prince André who implored her to go on as far as Voronège and stay there with her aunt, Mme. Malvintzew. The worry of moving, the anxiety about her brother, the arrangement of a new life in a new home among strange faces, and the education of the little boy — all for a time smothered the temptations which had tormented the poor girl's soul during her father's illness

and after his death, and more especially after her meeting with Rostow. She was sad and anxious; the grief she felt for her father's death was aggravated by her sorrow for the disasters of the country; in spite of a whole month spent in peace and monotony, these painful emotions seemed to increase in intensity. The danger which her brother — her only near relation — must constantly run was always in her mind; and added to this was the care of her nephew's education, a task to which she felt herself quite unequal. But nevertheless she was calm of soul because she was conscious of having suppressed her dreams and the hopes she had at first cherished after her meeting with Rostow.

The day after her party the governor's wife went off to call on Mme. Malvintzew to communicate her scheme; while she insisted that under existing circumstances any regular courting in due form was out of the question, she represented that there was nothing to prevent the young people being brought together, and she asked her consent, which was heartily given. This point being settled, she spoke of Rostow in Princess Marie's presence and told her how he had colored at the mention of her name. Marie, however, instead of feeling any pleasure at hearing this, was indefinably uneasy; she could no longer boast of the calm philosophy of which she had once been so proud, and she felt her hopes, her doubts and remorse waking within her with increased vividness.

During the two days which elapsed between this

visit and Rostow's call, she never ceased thinking of how she ought to behave to him. Sometimes she resolved that she would not appear in her aunt's drawing-room, under the pretext of recent mourning, and in the same breath told herself that this would be a breach of politeness towards a man who had done her a signal service. Sometimes she suspected that her aunt and the governor's wife were plotting round her and Nicolas, and then she reproached herself for having such notions and ascribed them to her own evil mind. How could they think of arranging a marriage for her when she was still in the deepest mourning? — And yet she racked her brain to compose phrases with which to meet him; only, in her fear of saying too much or too little, she could not satisfy herself; besides, would not her emotion betray itself in her embarrassment at seeing him again?

But when, after mass on Sunday, her servant came to announce Count Rostow, her face flushed slightly and her eyes were brighter than usual; these were the only indications of what was going on in her secret soul.

"Have you seen him, Aunt?" she asked, surprised at her own tranquillity.

Nicolas entered the room; Princess Marie looked away a moment so as to give him time to pay his respects to her aunt; then, raising her head, she looked full at him. She held out her delicate soft hand with graceful dignity and spoke a few words; a feminine tenderness of tone — notes that till now had lain mute

— vibrated in the ring of her voice. Mlle. Bourrienne, who happened to be present, looked at her in amazement. The most accomplished coquette could not have set to work more skilfully to fascinate her victim: "Is it that black becomes her, or is she really handsomer? — And what tact! What charming grace! I never noticed it before," thought the Frenchwoman.

If at that moment Princess Marie could have thought of herself, she would have been even more astonished than her companion at the change that had come over her. No sooner had she looked at the face that had grown so dear to her than a living glow, which made her speak and act quite irrespective of her will, flooded her being. Her features were transfigured and radiant with unlooked-for charm — like a vase whose finely-chiselled sculptures seem mere opaque confusion till a light within shines through the opal sides. For the first time the travail through which her soul had passed — her griefs, her aspirations to perfection, her resignation, love and self-sacrifice, were legible in the brilliancy of her expression, the sweetness of her smile, and every feature of her delicate face. Rostow saw it all as clearly as if he had known her all his life; he understood that he stood face to face with a being different to any he had yet met, different and much better, and above all superior to himself.

The conversation turned on various subjects: they spoke of the war, of their first and last meeting — on which Nicolas would not dwell—of the governor's wife and her connection with the Rostows. Princess Marie

did not allude to her brother, and when her aunt spoke of him she changed the subject. It touched her too deeply to be a theme of commonplace talk.

During a pause which ensued Nicolas tried to avert the feeling of awkwardness by speaking to Prince André's little boy, and asking him whether he would not like to be a hussar. He took him on his knee and played with him, and happening to look round at Princess Marie he met her touched and gratified glance; she was shyly watching her darling's contentment in the arms of the man she loved. He appreciated all the significance of that glance and colored with pleasure as he heartily embraced the child. Still, he did not feel justified in repeating his visits too often as she was in such deep mourning, though the governor's wife persisted in her scheming, and repeated everything pleasant that Princess Marie said about him, and vice versa. She insisted that he was to explain his intentions, and arranged that the young people should happen to meet at the archbishop's house for that express purpose. Rostow told her again and again that he had no wish to come to a declaration; but he was forced to agree to meet her as had been planned.

Just as at Tilsit, where he had not hesitated to accept what others thought right, so to-day, after a short but honest struggle between his wish to work out his life to his own taste and his humble submission to Fate, he took the path into which he felt drawn in spite of himself. He knew that any expression of sentiment to Princess Marie, while he still held

himself bound to Sonia, was an act of treachery of which he was incapable; at the same time he had a lurking idea at the bottom of his heart, that by giving himself up to the guidance of circumstances and of other people, he not only would be doing no wrong, but would be accepting the fulfilment of an important event in his life. After his interview with Princess Marie he lived to all appearance the same life as he had always led, but the pleasures which had amused him hitherto had lost all their charm; the ideas he associated with her had nothing in common with those which the society of other girls had suggested to him, nor with the romantic love that he had indulged for the image of Sonia. As his instincts were virtuous, whenever he had connected any woman with his dreams of marriage he had always seen her sitting behind the samovar in a white morning-gown, surrounded with children who called them Papa and Mamma, and he had indulged in visions of the minutest details of family-life. But the thought of Princess Marie raised no such pictures as these; in vain did he try to foresee their future life together: it was all vague and ill-defined, and the chief association it brought was a kind of fear.

CHAPTER II.

The news of the fearful battle of Borodino and the enormous losses to the Russians in killed and wounded

reached Voronège late in September. Princess Marie, having no news of her brother but what reached her through the newspapers, made up her mind to start in search of him; Nicolas, who had not met her again, heard this later from several people.

All these disasters did not rouse him to a desire for vengeance, or reduce him to despair, he only felt that it was not fitting that he should prolong his stay at Voronège. All the talk that he heard rang false on his ear; he knew not what to think of these events, and felt that he should not thoroughly understand them till he found himself once more in the atmosphere of regimental life. So he hastened to make up his complement of beasts, and got into rages with his servant and quarter-master more often than usual.

A few days before his departure there was a solemn *Te Deum* at the Cathedral in honor of the successes of the Russian armies. He attended the service with the rest of the world and took up a position not far from the governor; then, having put on an officially solemn face, he was at liberty to think of other things. When the ceremony was over the governor's wife beckoned to him:

"Do you see the princess?" she said, pointing to a lady in mourning kneeling apart. Nicolas had in fact seen and recognized her, not from her profile of which he could but just catch a glimpse under her bonnet, but from the instinctive sympathy and bashfulness which had come over him on first seeing her. Princess Marie was absorbed in her devotions, crossing herself as she

was about to leave the church. The expression of her face startled him: the features were the same and bore traces of the struggles of her patient soul; but an inward flame showed them in a new light and at that moment she was a pathetic embodiment of sorrow, prayerfulness and faith. Without consulting his monitress, without asking himself how far it was right for him to address her in church, he went towards her to assure her of his sympathy in the new blow that had fallen on her. She no sooner heard his voice than a sudden flash of joy mingled with pain shone in her eyes.

"I wanted to tell you, Princess," said Rostow, "that as Prince André is in command of a regiment, if he had been killed the papers would certainly have announced the fact." She looked at him, not heeding his words, but giving herself up to the charm of being sympathized with by him. "I have known many cases in which wounds caused by the bursting of a shell were quite trifling when they were not immediately fatal. We must hope for the best, and I am sure that. . . ."

"Oh! it would be too dreadful! . . ." she exclaimed interrupting him and then, as her agitation was too great to allow of her saying more, she gave him a grateful look and joined her aunt, bowing gracefully as she turned away: all her movements were graceful under the influence of his presence.

Nicolas remained in his lodgings that evening with a view to concluding his bargains and accounts with the horse-dealers. When this was done — and it did not take long — he rose and paced his room, thinking over

his whole life — a rare thing for him. His meeting in the morning with Princess Marie had made too deep an impression on him for his peace. Her thin, colorless, melancholy face, her luminous gaze, her soft and gracious movements, and above all the deep, tender sorrow which seemed to pervade her whole person agitated him and commanded his sympathy. While Rostow could not endure any evidence of lofty moral sentiments in a man — and for this reason had never liked Prince André whom he chose to regard as a philosophical dreamer — in Princess Marie this depth of sorrow, which revealed to him a spiritual world where he was a stranger, was irresistibly attractive to him.

"What a wonderful woman! She must really be an angel! Why am I not free? Why was I in such a hurry to engage myself to Sonia?" and he involuntarily compared her lack with Princess Marie's abundance of those graces of the soul which he knew that he had not, and which for that very reason he prized so highly. He indulged in visions of how he would have acted if he had been free — how he would have wooed her and have made her his wife; but at the thought a chill came over him, and beyond that all was confusion: it seemed impossible to picture Princess Marie in any smiling domestic scene. He loved her, but he did not understand her, while in thinking of Sonia everything was clear and simple; she had nothing mysterious about her.

"How she was praying!" said he to himself. "That is the faith that can remove mountains, and I

am sure her prayers will be heard. Why cannot I pray like that and ask for everything I need?

"What is it that I need? To be free, to break off with Sonia! The governor's wife is right: my marriage with her can only lead to misfortune, to mamma's despair, to confusion. — Oh, what a miserable mess! — Besides, I do not love her — as I ought to love her! Oh, Lord! Who can help me out of this desperate dilemma?"

He laid down his pipe and clasping his hands he stood in front of the Holy Images, his eyes full of tears and his heart full of Princess Marie, and prayed as he had not prayed for many a long day. Suddenly the door opened and Lavrouchka came in, carrying some letters.

"Idiot!" cried Nicolas starting from his devotional attitude. "What business have you to come in without being called?"

"From the governor," said Lavrouchka in a sleepy voice. "A courier has come in. — Here is a letter for you."

"Thanks, all right; be off!"

There were two letters, one from his mother and one from Sonia; he read Sonia's first. He turned pale as he read and his eyes opened wide with joy and alarm: "No! Impossible!" he exclaimed aloud. His excitement was too great to allow him to sit still, and he read the letter striding up and down the room. He read it once, twice, and finally with a shrug of sheer amazement, stood still, his mouth and eyes wide open.

His prayer had been heard! He was as completely astounded as though it had really been the most wonderful thing in the world, and he was tempted to regard such an immediate fulfilment of his wishes as a proof that it was the result of chance and not of the direct interposition of God. The gordian knot that had fettered his future life was cut by Sonia's letter. She wrote that the Rostows had lost the larger part of their fortune by the recent catastrophes, and that this, added to the countess's constantly expressed wish to see Nicolas married to Princess Bolkonsky, with his silence and coldness had made her determine to release him from his pledge and give him back his word. "It is too painful to me," she added, "to think that I could ever be the cause of trouble or dissension in a family which has loaded me with benefits. As my love can only aim at promoting the happiness of those I love, I entreat you, Nicolas, to consider yourself free, and to believe that come what may, no one will ever love you more truly than

"Your Sonia."

The letter from the countess gave an account of their last days at Moscow, of their departure, of the conflagration, and of the total wreck of their property. She added that Prince André, very seriously wounded was travelling with them, that the doctor now hoped that his life might be saved; Sonia and Natacha were his nurses.

Nicolas carried this letter next morning to Princess

Marie; they neither of them made any comment on Natacha's attendance on the wounded man. This letter made them feel on the footing of relations; Nicolas indeed, saw the princess off to Yaroslaw and then rejoined his regiment.

Sonia's letter, written from the Troïtsky monastery, was the outcome of several events that had happened in the family. Above every other consideration in the countess's mind, her wish to see Nicolas marry a rich heiress remained paramount; and Sonia, who in her eyes was the chief obstacle, had been made painfully aware of it, especially after she had heard of her son's meeting with Princess Marie. The countess never missed an opportunity of casting some cruel and insulting hint at her. A few days before they left Moscow she had sent for her niece, but instead of reproaching her, she implored her with bitter weeping to release Nicolas from his promise and so pay her debt of gratitude to those who had been parents to her. "I shall never be happy till you have said yes."

Sonia replied, with many tears, that she would do anything that was required of her; still, she could not make up her mind to pledge herself formally. It was natural to her to sacrifice herself for others, and in the existing state of affairs the only way in which she could show her gratitude at all was by constantly sacrificing herself. She felt at the same time that each act of abnegation added to her value in their eyes and, of itself, made her more worthy of Nicolas whom she worshipped. But the offering she was now required to

make entailed a renunciation of all that she had counted on as the reward of her past life, of everything that made the future worth living for. For the first time her soul was bitter: she turned against those who had rescued her from poverty only to load her with far greater miseries. She turned against Natacha whose feelings had never been outraged or thwarted, — on the contrary, they were a law to all who came within reach of her, and yet who could help loving her? She felt too, for the first time, that her love, till now so placid and pure, was turning to a vehement passion outside the pale of law, virtue and religion. The experience of her life had taught her extreme reserve, so the very violence of this storm led her to reply to the countess in general terms, and she determined to wait till she should see Nicolas, intending not to release him indeed, but to bind him more firmly and for ever.

The anxieties of the last few days in Moscow had diverted her mind from her woes which she was glad to lose sight of in the whirl of occupations that fell upon her; but when she heard that Prince André was under the same roof, in spite of her sympathy for him and for Natacha, a superstitious gladness came over her. She thought that, in this coincidence, she saw the hand of Providence interfering to prevent her being divided from Nicolas. She knew that Natacha had never really ceased to love Prince André; and she foresaw that now that they were thrown together again their affection would take new life, and that then Nicolas could not marry Princess Marie who in the event she

anticipated would be his sister-in-law.* And so, in spite of the grief and distress that she saw on all sides, this visible intervention of Heaven in her private concerns caused her the most soothing satisfaction.

The Rostows halted for a night at the Troïtzky monastery. Three large rooms had been reserved for them in the convent inn; one was given up to Prince André who was better that day. Natacha was sitting with him while the count and countess were in the next room conversing with the Superior who had received them gladly as old friends. Sonia, who was with them, was wondering what Prince André and Natacha could find to say to each other. Suddenly the door opened and Natacha, greatly agitated, came straight up to Sonia, without heeding the monk who rose to greet her.

"Natacha, what are you thinking of? Come here," said her mother. She went to the Father Superior and received his blessing; he urged her to implore the help of God and of the blessed Saint Sergius. As soon as he was gone she dragged Sonia away into the empty room.

"Sonia, he will live! — Don't you think he will? Oh! I am so happy and so miserable! Everything is right between us. If only he might live! — but he cannot . . ." She burst into tears.

Sonia, equally agitated by her friend's sorrow and

* The Greek Church regards connection by marriage as identical with blood relationship. Thus a man may not marry his sister-in-law's or his brother-in-law's sister.

her own secret anxieties, embraced and comforted her.

"Yes, if only he might live!" she said to herself.

They stole to the door of Prince André's room and opened it a little way; they could see him lying there, his head propped on three pillows. He was resting with his eyes shut, and breathing regularly.

"Oh! Natacha!" Sonia suddenly exclaimed, seizing her hand and starting back.

"What.— What is it?" asked Natacha.

"It was that, of course, of course," Sonia went on, turning very pale as she shut the door. "Do you remember," she said, half solemn and half scared, "when I looked in the glass that Christmas, I saw . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Natacha, staring at her and dimly recalling Sonia's vision.

"You remember — I told you and Douniacha at the time. I saw him lying down with his eyes shut, and a pink coverlet over him — just as he is now."

And growing more eager as she spoke she described all the details of the scene as it actually was, referring them to that second sight at Christmas, till her imagination no longer doubted its reality.

"Yes, to be sure, the pink counterpane," said Natacha pensively, and feeling that she had seen it too. "But what can it mean?"

"I don't know — it is most extraordinary," replied Sonia.

A few minutes later Prince André rang and Natacha went in to him; Sonia, overwhelmed by a tender

pathos which she very seldom felt, stood looking out of a window, quite bewildered by all these strange coincidences.

An opportunity offered that very day of sending letters to the army; the countess took advantage of it to write to her son.

"Sonia, will you not write to Nicolas?" she said in a rather tremulous voice. The young girl understood the entreaty conveyed in the appeal; she could read in the countess's eyes, as she looked up over her spectacles, all the difficulties that had prompted the hint and the hostility that lurked ready to break out if she refused. She went up to the countess, knelt down by her and kissed her hand, saying: "Mamma, I will write."

Under the prompting of that mysterious presentiment, of which the fulfilment would inevitably prevent a marriage between Nicolas and Princess Marie, she did not hesitate to sacrifice herself as usual. With tears in her eyes and a deep sense of the magnanimity of her own action, she sat down, and frequently interrupted by her own sobs, wrote the letter which had so greatly perturbed Nicolas.

CHAPTER III.

When they had reached the guard-house the officer and soldiers who had captured Pierre treated him with

no little brutality, in remembrance no doubt of the struggle they had had with him; but they behaved to him, nevertheless, with a certain degree of respect. They wondered with much curiosity whether they might not have laid hands on some person of importance, and when guard was relieved next day Pierre observed that the new-comers had not the same consideration. To them, in fact, this big man in his caftan, was not the authoritative citizen who had rated the thief and awed the patrol, but simply No. 17 of the prisoners left in their charge by superior command. All the men who were locked up with him were of inferior rank; and they, having recognized Pierre as a gentleman and heard him speak French, did not spare him.

They all, himself included, were to be tried for incendiarism, and on the third day they were led to a house where a general with a white moustache was holding court-martial, with the assistance of two colonels and some other French officers. He questioned the prisoners with that sharp precision which would seem properly to belong only to a being superior to all human weaknesses: "Who was he? Where had he been going, and what for?" etc., etc.

These enquiries, which had nothing to do with the essence of the matter and so made the chances of arriving at the truth more and more remote, had the same tendency as a judge's questions invariably have: namely, to suggest to the accused the direct way to the desired end, which is that he should inculpate himself. Pierre, like every man who has found himself in a similar pre-

dicament, wondered with amazement why he was asked such questions; they were, after all, but an empty mockery of benevolent formality. He knew that he was in their power — in the power of that brute force which had brought him before his judges and gave them the right to exact compromising answers.

He was asked what he was doing when he was arrested. He replied that he was seeking for the parents of a child he had saved from the flames.

"Why had he collared the thief?"

"Because I was trying to defend a woman he had attacked, and it was the duty of every honest man . . ." He was stopped; this was an unnecessary digression.

"Why had he gone into the court-yard of the burning house?"

"He had come out to see what was going on." Again he was interrupted: He was not asked where he was going but what he was doing there.

When they asked his name he refused to give it.

"Write that down; that does not look well, in fact it is very bad . . ." said the general.

And the prisoners were removed.

On the fourth day after their arrest the fires reached the quarter where they were imprisoned. Pierre and his companions were brought out and locked up in the coach-house of a large warehouse. As they went through the streets they were smothered in smoke; the fire was still steadily gaining ground. Though he could not even now appreciate the magnitude of the conflagration he gazed at the spectacle with horror.

For four days they remained in this new prison, and he learned from the French soldiers that they expected every moment to hear what decision the marshal had come to with respect to their fate.—What marshal? They did not know. The days which dragged on till the 8th—20th of September, when they were again examined were days of misery to Pierre.

On that day a superior officer, a very great man it would seem from the respect shown to him by the sentinels, came to inspect the prisoners. He evidently belonged to the staff and held a list from which he called their names. Pierre was put down as "the man who will not give his name!" After looking them down with utter indifference, he ordered the officer on guard to see that they were made tidy enough to appear before the marshal. An hour later a company of soldiers escorted the whole party to Diévitchy-Polé (the Maiden's field).

The day was fine and bright after rain and the air marvellously clear; the smoke did not hang low over the ground, but rose in pillars to the blue sky over the city; though the flames were invisible in the sunlight Moscow was nothing but an immense heap of burning fuel; on all sides nothing was to be seen but devastated spaces, smoking rubbish, and blackened walls with the stoves and tall chimneys still clinging to them. It was in vain that Pierre scanned the ruins, he could not recognize any part of the city. Here and there a church stood up intact, and the Kremlin, which the fire had not reached, gleamed white in the distance, with the

tower of Ivan Véliki. Close by glittered the belfry of the convent of Novo-Diévitchy where a loud peal was calling the faithful to prayer. Pierre remembered that it was a Sunday, and the Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin ; but who could be celebrating it in the midst of fire and destruction ?

As they went along they met only a few people in rags who hid themselves in terror at the approach of the French. It was quite clear that the nest of Russia was wrecked; still, Pierre had an indistinct perception that this wrecking of the nest was preparatory to a new order of things. Everything seemed to bear assurance of it, without his attempting to reason it out: their brisk steady march, the straight file of their escort, the presence of the French official who crossed the road in a carriage driven by a private, the sound of military music marching to meet him across the square, even the list that had been read out this morning. And he — he was being led he knew not whither; but he could read in the faces of their escort that the orders given as to the fate of the prisoners would be carried out without mercy, and he felt that he was no more than a wisp of straw caught in the cogs of a machine new to him, but working with utter regularity.

He and his companions were conducted a little way beyond the monastery to a large white house in the midst of a fine garden on the right-hand side of the square, and he recognized it as belonging to Prince Stcherbatow with whom he had been intimate; it was at present inhabited by Marshal Davoust, Prince of

Eckmühl, as he gathered from the soldiers' talk. The Russians were taken in one by one; Pierre was the sixth. He was led along a glass gallery and across a vestibule, into a large low study which he knew very well; an aide-de-camp was standing at the door. Davoust was seated at the further end of the room, his spectacles on his nose, absorbed in reading a paper that lay on the table: he did not look up.

"Who are you?" he asked in a low voice, addressing Pierre who was standing close to him.

Pierre made no reply; he had not the strength to speak, for to him Davoust was not merely a French general, but a man noted for his cruelty. As he looked at the hard, cold face — reminding him of that of a stern schoolmaster who condescends to a few minutes' patience while he waits for an answer — he fully understood that every moment's delay might cost him his life.— But what was he to say? It struck him as quite useless to repeat all he had said the first time, but it was alike shameful and dangerous to reveal his name and rank. The silence remained unbroken; but presently Davoust raised his head, took off his spectacles, and scowled at him with a fixed stare.

"I know that man," he said in a rough, hard voice, intended to alarm the accused. Pierre shuddered.

"No, General, you cannot know me; I have never seen you..."

"He is a Russian spy," said Davoust interrupting him and speaking to another general.

"No, Monseigneur," Pierre eagerly repeated; he

had just remembered that Davoust was a prince. "No, Monseigneur, you cannot know me. I am an officer of militia and I have not been out of Moscow."

"Your name?" said the marshal.

"Bésoukhow."

"And what is to prove to me that you are not lying?"

"Monseigneur!" exclaimed Pierre in entreaty rather than in anger.

Davoust went on questioning him; some seconds were thus spent, and this was the saving of Pierre. In spite of the war and the position in which they stood to each other, a human feeling rose up between the two men. At the first glance that the marshal had cast at the list in which the men were so many ciphers, and Pierre, as being nameless, a mere incident, he could have ordered him to be shot without dreaming that he could do wrong; but now he recognized him as a man — they were brothers.

"How can you prove that you are telling the truth?"

Pierre remembered Ramballe and mentioned his name, with the number of his regiment and the street in which he had quartered himself.

"You are not what you represent yourself," Davoust repeated.

Pierre in an agitated voice again gave the evidence of his veracity. An aide-de-camp just then came in and gave the marshal some news which delighted him. He rose to go out, having quite forgotten the prisoner.

The aide-de-camp reminded him; he ordered that he should be led away. Whither? Pierre could not guess. — Where were they going to take him? Back to the coach-house, or to the place of execution which his companions had pointed out as they crossed the square.

"Yes, of course," said Davoust in answer to a question from his companion, which Pierre had not heard.

Then he was led out.

He never knew how long they were on that march; he went on mechanically, like his companions in misfortune; he saw nothing, heard nothing, and only stopped because the others stopped. One single idea racked his brain: Who was it that had condemned him to death? Not those who had just examined him; they would not, and indeed could not have done it. Not Davoust who had looked at him with true humanity: a minute more and he would have understood that he was making a mistake; the aide-de-camp's entrance had forestalled it! Who then had condemned him to die? Who could decide that he should be killed — he, so full of memories, hopes, and ideas! — Who could do such a thing? Who was the immediate agent? — No one. He saw, he understood that it was the outcome of the order of things, and the inevitable result of circumstances.

The prisoners were led from Prince Stcherbatow's mansion across the square, towards a kitchen garden a little to the left; there stood an upright post; behind it

a large ditch had been dug, — the fresh earth was thrown up all round it. A crowd stood in a semicircle, gazing into this pit with uneasy curiosity. It consisted of some Russians with a large proportion of soldiers in the French army, but of various nationalities, and wearing a great variety of uniforms. To the right and left of the stake stood files of soldiers in dark-blue great-coats, red epaulettes, gaiters and shakos. The condemned were placed inside the circle in the order of their numbers. Pierre again was sixth. A roll of drums was beaten on both sides at once; he felt his soul wrung by the clamor; it deprived him of the faculty of thought. He could scarcely see or hear, and one only desire possessed him: that of getting it over — that dreadful and inexorable "It" which hung over him!

The two men at the end of this row were convicts, one tall and lean; the other a swarthy, muscular fellow with a broken nose. Next to him, No. 3, was a fine stalwart man with iron-grey hair, of about five and forty. The fourth was a peasant with a pleasant bright face, black eyes and russet beard; the fifth a factory hand, pale and sallow, a lad of nineteen or so, wrapped in a long coat. Pierre gathered that the French officers were consulting as to whether they should be shot in batches or one by one.

"Two at a time," said the captain with cold indifference.

There was a stir in the ranks, evidently not arising from any eagerness on the part of the men to execute a regular order, but from their anxiety to have done

with a horrible and incomprehensible task. A civil functionary with a scarf on came forward, and read the sentence to the prisoners in French and in Russian; then four soldiers pinioned the two convicts. While some one was sent for bandages for their eyes they stood looking about them like wild beasts driven into a corner and watching the approach of the huntsman; one crossed himself; the other scratched his back with a grim smile. When their eyes were bandaged, and they were tied up to the post, twelve men stepped out of the ranks and stood eight paces from the prisoners. Pierre turned away, not to see what would happen. Suddenly a volley was fired. To Pierre it seemed louder than a thunder-clap; he looked round, and in the midst of a cloud of smoke he perceived a party of Frenchmen, pale and tremulous, who were busy round the trench.

The two next victims were led out; their imploring looks seemed to claim some help, some rescue, as if they could not believe that they were to be bereft of life. Again Pierre looked away; a louder report than ever rang in his ear. With a heaving chest he looked round at the men who stood near him — on every face he saw the expression of the same amazement, horror and disgust that were seething in his soul.

"Whose doing is it? — They are all as much sickened as I am," he muttered to himself.

"File of the 86th, forward!" cried a voice.

Then No. 5 was led out alone. Pierre was so terror-stricken that he failed to understand that he and the rest were reprieved; that they had only been

brought out to see the execution of these five. The young workman started back as the soldiers touched him and clung to Pierre; Pierre with a shudder, released himself from the grasp of the poor wretch who could not stand alone; they seized him by the arms and dragged him along. He was shrieking with all his might, but when he was attached to the stake he was silent, as if he understood that cries were useless — or hoped perhaps that he might yet be spared.

Pierre's curiosity was stronger than his horror; this time he did not turn away or shut his eyes. The excitement he felt, and which was shared by the crowd, had reached an acute pitch. The victim had recovered himself; he buttoned up his coat, rubbed his bare feet one on the other, and arranged the knot of his bandage; when he was tied to the post he drew himself up and stood straight on his feet, without losing nerve again. Pierre watched every movement; he could not take his eyes off him. A word of command was given no doubt, and twelve muskets fired in obedience to it, but he never could remember having heard them; he suddenly saw the man double up, blood spurted from two wounds, the cords yielded under the weight of the body, the head drooped and the legs gave way, so that the dying man hung in a strangely-distorted posture. No one held him up. Those who stood nearest to him had turned pale, and the old moustacheoed soldier's lip quivered as he untied the cords. The body fell in a heap; the soldiers clutched it clumsily, dragged it away and pushed it into the trench. They

looked like criminals themselves, hurriedly hiding the traces of a murder.

Pierre glanced in. He could see the body of the workman with the knees drawn up to the head and one shoulder higher than the other; that shoulder slowly rose and fell with convulsive jerks, — but shovels full of earth fell fast all the same, forming a heap that covered him. One of the soldiers called to Pierre with angry impatience; he did not hear him but stood rooted to the spot. When the trench was filled up another word of command was given. Pierre was led back slowly to his place, the soldiers faced half right about, and slowly marched past the stake. The twenty-four soldiers whose guns had been fired fell in as the files went by them — all but one, quite a lad, as pale as death, who remained, without moving from the spot by the side of the grave where he had stood to fire; his shako had fallen back on to the nape of his neck, and his musket was reversed; he staggered like a drunken man swaying backwards and forwards to save himself from falling. An old sergeant ran towards him, seized him by the shoulder, and pulled him back to his place. The crowd slowly dispersed; every one hanging his head in silence.

"That will give them a lesson! Those rascally incendiaries. . . ." said a Frenchman, and Pierre looked round to see who had spoken. It was a soldier, evidently trying to reconcile himself to the deed he had just done; but he did not finish his sentence, and went off with a dejected air.

Pierre was parted from his companions and placed by himself in a little deserted chapel. Late in the day a subaltern on guard came with two soldiers to inform him that he was reprieved and to be allowed to join the prisoners of war. He followed them, without understanding what was happening, to some wooden huts, half-burnt down; and in one of these he was left. It was dark inside and he found himself one of a party of about twenty, without forming any conception of who they were or what was being done with him. He heard voices — he answered questions — he saw all these faces — but his mind worked only as a machine works.

From the moment when he had seen those hideous murders committed by executioners to order, it was as though the nerve which gave life and sense to all he saw had been torn from his brain, and everything had crumbled into nothingness. Though, as yet he was not conscious of the process, that hour's experience had extinguished in his soul all faith in the perfection of creation, in the human soul, in his own, in the very existence of God. Pierre had been through such a crisis before, but he had never felt its effects so vividly. Formerly the doubts that had assailed him had their source in his own shortcomings, and then he had sought the remedy in himself; but this time he could not blame himself for the collapse of all his beliefs which had left behind it nothing but shapeless and nameless ruins; henceforth he could have no faith in life!

A place was found for him in a corner of the hovel, in the midst of a group who seemed to be amused and interested by his presence. He sat down on a heap of straw, and remained there silent and motionless, opening and shutting his eyes, and still haunted by the horrible vision of the victims and of the men who, in spite of themselves, had been their executioners. His immediate neighbor was a little man sitting quite doubled up, and whose presence indeed was at first only perceptible by the unpleasant smell of his person. It was so dark that Pierre could scarcely distinguish him, but he felt that the little man frequently raised his head to look round at him. So with a determined effort of attention he at last succeeded in perceiving that this man was baring his feet, and the process attracted his interest. The man unfastened a narrow band of linen in which one foot was wrapped and slowly and carefully rolled it up; then he performed the same operation on the other foot, and his quiet, deliberate movements had a soothing effect on Pierre's nerves. Then the little man, settling himself comfortably in his corner, spoke.

"Have you gone through much misery, Master?" he said, and there was such genuine and simple kindliness in his drawling accent, that Pierre felt the tears choking him as he was about to reply. The little man guessed as much, and to give him time to recover himself, he went on: "Ah! my friend, do not take it too much to heart! We suffer for an hour and live an age Thank God we are yet alive! There are good and

bad men everywhere." And as he spoke he hastily rose and went across the room.

"What, you old rascal, are you back again?" said the kind voice presently, at the other end of the hut. "Back again, ha ha! You have a good memory!" he patted a little dog that came leaping after him as he returned to his corner, holding in his hand a parcel wrapped in a handkerchief.

"Here, Master — you would like something to eat, would not you?" he said, untying the bundle and offering Pierre some baked potatoes. "We had a mess of soup at noon, but these potatoes are capital. The mere smell of them tempted Pierre, who had eaten nothing all day; he thanked his friend and accepted one.

"Well, how does that do?" said the little man, also taking a potatoe. He cut it in half, sprinkled it with some salt out of the handkerchief and offered some to Pierre. "A very good thing is a potatoe; eat away," and Pierre thought he had never eaten anything better.

"All this is a trifle," he said presently. "But why did they shoot those poor wretches? — The youngest was not twenty!"

"Hush, hush!" murmured the little man. "Tell me, Master, what made you remain in Moscow?"

"I did not think they would be here so soon. I stayed quite by chance."

"And how did they get hold of you? In your own house?"

"I went out to see the fire; there they caught me and condemned me as an incendiary."

"Where there is justice there is always injustice," said the little man.

"And you — have you been here long?"

"I. — Since Sunday. They fetched me out of hospital."

"You are a soldier then?"

"In Apchéron's regiment. I was dying of fever. We had never heard a word about it; twenty of us all lying there, and we knew nothing."

"And here I suppose you are pretty sick of it?"

"How can one help being sick of it! — Platon Karataïew is my name," said he, to make conversation easier between himself and his neighbor, "and the men used to call me the little hawk. — How can one help being sad? Moscow is the mother of all our cities! — But you, Master, must have lands and a house; your cup must be full — and a wife too perhaps? And an old father and mother — are they alive?"

Though Pierre could not see his face he felt that his neighbor was turning to him with a friendly smile, and thought him very much to be pitied when he heard that he had no parents — above all, no mother.

"A wife for good counsel and a mother-in-law for a warm welcome — but nothing can make up for a mother! — And have you any children?" Pierre's negative evidently distressed him, and he hastened to add:

"But you are both young. God may grant them

to you yet. Live on good terms, that is the great thing."

"Oh, I do not care about it now!" Pierre exclaimed involuntarily.

"Heh! My good friend, there is no avoiding beggary or imprisonment! You see," he went on, clearing his throat for a long story, "my master's estate was a fine one, we had no end of land, the peasants lived comfortably, and the laborers too, thank God! The corn yielded seven-fold and we lived as good Christians should; till one day —" and Platon Karataïew told him how he had been caught one day by the gamekeeper of a neighboring wood, flogged, condemned and sent to serve in the army. "And what then!" he added with a smile, "it looked like a misfortune and it was really a blessing. If I had not gone wrong my brother would have had to go and leave five children behind him. I, you see, only left a wife; I had a little girl once but God Almighty had taken her back again. I went home once on leave. What can I say about it? They live better than they used though there are several mouths to fill; the women were at home, two of my brothers were away. Michel, the youngest, was the only one left. — My father said to me: 'All my children are just the same to me; it matters not which finger is nipped it hurts just as much. If they had not caught Platon it would have been Michel' — So then, would you believe it, he led us in front of the Images: 'Michel,' says he, 'come here; bow down to the earth before Him, and you women too, and you

little ones.' — Do you understand Master? That is how Fate takes us by chance, and we find fault and complain. — Happiness is like the water in a landing-net; you pull it along and it is full — you lift it out and it is empty!" After a short pause Platon rose.

"You would be glad to go to sleep I daresay?" And he crossed himself repeatedly, muttering: "Lord Jesus Christ, Saint Nicolas, Saint Florus and Saint Laura, have mercy upon us!" He touched the ground with his forehead, got up, sighed and laid down on the straw, covering himself with his great coat.

"What was that prayer you said?"

"What?" said Platon, already half-asleep. "I said my prayers, that is all. — Don't you say your prayers?"

"To be sure I do; but what were you saying about Florus and Laura?"

"They are the patron saints of horses. We must not forget the poor dumb creatures. Do you see this little rascal; he has come here for warmth and shelter," he added, stroking the dog who had curled himself up at his feet. Then he turned over and was sound asleep in an instant.

Outside, in the distance, wailing and shrieks were still to be heard, and the lurid glare of the fires gleamed between the ill-fitting planks of the hut; but within all was calm, dark and silent. It was long before Pierre fell asleep; he lay with his eyes wide open in the gloom, listening vaguely to Platon's steady snoring, and feeling that the world of beliefs which had crumbled

away in his soul was undergoing resurrection once more, and built up now on immovable foundations.

Pierre remained in this hut for four weeks with twenty-three soldiers, three officers and two civil officials, all prisoners like himself. This time left scarcely a trace on his memory; nothing survived from it but the figure of Platon, which he retained as one of his dearest and most vivid recollections — the perfect embodiment of all that is most genuinely Russian, warm-hearted, and true.

Platon Karataïew must have been about fifty years old, to judge from the service he had seen; he himself could not have told his age with any precision. When he laughed he displayed two rows of sound, white teeth; his beard and hair had not a streak of grey; his whole physique was characteristic of strength and determination, and above all of stoicism. Though his face was closely covered with tiny wrinkles its expression was touchingly simple, youthful and innocent. As he spoke in his soft sing-song voice, his words flowed with natural eloquence; he never thought of what he had said or of what he was going to say, and the eagerness and variety of his tones gave them persuasive effect. Every night and morning, as he lay down and got up again, he never failed to say: "Pray God, let me sleep like a stone and rise like a Kalatch * !" And in point of fact

* A fine light loaf.

he had hardly laid himself down when he was dead asleep, and he woke in the morning fresh and gay, and ready for anything.

He knew a little of everything, doing all neither very well nor very badly. He could cook, sew, carpenter, mend boots, and being busy all day never allowed himself to chatter and sing till the evening. Nor did he sing like a man who expects to be listened to; but as the birds of the air sing: it was as much a need of his nature as walking or stretching himself. His voice was tender, sweet and plaintive, almost like a woman's, in harmony with his serious face. After a few weeks in prison his beard had grown and he looked as if he had shaken off all that was not absolutely native to him — a certain artificial look that had come to him with his soldier's training — and had become what he really was: a peasant and a son of the soil.

"A soldier on leave makes a shirt of his drawers!" he would say; he was not fond of talking of his long years of service, but was proud of saying that he had never been punished: When he told a story it was generally some episode of his early life which he loved to dwell on. The proverbs with which he gave point to his discourse were not coarse or vulgar like those of his comrades, and he was fond of using popular expressions which in themselves have no particular force, but which when applied appropriately are striking by their aptness and wisdom; in his mouth they acquired new value.

In the opinion of the other prisoners Platon was just

a soldier, to be made game of on occasion and sent to do every kind of errand; but in Pierre's mind he dwelt for ever after as the ideal type of simplicity and truth: always just what he had felt him to be from the first night he had spent by his side.

CHAPTER IV.

Princess Marie, on hearing from Nicolas that her brother was at Yaroslaw with the Rostows, decided on going thither, in spite of her aunt's remonstrances, and on taking her little nephew with her. The difficulties of the journey did not make her hesitate for a moment. Her duty lay before her: it was to nurse her brother who was suffering — perhaps dying, and to take him his child. If Prince André had not asked to see her no doubt it was because his extreme weakness prevented him, or because he feared the long and fatiguing journey for her and the boy.

A very few days sufficed for her arrangements. Her conveyances were a large coach, in which she had travelled to Voronège, a britzska, and a *fourgon*. Her party consisted of Mlle. Bourrienne, little Nicolas and his tutor, her old nurse, two maids, old Tikhone, a young footman, and a *heyduc* whom her aunt lent her as an escort. It was impossible to take the usual road so she must make a round by Lipetsk, Riazan, and Vladimir, where she had not a hope of finding post-

horses; and the journey was all the more likely to be dangerous as the French, it was said, had been seen in the neighborhood of Riazan. Mlle. Bourrienne, Dessalles and her servants were amazed at her unceasing activity and steady purpose. She was in bed the last and up the first; she allowed no obstacle to hinder her, and thanks to her energy, which kept them all up to the mark, they reached Yaroslaw in a fortnight.

The last part of her stay at Voronège had brought her the greatest happiness of her life, for her love for Nicolas was no longer a torment to her; it filled her soul and seemed to have become part of her being. The struggle was over; for, without confessing it to herself, ever since her last interview with him she had felt sure of loving and being loved. Nicolas had not alluded to the renewal of the old engagement between Natacha and Prince André if he should recover, but Princess Marie could guess that it was constantly in his mind. His manner to her — tender, reserved, and thoughtful — did not change; on the contrary, he seemed pleased to think that this possible relationship set him at liberty to give expression to friendship, under which Princess Marie soon discerned love. She felt that she herself loved for the first and last time in her life, and happy in believing herself beloved she calmly abandoned herself to that happiness.

This calmness did not prevent her feeling the keenest concern at the desperate situation in which she would find her brother; on the contrary, it left her mind free to think of it more exclusively. The deep

anguish of her worn and heart-broken face made them all fear that she would fall seriously ill, but the difficulties and anxieties of the journey seemed to double her strength by occupying her thoughts and so compelling her to forget, at any rate for the time, the object of her undertaking. Nevertheless, as she got nearer to Yaroslaw, remembering that within an hour or two her worse fears might be confirmed, her agitation was too much for her self-control. She sent forward the *heyduc* to ascertain where the Rostows were lodging and enquire as to the state of Prince André's health. Having done so he returned and met the carriage as it was entering the town. He was terrified at his mistress's palor as she put her head out of the window.

"I have found out all you want to know, Excellency. Count Rostow's family live a little way from this, in a house belonging to a merchant named Bronnikow, on the banks of the Volga."

Princess Marie kept her eyes fixed on his face, wondering and fearing at his saying nothing in reply to the main question. Mlle. Bourrienne spoke the words.

"And how is the Prince?" she said.

"His Excellency is with the family."

"Then he is alive!" thought the princess. "And how is he?" she asked.

"The servants say he is going on just the same."

What did that mean? She was afraid to ask and glanced at the child who sat facing her — he was enchanted at finding himself in a large town. Then her head drooped, and she did not look up again till the

heavy vehicle, creaking and rolling on its springs, suddenly stopped. The step was let down with a clatter and the door opened. On her left she caught sight of a sheet of water: the river Volga; on the right were some steps on which some servants were standing, with a young fresh-colored girl, her head crowned with wide plaits of black hair and a melancholy smile on her lips. This was Sonia.

The princess eagerly ran up the steps, while Sonia, with some embarrassment, exclaimed: "This way, this way!" Then she found herself face to face with a rather Eastern-looking woman, advanced in years, who hurried forward to meet her. Overcome by emotion, the countess threw her arms round her and kissed her again and again.

"My child," she said, "I love you dearly — I have known you a long time . . ."

Princess Marie knew who it must be and that she must respond to this effusiveness; but not knowing what to say she murmured a few words in French and then asked: "And he — how is he?"

"The doctor says he is out of danger," replied the countess, raising her eyes to heaven with a sigh that contradicted her words.

"Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Of course; in a few minutes, my dear. — And is this his son?" added the countess as Nicolas came in with his tutor. "What a sweet child! — The house is a large one; there is room in it for every one."

Still petting the little boy, the countess led them into the drawing-room where Sonia was talking to Mlle. Bourrienne. The count came in to pay his respects to Princess Marie, who thought him greatly changed since she had last seen him; then he had been brisk, gay, and confident — now he was broken and bewildered: it was sad to see him. As he spoke to her he glanced stealthily round at the others as if to mark the effect of his words. Since the catastrophe at Moscow and his own ruin, uprooted from the surroundings and habits that made up his existence, he had, so to speak, lost his way and his place in life.

In spite of her eager desire to see her brother as soon as possible, and the annoyance she felt at all these formalities and compliments to herself and her nephew, she took note of what was going on around her. She saw that the least she could do was to conform for the moment to the order of things, and accept the consequences with resignation.

"This is my niece," said the count introducing Sonia, "I do not think you know her."

She turned and embraced Sonia, trying to smother the impulse of instinctive hostility that she felt at seeing her. All these commonplace civilities, lasting so much too long for her impatience, made a most painful impression on her which was enhanced by the want of harmony between her own feelings and those of all these people.

"Where is he?" she asked once more addressing the circle generally.

"He is down stairs. Natacha is with him," said Sonia coloring. "You are tired I daresay, Princess?"

Tears of impatience filled Princess Marie's eyes; she turned away and was on the point of asking the countess in so many words to take her to her brother when a light step was heard outside. It was Natacha—that Natacha to whom she had taken such a dislike on the occasion of their former meeting; but a glance was enough to assure her that here, at any rate was one who could feel with her entirely, and who truly shared her sorrow. She hastened to meet her, threw her arms round her and burst into sobs on her shoulder.

When Natacha, who was sitting with Prince André, had been informed of the princess's arrival, she had quietly left the room to run to meet her. Her agitated face expressed only unbounded affection for her, for him, for all who were near and dear to the man she loved, great pity for every one else, and an intense desire to sacrifice herself wholly for those who were suffering. The mere selfish hope of joining her life to that of Prince André had ceased to exist in her heart, and Princess Marie's subtle instinct detected this at the first glance: this discovery mitigated the bitterness of her tears.

"Come to him, Marie," said Natacha, leading her into another room. The princess raised her head and wiped her eyes, but she checked herself as she was about to ask a question. She felt that words were inadequate to formulate it or to reply to it, and that

she could read in Natacha's face and eyes all she sought to know.

Natacha, on her part was anxious and doubtful: Ought she or ought she not to tell her what she knew? How could she hide the truth from those clear eyes which seemed to see to the very bottom of her soul — eyes which could not be deceived? Her lips quivered, and bursting into loud sobs, she hid her face in her hands. Marie understood. However, she could not resign all hope. She asked in what state the wound was and how long his general condition had been so much worse.

"You — you will see?" said Natacha through her tears.

"When did this come on?" asked Princess Marie. And Natacha told her how, from the first, the fever and pain had made a fatal issue seem inevitable; how they had diminished, but the doctor had then feared gangrene; how that too had been averted; then, on their arrival at Yaroslaw, the wound had began to suppurate and the doctor had hoped that it was healing in the regular course, but presently there had been fever again, though not to an alarming degree.

"At last, these two days," said Natacha, swallowing down her sobs. "It came on suddenly — a change — I do not know why — you will see for yourself."

"Is he very weak? Is he much thinner?"

"No, nothing of that kind, much worse. You will see. Marie he is too good. — Much too good for this world, he cannot live — and then. . . ."

When Natacha opened the door for Marie to go in first the princess felt that, in spite of her utmost efforts, she would not have the strength to control herself and see her brother without shedding tears. She knew full well what "it" was that had come over him these two days. She understood that this sweetness of humility and tenderness could only be the precursor of death. In fancy she saw the face of her little André as she had seen it in their childhood, with the gentle, loving look that touched her so deeply when she had seen it once more years after; she expected him to receive her with loving and agitated words, such as her father had spoken on his death-bed, and felt that she must melt into tears in spite of herself. However, it must come to that sooner or later, so she resolutely went forward.

Lying on a wide sofa, on a heap of pillows, wrapped in a dressing-gown trimmed with grey squirrel, very thin, very white, with a handkerchief in one transparent hand while with the other he smoothed his long silky moustache, Prince André looked at the two women as they came in. Princess Marie instinctively trod more slowly. As she saw the expression in her brother's face and eyes her sobs ceased, her tears did not flow — she felt frightened, like a culprit. "Am I guilty?" she asked herself. — "Yes, for you have life and a future before you. . . ." answered Prince André's absent, severe eyes; and that deep gaze, sunk as it seemed in self contemplation, had something hostile in it as he slowly turned it on them.

"Marie, how are you? How did you get here?" he asked, as he kissed her; and his voice, like his gaze, did not seem to belong to him. A scream of despair would have alarmed his sister less than that voice.

"Have you brought the child?" he asked gently, with a visible effort of memory.

"And how do you feel now?" asked Marie, wondering at finding she could say anything.

"You must ask the doctor, my dear," then, trying to say something kind, he added, speaking in a mechanical way: "Thank you, dear, for having come."

His sister pressed his hand, but the pressure made him frown, though very slightly. He said no more, and she could find no words. In his speech, in his voice, above all in his eyes, she read all too plainly that detachment from life, which is so terrible to see in those who are dying, especially when we ourselves are in health and vigor. He cared no more for it, not because he did not understand it, but because his soul was sinking into the depths of an unknown world, out of the ken of the living, and which parted him from them.

"What a strange fate has brought us together again!" he said presently, breaking the silence and looking at Natacha. "She has nursed me, as you see."

Princess Marie listened in amazement. How could her brother, who was so fastidiously refined in matters of feeling, speak thus in the presence of the woman he loved, and who loved him? If he could have dreamed

of coming back to life again he would never have spoken with this torturing calmness. The only possible explanation was that he was indifferent to every consideration, because something else — something supreme — was being borne in upon him. The conversation was strained and painful, and became fragmentary.

"Marie came through Riazan," said Natacha. Prince André was not surprised to hear her speak of his sister by her christian name alone; indeed, Natacha herself perceived for the first time that she had done so.

"Yes?" he said.

"She was told that Moscow is burnt — burnt to the ground, and that . . . ." But she stopped, seeing that he was making vain efforts to listen.

"Yes, so they say," he murmured, "it is very sad," and gazing into vacancy, he pulled his moustache.

"And you, Marie, met Count Nicolas?" he said suddenly. "He wrote home that he had been greatly charmed with you," he went on, quite lucidly, but hardly realizing the force of the phrase to those who were living the life of every day. "If you like him too, that would do very well — you might marry him!" And Marie, as she heard, understood how far away indeed he must be from this nether world.

"Why talk of me?" she said very composedly, and she looked at Natacha who did not raise her eyes. Again there was silence.

"André," said his sister after a pause, "would you — will you see your boy? He has asked for you incessantly." The faintest smile parted Prince André's

lips; Marie, who knew so well every shade of expression on his face saw with alarm that it was not a smile of gladness, or of affection — that it was ironical at the idea of her trying this last means of reviving the emotions which were dying by degrees, as he was dying.

"Yes, I shall be very glad to see him. Is he quite well?"

The little boy was brought in. He was terrified at the sight of his father who kissed him, and he did not know what to say; but he did not cry because no one else in the room cried. When he had left the room, Princess Marie bent over her brother, and unable to control herself any longer, melted into tears. Prince André looked at her steadily:

"You are crying for him," he said. She nodded her head.

"But you must not cry here," he added quite calmly.

He understood that his sister should bewail the fate which would leave his child an orphan, and he even tried to see it in that light.

"Yes, it must seem very sad to her — and yet it is so simple," said he to himself. "The fowls of the air sow not, neither do they reap; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." He thought he would quote the verse to his sister. "No, it is useless," he reflected, "she would take it differently. The living cannot understand that all these feelings that are so dear to them — all these thoughts which seem so important, really

do not matter. No, we have ceased to meet on common ground." And he said no more.

Little Prince Nicolas was seven years old; he knew nothing yet, not even his letters; but if he had been a man grown and in full possession of all his faculties, he could not have understood more clearly or felt more deeply the significance of the scene he had just witnessed between his father, his aunt, and Natacha. It was Natacha who led him away. He went with her without a word, and creeping up to her looked in her face with his large, shy, thoughtful eyes, and leaned his head on her breast; his short, rosy lips trembled and curled, and he cried noiselessly.

From that day he kept out of the way of Dessalles and of the countess who loaded him with care and kindness; he preferred to be alone, or to stay with his aunt or Natacha to whom he was devoted; and he would throw his arms round them and caress them in silence.

Princess Marie left her brother's room quite hopeless; she never again spoke to Natacha of his possible recovery. They took it in turns to sit with him; Princess Marie did not weep, but she prayed fervently to the Infinite and Inscrutable Being whose presence is so near to the pillow of the dying,

Prince André knew that this was death — that he was half-dead already — by his conscious detachment

from all earthly interests, and by the strange and radiant beatitude that filled his soul. He lay waiting for the inevitable, without impatience or trepidation. That great, ominous and eternal fact, unknown and far away, which all his life-long had dwelt in the background of his thoughts, was near now, close at hand; he could feel it — almost touch it.

Formerly he had dreaded death. Twice had he passed through the fearful gulf of death in agonies, and now he no longer feared it as he had when his eyes, that had been gazing on the beauty of the woods, the meadows, the deep-blue sky, saw it rushing at him in the spinning, rushing shell. When he first came to himself in the hospital tent, that flower of heavenly love had blossomed in his soul, freed for a while from the burthen of living; and thus delivered from the cares of earth, all fear of death had vanished. The more he allowed himself to dwell on the mysterious future which opened before him, the more he unconsciously lost hold on all that lay near him, and the barrier between life and death, which has no terrors, but in the absence of love, gradually gave way. In what is the meaning of loving all mankind, and of self-devotion through love, unless it is loving no one in particular, and living a divine and spiritual life?

He looked forward to the end with real indifference: "So much the better!" thought he.

But after that night of delirious visions when the woman his heart craved for had come to him, when her lips and tears had touched his hand, the love of woman

had revived in him and renewed the ties which bound him to life. Confused thoughts of gladness had crowded on him; he had remembered the moment when he had seen Kouraguine by his side and he felt that he could not again feel towards him as he had then felt. He was tormented by a delirious wish to know whether he still were alive, but could not make up his mind to enquire.

His case had followed the normal course, and the change that had come over him in the last two days, as Natacha had told Marie, was the closing struggle between life and death. Death was the stronger, and the renewal of his love for Natacha was no more than an involuntary confession of how precious life was to him, a last revolt of the flesh against the horrors of the unknown.

One evening when he had been dozing, and was slightly excited, as he usually was at nightfall, by an increase of fever which lent extreme acuteness to his senses, he suddenly became conscious of a glow of beatific gladness.

"Ah!" thought he, "she has come into the room!"

It was, in fact, Natacha who had stolen in to take her accustomed seat by his bed, and he was instinctively aware of her presence. She sat back in an armchair and her head screened her candle from his eyes; she was diligently knitting a stocking, begun one day when Prince André had said no one made such a good nurse as an old woman knitting. The monotonous movement produced, he said, a soothing effect on the

patient's nerves. The young girl's nimble fingers worked fast with the long needles, and he studied the pensive profile of her bent head with tender emotion. Suddenly her ball of wool slipped and rolled away. Natacha started, stole a look at the invalid, and putting up her hand to keep the light out of his eyes, stooped, picked up the ball, and returned to her former position. He watched her, but did not stir; he saw her bosom rise and fall while she noiselessly tried to recover her breath. During the early days of their reunion he had owned to her that if he were restored life he would everlastingly thank God for the wound that had brought them together again; but he had never spoken of that again.

"Can it possibly be so now?" thought he as he listened to the slight noise of the needles. "Why should Heaven have allowed us to meet once more if only that I should die? Has the one truth of life been revealed to me only that I should be left in a lie? I love her more than the whole world, and can I help loving her?" And he groaned deeply, a habit he had fallen into during his long hours of suffering.

As she heard him Natacha laid her work on the table and leaned over to look at him. Seeing the glitter of his eyes she spoke: "You are not asleep then?"

"No, I have been watching you a long time; I felt you come in. No one but you brings me that sweet calm — that radiance. — I could almost cry for happiness!"

Natacha went nearer, and his face flushed with passion and gladness.

"Natacha, I love you too much; I love you more than all the world."

"And I —" she looked away an instant. "Why, too much?" she asked.

"Why, too much? — Tell me, from the bottom of your heart, what you think: Shall I live?"

"I am sure of it — Sure of it!" cried Natacha, seizing his hands with growing excitement. He did not reply.

"How good that would be!" he sighed, and he kissed her hand.

Natacha was happy; but she remembered that too much excitement might be fatal:

"You have not slept," said she composing herself. "You must try to sleep; I entreat you."

He pressed her hand once more and she went back to her place. Twice she glanced round, and meeting his eye each time she concentrated her attention on her knitting so as not to look up again. Presently he fell asleep. Not for long however. He woke in a cold sweat. His mind was beginning to hover between life and death.

"Love —" he thought again. "What is love? It is the negation of death, it is life itself. All that I understand at all I understand by love alone. It includes everything. — Love is God, and death is the re-absorption of an atom of love — that is myself — by the universal and external source of love." And these

dreams brought him comfort; but they were no more than dreams that strayed through his brain, without leaving even a shadow of reality; and he fell asleep again, still torn by a myriad of confused and exciting fancies.

He dreamed that he was in bed in the room where he now was but in recovered health. A long line of unknown persons passed before him. He was talking with them, and discussing various subjects, and thinking of following them he knew not whither, saying to himself all the while that he was wasting time in trifles when he had far more serious matters to attend to; and still he lingered, talking and amazing them by his brilliant quotations which nevertheless had no sense. — By degrees these forms vanished, and his whole attention became concentrated on the half-open door. — Can he shut it quickly enough? All depends on that. He rises and goes towards it to shoot the bolt, but his legs give way under him: he feels that he must be too late. Gathering all his strength into a final effort he is about to rush forward when a fearful anguish freezes his soul. — anguish that is the fear of Death! — It is Death that is there waiting at the door, and just as he drags himself breathless to the threshold the hideous spectre pushes it open and looks in! That nameless creature is Death. — Death is marching down upon him; he must fly, come what may, he must escape. He clutches at the door, he can no longer close it, but by putting forth all his remaining energy he may perhaps succeed in checking "Its" advance? — Alas!

his strength fails him, he is beating the air; again the door opens a little wider — again he tries to resist the fateful pressure from without. In vain! The spectre comes in, he is here . . . . ! Prince André felt himself dying.

But at the same moment he became conscious that he was asleep, and with a great effort he woke . . . . "Yes, it was certainly Death! — To die and wake! Is death then an awakening?"

The idea flashed on him like a lightning gleam; a corner of the veil which still parted him from the unknown had been lifted from his soul. His body was being released from the bonds that held it to earth, and a mysterious beatitude came over him which from that moment did not desert him.

He woke bathed in chill sweat, and made a slight movement. Natacha came to him and asked him what he wanted. He did not understand her question, but looked at her with strange vacancy. That it was of which she had spoken to Princess Marie.

From that moment the fever took a malignant course, and whatever the doctors might say she could not cheat herself out of her perception that the progress of the moral symptoms was alarmingly acute.

His last days and hours glided peacefully away without any further change in his general condition. Princess Marie and Natacha hardly left him for a mo-

ment, but they were fully aware that the sole aim of their care was the physical presence — the mortal hull, which would soon be no more than a dear and far away memory; that his spirit was no longer of this world. Their feelings were so intense and deep that the terrible advent of death took no hold on their minds. It was useless to indulge their grief, so they did not weep, neither when sitting by him nor when out of the room, and as words were empty and inadequate to express it they ceased even to speak about him. They saw him sinking slowly, calmly into the unseen; and both felt that it was inevitable, and that it was well.

He confessed and received the Sacrament and bade them all farewell. When his little son was brought to him he kissed his cheek and turned away, not out of any regret at dying, but because he supposed that nothing more was expected of him. When they begged him to give his child his blessing he did so, and then looked round enquiringly as if to ask whether there was anything more for him to do; and he breathed his last supported by his sister and Natacha.

"It is over!" said Marie a few minutes later.

Natacha bent down, looked into the dead eyes and closed them.

"Where is he now?" she wondered to herself.

When he had been laid in his coffin all the household came in to see the last of him. The child was startled with painful surprise; every one cried: the countess and Sonia for Natacha and for him who was gone: the

old count for himself — foreseeing that he, too, ere long must cross the same bourne. Natacha and Princess Marie wept too; not for their own grief, but under an influence which made their hearts overflow — the sight of the solemn, simple mystery of Death!

CHAPTER V.

The correlation of causes is a thing incomprehensible by the human mind, but the desire to comprehend them is born with it. Hence those who cannot discern the logic of events jump at the first coincidence that strikes them and exclaim: "This is the cause."

But as soon as we have got to the bottom of the smallest historical fact, that is to say of the mass of humanity from which it took its rise, we discern that the will of an individual not only cannot guide those masses, but is itself under the guidance of a superior power. Though historical events have in fact no other cause than the elementary cause, they are nevertheless governed by laws which are unknown to us, or which we can hardly detect, and which we can never discover until we give up all idea of finding behind them the will of any individual man. Thus a knowledge of the law by which the planets move only became possible

when men had given up the notion of the fixity of the earth.

After the battle of Borodino and the evacuation and burning of Moscow, the most important episode of the war of 1812, in the opinion of historians, was the march of the Russian army when it left the road to Riazan to proceed towards Kalouga and establish itself in the camp at Taroutino. They attribute this heroic feat to various individuals, and even the French, when speaking of this flank movement, praise the genius displayed by the Russian chiefs at this juncture. We, however, fail to discover, as these historians have done, any deep-laid scheme, evolved by a single brain, to save Russia and ruin Napoleon, or to see in it the faintest trace of military genius. For no stupendous intelligence is needed to perceive that the best position for an army which is not to fight is in a spot where it can ensure supplies. The veriest child might have guessed, in 1812, that the road to Kalouga offered the greatest advantages after the retreat of the army. By what chain of argument have these gentlemen discovered that this manœuvre was such a brilliant scheme? Where do they find that its direct outcome was the salvation of Russia and the destruction of the enemy? In point of fact, to argue from the circumstance which preceded it, which were coincident with it, and which followed it, this flank march might have

been the ruin of the Russians and the saving of the French; and it is by no means clear that it had a favorable result on the situation of the army.

But for the coöperation of other circumstances it could have come to no good issue. What would have happened if Moscow had not been burnt, if Murat had not lost sight of the Russian troops, if Napoleon had not sat down in inaction, if the Russian army had forced a battle on quitting Moscow — as Benningsen and Barclay advised, if Napoleon had marched on Taroutino and attacked the Russians with one-tenth of the energy he displayed at Smolensk, if the French had gone on to St. Petersburg? etc., etc. Under any of these conditions safety would have turned to disaster. How is it that those who study history have shut their eyes and ascribed this movement to the decision of some one man? No one had prepared and schemed for this manœuvre beforehand; and at the moment when it was carried out it was simply the inevitable result of circumstances, and its consequences could not be seen until it had gone far into the realm of the past.

At the council held at Fili the Russian commanders generally were in favor of a retreat in a straight line along the road to Nijni-Novgorod. Ample evidence of this fact exists in the numerous votes given in favor of this course, and more especially in the conversation which took place after the council between the commander-in-chief and Lauskoï, the head of the commissariat. Lauskoï announced in his report that the

victuals for the troops were, for the most part, collected along the line of the Oka, in the governments of Toula and Kazan; consequently, in case of a retreat on Nijni the transport of provisions would be intercepted by the river, over which they could not be carried when the winter had once begun. This was the first consideration which led to the abandonment of the original, and, on the whole, the more natural plan. Thus the army was kept within reach of supplies. Then, again, the inaction of the French — who had lost all track of the Russians, the need for protecting and defending the manufactories of arms, above all of keeping within reach of food, drove the army southwards.

After getting out on the Toula road by a desperate move, the generals intended to stop at Podolsk; but the sudden appearance of some French troops, with other circumstances — among them the abundance of victuals at Kalouga — led them to proceed still further to the south and to get off the Toula on to the Kalouga road, marching towards Taroutino. Just as it is impossible to specify the precise moment when the desertion of Moscow was decided on, so it is impossible to say exactly when the march on Taroutino was a settled thing; and yet every one believed himself to have gone there in virtue of the decision of the generals in command.

The route thus taken was so self-evidently that which the army must follow that even the pillagers straggled in this direction, and that Koutouzow incurred the Czar's censure for having led the army in

the first instance towards Riazan instead of setting out at once for Taroutino. Alexander himself had suggested this movement in a letter which the commander-in-chief did not receive till after his arrival there.

In fact, Koutouzow's skill at this juncture lay, not in a stroke of genius, but in a competent apprehension of the accomplished facts. He alone fully appreciated the inaction of the French; he alone understood and maintained that Borodino had been a victory for the Russians; he alone — though as commander-in-chief he seemed called upon to take the offensive — did all he could, on the contrary, to prevent an unnecessary waste of strength in futile struggles. The Wild Beast had in truth been mortally hurt at Borodino, and was still lying where the hunter had left it. Was it past fighting? Was it still alive even? — The hunter knew not. But suddenly it gave a cry which betrayed its hopeless plight; this cry was the letter brought by Lauriston to Koutouzow in his camp. Napoleon, no less convinced than ever of his own incapacity of doing wrong wrote as follows under a sudden impulse:

"Monsieur le Prince Koutouzow.

"I am sending one of my aides-de-camp general to discuss various points of interest with you. I beg your Highness to believe all he will tell you; more particularly when he shall express to you all the sentiments of esteem and high respect which I have long felt for your Highness. This note having no other ob-

ject, I pray the Almighty, M. le Prince Koutouzow, to have you in his holy and gracious keeping.

"Moscow, October 30th.

"(Signed) Napoleon."

"I shall incur the curses of posterity if I am regarded as the first to take any steps towards a compromise in any form. That is the spirit which at this moment rules the nation," replied Koutouzow; and he continued to do all in his power to direct the retreat of the army.

After a month thus spent in pillage by the French troops, and in rest by the Russians, a great change had come over the temper of the two belligerent forces; entirely to the advantage of the Russians, whose whole army was pervaded by an eager desire to act on the offensive. This long inaction had awakened their impatience and curiosity to know what had become of the French, whom for so many weeks they had lost sight of. The audacious courage of the Russian outposts, who skirmished within reach of them day after day, the reports of small guerilla victories and peasant raids revived the desire and hope of vengeance which had lurked in every soul during the stay of the foe at Moscow; every soldier felt instinctively that the balance of the opposing forces was no longer the same, and that the superiority was now on the Russian side. Just as the chimes of a clock start to play their tune when the hand has made a round of the dial, so the reflex effect of this general feeling was immedi-

ately perceptible in increased activity in the higher circles.

The Russian army was commanded on the spot by Koutouzow and his staff, and directed from St. Petersburg by the Czar himself.

Before the news of the evacuation of Moscow had reached his Majesty a detailed scheme of the whole campaign had been sent to Koutouzow to make matters easy for him; and the staff accepted this plan in spite of the changed circumstances. Koutouzow himself would only say that plans laid down at a distance were always difficult to carry out. Messengers were continually coming to him with new instructions, to solve the difficulties as they arose, and to report subsequently on his acts and deeds.

Some important changes had taken place in the command of the divisions; substitutes had to be found for Bagration, who was killed, and for Barclay, who had withdrawn in dudgeon as being placed in a secondary position. It became a matter of anxious discussion whether it were better to put A. in D.'s place or D. in A.'s, and so on; as though, in a case of this kind, it was only a question of choice of men.

In consequence of the existing hostility between Koutouzow and Benningsen, of the presence of the Czar's various confidential envoys, and of the changes which had become inevitable, a far more complicated game was being played at the head-quarters of the army. The leaders thought only of thwarting each other, and the object of all these intrigues was the con-

duct of the military situation which they all believed they were controlling, while, in fact, it was taking its course quite irrespective of their influence, and being the simple outcome of the mutual reaction of masses of men on each other. However, this tangle of combinations in high and powerful spheres was an index of what must inevitably ensue.

On the 2d–14th of October, the Czar wrote a letter which did not reach Koutouzow till after the battle of Taroutino, as follows:

"Prince Michel Ilarionovitch:

"Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy since the 2d (14th) of September. Your latest report is dated the 20th, (October 2d) and since then you have not only taken no steps against the enemy to rescue our principal capital, but you have retreated still further. A detachment of French troops now holds Serpoukhow; and Toula, so important to the army as the headquarters of the manufacture of arms, is in danger. I see by Wintzingerode's despatches that the enemy is marching a body of 10,000 men towards the road to St. Petersburg; another of several thousand is advancing towards Dmitrow; a third occupies the road to Vladimir, and a fourth is concentrated between Rouza and Mojaïsk. Napoleon himself was still at Moscow with his regiments of guards on the 25th (October 7th). Now that his troops are thus divided into detachments, is it conceivable that you have in front of you a sufficiently numerous body of the enemy to prevent your acting on the

offensive? It is to be presumed, on the contrary, that you are being followed up by small parties, or, at any rate by a smaller body than the army entrusted to your command. It would seem that you might have taken advantage of these arrangements to attack an enemy weaker than yourself and destroy him, or at any rate force him backwards so as to rescue the larger portion of the governments at present held by the foe, and thus protect the town of Toula and the other towns in the interior. If the enemy is strong enough to send forward a considerable mass of troops towards St. Petersburg, while it is to a certain extent weakly defended, the responsibility rests with you; for if you had acted with energy and decision, you ought to have been able, with the forces at your command to preserve us from this new misfortune. Do not forget that you have yet to account to your indignant country for the loss of Moscow. You know by experience that I have always been ready to reward you, and I am so still; but I, and Russia are entitled to expect entire devotion from you, unwavering firmness, and the success which we have a right to hope for from your acumen, your military talents, and the bravery of the troops you command."

By the time this note reached Koutouzow, the battle was fought; he had found it impossible to withhold the army any longer from taking the offensive.

On the 2d (14th) October, a Cossack named Schapovalow, beating about the open country, killed a hare

and wounded another; in following up the game he let himself be led on into the depths of a forest, and came unexpectedly on the left wing of Murat's division who were off their guard. He told the story as a good joke to his comrades, and the ensign, hearing of it, reported it to his superiors. The Cossack was sent for, and questioned; the officers in command determined to take advantage of this lucky windfall to carry off the enemy's horses, and one of them, who was known to the higher authorities, mentioned the fact to a general on the staff. At that moment the tension of feeling happened to be at its height. Yermolow had arrived a few days previously, and had entreated Benningsen to exert all his influence on the commander-in-chief to induce him to decide on an attack.

"If I did not know you well," replied Benningsen, "I should have concluded that you wished the very reverse of what you say, for if I advise a step that is quite enough to make his Highness do just the contrary."

The Cossack's story was confirmed, however, by other scouts, and it was clear that everything was ready for a crisis. The springs unbent, the wheels creaked, and the chimes struck. Under the pressure arising from the report sent to the Czar by Benningsen, from the wish of all the other commanders which his Majesty was said to share, and from the accounts given by the Cossacks, Koutouzow, in spite of his supposed influence, his wisdom and experience, found himself unable to control the movement. So he gave orders for what

he believed to be useless, if not mischievous, and signed his assent to what was already *un fait accompli.*

The attack was to take place on the 5th (17th) October. On the day before, Koutouzow signed the order for moving the troops. Toll read the document to Yermolow, and proposed to him to settle the arrangements to be made.

"Yes, very good," said Yermolow, "but I have not time just now."

The plan of battle as concocted by Toll was a capital one—as good as that of the battle of Austerlitz, though it was not explicitly stated in German: 'The first column will march this way, the second will march that way, etc., etc.' These columns, as set forth on paper, were to combine at a given moment, to fall on the enemy, and crush him. Everything was foreseen and provided for, as it always is in a written plan of action; but, as also always happens, not one of the columns reached its position in time.

When several copies of this plan were ready, they were given to an orderly officer of Koutouzow's to carry to Yermolow. The young guardsman, extremely proud of so important an errand, went to Yermolow's lodgings. They were empty.

"The general is gone," said a servant. The envoy rode off to find a general, who was in constant communication with Yermolow: "No one at home," he was told.

To another: the same reply.

"I only hope I shall not be called to account

for the delay," thought he. "What devilish bad luck!"

He rode all around the camp. Some told him that Yermolow had just gone on with a party of generals; others said he had just come back. The hapless youth sought him till six in the evening, not giving himself time even to eat. Yermolow was not to be found, and no one knew whither he had gone. The envoy, having taken some refreshment at a fellow-officer's rooms, went forward to Miloradovitch's quarters with the advanced guard. He, he was told, was probably at a ball which General Kikine was giving, and Yermolow might also be there.

"Where on earth is this ball?"

"Over there, at Jechkine," said a Cossack officer, pointing to the roof of a large country-house in the distance.

"Out there? — Why, that is beyond the line of the advanced posts!"

"Two of our regiments have been placed on the very line. They are making merry up there this evening. Two regimental bands and three of chorus singers!"

The messenger crossed the line. As he went towards the house, he could hear the jovial songs of the soldiers chorus, almost drowned in the eager voices of the company. The young officer could not help falling into the spirit of the thing, though he was afraid he should be held guilty of the delay in delivering the important message, of which he was the bearer. It was already nine o'clock; he dismounted and went up the

steps of a handsome house, standing midway between the French and Russian lines, and which had remained unhurt. In the anteroom and offices he met servants carrying wine and dishes. The singers were placed outside, close to the windows.

As soon as he entered the drawing-room, he saw that all the principle generals of the Russian army were assembled there, and among them the tall and stately figure of Yermolow. They were standing in a semi-circle, their uniforms unbuttoned, and their faces flushed, roaring with laughter, while in the centre of the room a remarkably handsome man of middle height was lightly dancing the '*trépak*.'

"Ha ha! Bravo Nicolas Ivanovitch! Bravo!"

The messenger felt himself more in the wrong than ever, for coming at such a moment with an important letter; he wished to wait, indeed, but he was at once observed. One of the bystanders pointed him out to Yermolow and he, knitting his brows, advanced to meet him, listened to his story, and took the paper without saying a word.

"You fancy that he is here by chance," said a comrade on the staff to Koutouzow's messenger, speaking of Yermolow. "Not a bit of it, my dear boy; it is just a trick he wants to play on Konovnitzine, you will see to-morrow what a mess there will be!"

Next day old Koutouzow, having been called very early, said his prayers and dressed, and then got into

his chariot with the disagreeable feeling that he had now to direct a battle to be fought against his will. He took the road to Létachevka, at about five versts behind Taroutino, the spot fixed upon for the rendezvous of all the corps. As he went he dozed, and then woke, listening to ascertain whether firing had yet begun. An Autumn morning, damp and grey, was just beginning to dawn in the East. As he got near to Taroutino he met some cavalry-men leading their horses to water, he stopped the carriage and asked to what regiment they belonged: it was one that ought long since have occupied a post in ambush. "Well, perhaps it is some mistake," thought he; but a little further on he saw some infantry, their muskets piled, calmly eating their broth. He called the officer, who told him that no orders of any kind had reached him.

"What!" Koutouzow began; but he checked himself, and sent for the colonel.

Meanwhile he got out of his carriage and walked up and down, his head drooping, and breathing hard. When General Eichen arrived, Koutouzow turned purple with anger, not that Eichen was the guilty man, but he at any rate was some one on whom he could vent his anger. Panting and trembling with rage, in a perfect paroxysm of fury, he rushed at Eichen, threatening him with his fists and loading him with the coarsest abuse. A captain named Brozine came in for a share of it, though he only was there by accident and was entirely innocent.

"And who is this scoundrel? let the wretch be shot!"

cried Koutouzow in a hoarse voice, and gesticulating like a maniac. — What, was he, the Commander-in-chief, who was wont to be told that never before had any one enjoyed such unlimited power, was he to be made the laughing-stock of his army? Was he to have prayed, to have thought, to have planned, through a sleepless night in vain?

"Why, when I was only a subaltern no one would have dared to mock me so," thought he, "and now . . ."

He felt an actual physical pain as if under corporal punishment, and he could only vent it in cries of rage and anguish. But presently his strength was spent; he grew calm, and understanding that he had been to blame in giving way to such violence, got into his carriage again and drove on in silence.

His fury was spent; he listened passively to the excuses and entreaties of Benningsen, Konovnitzine and Toll, who tried to persuade him of the necessity of carrying out on the morrow the manœuvre that had failed to-day. He was finally obliged to consent. As to Yermolow, he kept out of Koutouzow's way for two days.

Next day the troops were brought together by the evening and set in motion during the night. The darkness was intense; heavy purple black clouds covered the sky, but it did not rain. The ground was wet, the soldiers marched on in profound silence; only the artillery betrayed itself by the metallic rattle of the gun carriages. Talking, smoking, striking a light even, were forbidden; the very horses seemed to restrain them-

selves from neighing. The mystery of the thing lent it a peculiar charm, and the men tramped on in excellent spirits. Some of the columns when they believed that they had reached their destination, piled their arms and stretched themselves to rest on the cold earth; others — in fact, the majority—marched on all through the night, and naturally reached a point where they had no business to be.

Count Orlow-Denissow, with a small detachment of Cossacks, was the only man to reach the right place at the right time. He took up a position in a copse on the outskirts of a wood and on one side of the path between the village of Dmitrovsk and Stromilow.

The count had fallen asleep a little before daybreak when he was called to examine a French deserter. He proved to be a Polish non-commissioned officer of Poniatowsky's corps; he said he had deserted because he had been passed over, that he ought long since to have received his commission, that he was the bravest man of them all, and meant to be revenged. He assured them that Murat had spent the night within a verst of the Russians, and that if they would give him a company of a hundred men he would pledge himself to take him prisoner.

Count Orlow held council with his fellow officers. The proposal was too tempting to be refused and they were disposed to make the venture. Finally, after much discussion and planning, Major-General Grékow decided on taking two regiments of Cossacks, and allowing the Pole to be their guide.

"But mark my words," said the count to the deserter, "If you have lied I will have you hanged like a dog. If you have told the truth, you shall have a hundred gold pieces."

The Pole did not reply; he sprang into his saddle and rode after General Grékow with a determined air; the party disappeared in the wood. The count, shivering with the chill of dawn and uneasy as to the responsibility he had incurred, went a little way into the open to reconnoiter the enemy's camp, which was just visible about a verst away in the doubtful light of morning and the dying camp-fires. The Russian party were to emerge from the wood on a slope to Count Orlow's right; but he looked in vain, nothing appeared. He thought he saw signs of waking in the French camp.

"Ah! it is too late!" said he to himself. He was suddenly undeceived, as sometimes occurs, when the personal influence that has deluded us is removed—the Pole was evidently a traitor who had cheated them; the intended attack would come to nothing, in spite of the two regiments which Grékow had led God knows where!

"How can they possibly surprise the commander-in-chief when he is surrounded by such a considerable force? The villain has lied."

"We can recall Grékow," said an officer in his suite, who, like himself, was beginning to have his doubts.

"What do you really think? Must we leave things as they are. — Yes or No?"

"Send for him back."

"Very good; go, some one, and bid him return. But it will be late, it will soon be broad day."

An aide-de-camp disappeared in the forest in search of Grékow. When he had been brought back, Orlow, greatly excited by this change of plan and by vainly waiting for the infantry to come up, with the enemy lying in front of him, made up his mind to an attack. "To horse!" he said in a low voice.

Every man fell into his place and crossed himself, and they were off. A shout rang through the wood, and the companies* of Cossacks, scattering like grains of corn shed out of a sack, rode boldly forward with lances poised, across the brook and down on the enemy's camp.

The warning shout of the French outpost who first caught sight of the Cossacks set the camp astir. All the men, still half asleep and only half dressed, flew to the guns, to the musket-piles, to the horses, rushing wildly in all directions and completely losing their heads. If the Cossacks had gone straight ahead, without heeding what was going on around them, they would infallibly have taken Murat prisoner, as the generals hoped and wished; but it was impossible to keep them from pillaging the camp and seizing the men. No one would listen to orders: 1,500 prisoners, 38 cannon, with flags, horses and accoutrements of every kind were taken and much precious time was wasted in securing the men and beasts and dividing the spoil, with the usual concomitants of quarrelling and shouting.

* *Sotnia*, a hundred men, under a *Sotnik* or centurion.

The French, recovering from their panic and seeing that they were not pursued, re-formed, and in their turn attacked Orlow-Denissow; he, expecting reinforcements which did not come up, could make no adequate defence.

Meanwhile the infantry were behindhand. They had started punctually under Benningsen and Toll, but had reached a point far from that they were intended to occupy. The men, who had set out in good spirits, soon lost many stragglers, and the feeling roused by the blunder of their chiefs gave rise to much murmuring which increased when they were led back again. The aides-de-camp sent forward to repair the mischief were sharply reprimanded by the generals who disputed loudly among themselves, till, tired of quarrelling, they simply marched forward without any definite end in view. "We shall come out somewhere," said they — as in fact they did, but not at the place where they were wanted. Some, to be sure, reached their posts; but it was too late; they were of no use but to receive the enemy's fire.

Toll, who in this engagement played the part which Weirother had filled at Austerlitz, galloped to and fro along the line, and ascertained that every thing had been done in exact contravention to orders. Thus, in the wood he met, soon after daybreak, Bagovouth's corps, which ought long since to have gone to the support of Orlow's Cossacks. Toll, desperate and furious at the failure of the movement, and ascribing it to him individually, addressed the commander in terms of in-

solent abuse, and even threatened to have him shot. Bagovouth, a placid old soldier, whose courage was above a shadow of suspicion, was exasperated by the contradictory orders he was receiving from all sides at once, by the unreasonable delays, and the confusion that prevailed; to the astonishment of all, in direct opposition to his usual demeanor, he gave way to a fit of rage and answered bluntly:

"I will not be lectured by any one; and I am as ready to die with my men as any other man, be he who he may!"

Then, brave Bagovouth, blind with wrath, not giving himself time to think whether such a diversion were opportune, marched with his division, unsupported, straight into the line of fire. Danger — shell and ball, were in tune with his irritated mood: he was struck by one of the first shots, and a great number of his fine corps fell before those which followed. Thus his men remained for some time, exposed to the enemy's fire without any useful result.

All this while another column, near which Koutouzow was stationed, was supposed to be attacking the French. He, however, knew only too well that this action, fought against his judgment, must probably result in immense confusion; he therefore kept back his troops as much as possible, and would not allow them to quit their position. Mounted on a stout grey nag, he replied indolently to all the suggestions that were made to him to attack.

"You insist on talking of attacking, but you see we

know nothing of all these complicated manœuvres," he said to Miloradovitch who begged to be allowed to march forward. "Why, you could not manage to capture Murat this morning," he said to another. "You were too late, so there is an end of it."

When he was told that the French had just been reinforced by two battalions of Poles, he glanced out of the corner of his eye at Yermolow, to whom he had not spoken a word since the day before.

"That is the way," he muttered, "every one wants to attack, all sorts of schemes are proposed; but when it comes to acting, nothing is ready, and the enemy, warned in time, takes due precautions!"

Yermolow smiled; he understood that the storm had passed over, and that the commander-in-chief would be satisfied with this innuendo.

"He is amusing himself at my expense!" said Yermolow in a low tone, just touching Raïevsky's knee.

Shortly after he went up to Koutouzow and addressed him respectfully:

"Nothing is lost, Highness, the enemy is still in front of us. Will you not give the word to attack? Otherwise the men will not even smell gunpowder all day."

Koutouzow would not answer. When he heard that Murat was retreating, he made up his mind to move forward, but he ordered a halt of three-quarters of an hour at every hundred yards. Thus the whole affair was reduced to Orlow-Denissow's charge, and the unavailing loss of some hundreds of men. The

result to Koutouzow was an order in diamonds, and to Benningsen a hundred thousand roubles, besides the diamonds, handsome rewards to the superior officers, and promotions and staff appointments without number.

"That is always the way — things are always managed hind part before," said the Russian military authorities after the battle of Taroutino, just as they do to this day; and they hinted that, then and there, some idiot had intervened to do some particularly stupid thing which they, severally, never would have thought of doing.

But men who talk like this, either have no clear idea of the engagement they are discussing, or else they consciously misapprehend it. No battle, whether Taroutino, Borodino or Austerlitz, was ever fought in exact accordance with the calculations of those who direct the operations. Man is under no circumstances so nearly independent, as he is when the next step is for life or death; and an infinite number of such independent forces influence the course of a battle; a course which can never be foreseen, and can never coincide with that which it would take under the impulsion of a single force. When historians, — especially French historians assert, that their wars and battles have been worked out on a pre-conceived plan, in which every movement was laid down beforehand, the only conclusion we can arrive at is that their accounts are inaccurate.

It is evident, that the battle of Taroutino did not end as Count Toll had intended; that is to say in the

advance of the Russian troops under fire in regular order; nor as Count Orlow had proposed, in the capture of Murat; nor as Benningsen desired, since he meant to destroy the enemy; nor as the officer hoped, who dreamed of distinguishing himself, or the Cossack, greedy of yet more booty. — But if the object aimed at was the accomplishment of the universal desire of the country, to drive out the French and strike a mortal blow at their strength, the battle of Taroutino was certainly and evidently most needful and opportune at this stage of the campaign, since it achieved that end.

It is difficult — nay impossible — to imagine a more favorable turn of affairs than that which resulted from this action. Notwithstanding the almost unexampled muddle, very great advantages were gained, at the cost of small effort and insignificant losses. The weakness of the French was clearly proved, and the enemy received a shock which, under existing conditions, compelled them to begin a retreat.

CHAPTER VI.

Napoleon marches into Moscow after the splendid victory of Borodino (or the Moskova, as it is sometimes called) — it must certainly have been a victory, since his troops remained in possession of the field. The Russians retire and abandon Moscow full of stores, arms, ammunition and incalculable riches. A month

elapses before they resume the offensive. Napoleon's position is obviously brilliant and glorious in the highest degree. No exceptional genius is needed, it would seem, to enable him to throw his superior forces on the wreck of the enemy's army and crush it, to extort an advantageous peace, to march on St. Petersburg if the Russians prove recalcitrant, to return to Smolensk in the event of failure, or at least to remain at Moscow and keep the advantage already won. Nothing can be more simple and easy than to take measures to secure that. Pillage must be prohibited, the army must be provided with warm clothing — easily procurable at Moscow, the distribution of food must be strictly regulated — the French historians themselves admit that there were provisions for six months. And yet Napoleon, the greatest genius ever known, who could — as these same historians assert — bend the army as he would, takes none of these precautions, but, on the contrary, selects the most absurd and fatal course.

Nothing, in fact, could more surely lead to disaster than a stay in Moscow so late as October, allowing the army to pillage at will; then, to leave Moscow without any well defined plan, to go within reach of Koutouzow without giving battle, to get as far as Malo-Yaroslavetz, leaving it on the right and making for Mojaïsk without trying the fortune of war once more; finally, to return to Smolensk, blindly wandering across a devastated country. Any able strategist studying this series of facts, would unhesitatingly pronounce that it could entail no other result than the destruction — intentional

or fated — of the army thus governed. Still, to say that Napoleon sacrificed it voluntarily or by sheer incapacity is just as false as it is to say that he led his troops to Moscow by the vigor of his will or the brilliancy of his genius. In either case his personal action had no more influence than that of the meanest private; it had to bow to certain laws, of which the outcome was the resultant fact.

It is a mistake on the part of historians to suppose that Napoleon's intellect must have failed at Moscow, as the only way of accounting for his disaster. His energy at this time was not a whit less wonderful than it had been in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia. Russians cannot form a just opinion of what Napoleon's genius may have been in Egypt — where "forty centuries looked down upon his glory" — or in Austria or Prussia, for we must depend on French and German versions of the facts; and the Germans have always cried up his genius, finding no other way for accounting for his triumphs over fortresses that surrendered without striking a blow, and whole regiments that were taken prisoners without attempting to fight.

We Russians, thank God! need not bow down before his genius to screen ourselves from disgrace. We paid dearly for the right to judge him honestly and without subterfuge, and we are therefore not bound to any servile concessions. His vigor while at Moscow was no less than it had always been; plans and orders followed each other without interruption all the time he was there; the absence of the inhabitants, the

lack of deputations, the conflagration even, never checked him for an instant. He never lost sight of the enemy's movements, of the well-being of his troops and of the Russian population close at hand, of the management of his Empire, of diplomatic complications or of the conditions to be discussed with a view to concluding a peace at an early date.

As soon as he arrived at Moscow Napoleon's first care was to order General Sébastiani to watch the movements of the Russian troops, and to enjoin Murat to discover Koutouzow's position. Then he carefully fortified the Kremlin and elaborated a capital scheme for a campaign in Russia. Passing from military matters to diplomacy, he sent for Captain Iakovlew, who made his appearance ruined and in rags, explained to him at full length his policy and his magnanimous conduct, and wrote a letter to the Czar Alexander in which he expatiated to his "friend and brother" on his dissatisfaction at Rostoptchine's conduct, and sent off Iakovlew to St. Petersburg. After having in the same way unfolded his schemes and paraded his high-mindedness to Toutolmine, he sent him off with instructions. In judicial matters he sought out the incendaries, punished them, and revenged himself on Rostoptchine by having his houses burnt; in affairs of administration, he drew up a constitution which he presented to Moscow as a largesse in honor of his happy accession, established

a municipality, and had the following proclamation posted about the town:

"Inhabitants of Moscow.

"Your sufferings are terrible, but his Majesty the Emperor and King will put an end to them. He has taught you by some terrible examples that he can punish rebellion and crime. Very severe measures have been taken to check disorder and re-establish public safety. A Municipality will be formed for the paternal administration of the town; the members will be elected from among yourselves, and it will be their duty to watch over you and take care of your needs and your interests. These members will be distinguished by wearing a red ribbon across the shoulder, and the Mayor will, besides, wear a white scarf. During the hours when he is not occupied in the duties of his office, he will only wear a red ribbon round his left arm. The police of the city is re-formed on its old footing, and thanks to its exertions, order is being restored. the Government has appointed two High Commissioners or Heads of the Police, and twenty Commissioners for the various districts of the town; they are recognizable by the white ribbon tied round the left arm. Several churches of various sects are left open, and service in them will not be interfered with. Your fellow citizens are returning to their dwellings, and orders have been given that they are to find such help and protection as are due to misfortune. These are the steps taken by the government up till the present moment with a view

to restoring order and alleviating your situation, but for their ultimate success, it is indispensable that you should second these efforts by your own, that you should forget as far as possible your past sufferings, that you should cherish a hope of a happier future, that you should understand that a shameful death will be the fate of all who attack your persons or your property, and that your property will certainly be secured to you, since such is the will of the greatest and justest of Monarchs.

"Soldiers and citizens, of whatever race or nation, aid in restoring that public confidence which is the source of national happiness, live as brethren, help and protect each other; combine to frustrate the designs of the evil-minded, obey authority, whether civil or military, and soon your tears will cease to flow."

With regard to provisions, Napoleon issued an order that the troops should come in regular turns to Moscow, and by freebooty, acquire supplies which would suffice to victual each regiment for a certain time. In the matter of religion he decreed that the popes should return and reorganize all the ceremonial of worship in the churches. The following manifesto, relating to trade and the importation of victuals, was also placarded on all the walls:

"Peaceable citizens of Moscow, artisans and factory hands, who have been driven out of the town by the recent catastrophes, and you also, peasants and farmers,

who are kept from coming in from the country by groundless fears, attend.—The capital is restored to order, and peace reigns there; your fellow-country-men are by degrees coming out of their hiding-places, being assured of protection. Every act of violence to them or their property is immediately punished. His Majesty, the Emperor and King is your protector, and regards none as his enemies but those who rebel against his decrees, he only wishes to put an end to your misfortunes, and restore you to your hearths and families. Respond to his beneficent measures, by returning without fear of danger. Citizens, return to your dwellings in perfect confidence; you will soon find the means of obtaining all you need. Artisans and laborers, take up your trades again; your houses and shops are waiting for you, protected by a patrol, and your toil will receive its reward. You, peasants, come out from the woods where you are lurking in terror, return to your huts and be assured that you will be protected in them. There are store-houses in the town, where the tillers of the soil may deposit their produce and the fruits of the earth.

"The Government has adopted the following measures for the regulation of sales: First, from to-day the peasants and farmers of the neighborhood of Moscow may with perfect security place provisions of every description in the two store-houses in the Mokhovaïa and the Okhotny-riad. Second, These articles of consumption shall be bought and sold at prices to be agreed upon between the seller and the buyer; but if

the seller does not receive the price agreed upon he has a right to carry back his merchandise to his own village, without let or hindrance. Third, Sunday and Wednesday in every week are appointed as market-days, and a sufficient number of troops will be stationed on Sundays and Wednesdays along the various high-roads to a certain distance from the town, to protect the carts and waggons. Fourth, Similar means will be taken to protect the peasants and their vehicles on their return. Fifth, The ordinary fairs and markets will be reopened as soon as practicable.

"Inhabitants of town and country, workmen and artisans, whatever your race or nation, you are hereby invited to carry into effect the paternal regulations of his Majesty, the Emperor and King, and so to contribute to the common good. Come to his feet with respect and confidence, and hasten to join us."

To raise the tone and spirits of the army and the people, he held reviews and distributed rewards, showed himself in the streets, spoke comfort to the citizens and, notwithstanding the cares of state, went to the theatres, which were reopened by his desire. In the matter of beneficent institutions, the fairest gem in a monarch's crown, Napoleon did all that it was possible for a mere human being to accomplish. He had the façades of public asylums inscribed as "*maison de ma mere*," (my mother's home), thus suggesting a happy union of filial piety with beneficent majesty; he inspected the Foundling Hospital, held out his white hand to be kissed by

the children he had saved, and expressed himself most graciously to Toutolmine. Then, according to M. Thiers' eloquent narrative, he paid his troops with false Russian notes. As a set-off to the adoption of such a course, and as an action worthy of himself and the French army, he ordered that help should be distributed to those who had been burnt out of house and home. But as provisions were too precious to be given away to strangers, most of them hostile to him, he preferred to bestow money, and this too was paid in paper roubles. Finally, with a view to preserving discipline, he continued to enquire strictly into all infringements of the rules of the service, and instituted severe prosecutions of all found in the act of plunder.

Still, strange to say, all these measures, which were in no respect inferior to those he had taken elsewhere under similar circumstances, only affected the surface, as the hands of a clock when detached from the mechanism, may be turned round and round without making the wheels act.

M. Thiers, in speaking of Napoleon's remarkable scheme of administration, observes that his genius had never devised anything more comprehensive, skilful and admirable; and in his dispute with M. Fain he shows that the promulgation of it must be dated not the 4th but the 15th of October. * But this 'remarkable scheme" never was, and never could have been carried out, because it was inapplicable to the imme-

* For these details the reader is referred to M, Thiers' *Historie du Consulat et de l'Empire*, Vol. xiv.

diate circumstances. The fortifications of the Kremlin — for which "the Mosque," as Napoleon chose to call the cathedral of Saint Basil, had to be destroyed — came to nothing, the undermining of the Kremlin never served any purpose than that of gratifying the invader's wish to blow up this church on leaving Moscow — like a child who, to comfort himself for a fall, beats the floor against which he has bruised himself. The pursuit of the Russian army which caused Napoleon so much anxiety ended in an extraordinary result: the French generals entirely lost track of these 60,000 men! And according to M. Thiers, it was only the talent — or perhaps genius — of Murat which was equal to the task of rediscovering this speck, this handful of men.

In his diplomatic efforts Napoleon's arguments to prove to Toutolmine and Iakovlew, his generosity and justice were equally thrown away: the Czar would not receive his ambassadors, and returned no answer to his messages. As to his judicial administration: in spite of the execution of the supposed incendiaries half of Moscow was burnt to the ground. Nor were his other measures more successful: the establishment of the municipal authority did not check rapine, and benefited no one but the officials appointed; they, indeed, under pretext of re-establishing order, plundered on their own account, or devoted their energies to the preservation of their own property.

In matters of religion, though the Imperial visit to a Mosque had been a great success in Egypt, such a step

had no effect in Moscow. Two or three priests did indeed attempt to obey the imperial mandate, but one had his face slapped by a French soldier while in the act of performing the service; and of another an official wrote as follows: "A priest, whom I found out and requested to resume his duties, cleaned and closed the church. In the course of the night the doors were forced open, the padlocks broken, the books torn, and other mischief done." With regard to trade, the proclamation addressed to the "peaceable artisans and peasants" elicited no response for the simple reason that there were no peaceable artisans, and that the peasants turned on the messengers who wandered so far as to find them and killed them without mercy.

The plays got up for the amusement of the populace were no less a failure; the theatres, opened in the Kremlin and the Pozniakow house, were closed again immediately, for the performers were despoiled of all they possessed. His benevolence, again, bore no fruit; the paper money, false and real, so liberally distributed to the sufferers, was a drug in Moscow and absolutely worthless; indeed, even silver was depreciated to about half its value, for the French would take nothing but gold.

The most signal proof of the absence of vitality in all these arrangements lies in the unavailing efforts made by Napoleon to put a stop to plundering and restore discipline. The proclamations of the military authorities in fact said as much.

"Pillage continues in the city, in spite of repeated

prohibitions; order is not re-established; not a tradesman carries on his regular business; only the camp-followers have articles for sale, and those are stolen goods.

"My district continues to be pillaged by the men of the 3rd corps, who are not content with stripping the poor creatures who have taken refuge in underground cellars, of what little they have saved, but are so brutal as to wound them with sword cuts; several instances of this have come to my knowledge."

"Nothing new has occurred; the soldiers still venture to rob and pillage the people. (October 9th.)"

"Plunder and pillage continue. In our district there is a band of robbers who must be arrested by an armed force. (October 11th.)"

"The Emperor is highly displeased to find that notwithstanding the stringency of his orders the soldiers who come into the Kremlin are all marauders, though in the guards; and it grieves him to perceive that picked men, specially chosen to guard his person, and whose duty it is to set an example of obedience, go so far in rebellion as to force open the doors of the cellars made into magazines of stores for the army. Others have fallen so low as to defy the sentinels and officers on guard, to insult them, and even to fight them.

"The high steward of the palace complains bitterly that, in spite of repeated prohibitions, the soldiers commit every kind of nuisance in the court-yards, even within sight of his Majesty's windows."

This great army was melting and wasting away

under the influence of the place and circumstances, like a herd of cattle run wild and trampling down the fodder that might save them from starvation. It did not recover from its torpor till it was roused by a sudden panic on hearing that some convoys had been seized on the Smolensk road, followed by the news of the fight at Taroutino. This reached Napoleon at the moment when he was holding a review. As M. Thiers tells us, it fired him with a desire to punish the Russians. He at once gave orders for the departure which the whole army was longing for.

They fled from Moscow, taking with them all they could carry; Napoleon himself clung to his own private treasure. The enormous baggage-trains that hampered his movements alarmed him, it is true; still, with all his experience, he did not give the order to burn the waggons, as he had insisted on one of his marshals doing on the march to Moscow. These chariots and carts full of men and booty found grace in his eyes, because — as he said — they might afterwards he found useful for carrying provisions or the sick and wounded.

Is not the position in which the French found themselves like that of a wounded animal, aware that death is at hand and driven mad by terror? Are not Napoleon's crafty manœuvring and magnificent schemes, from the hour when he entered Moscow till the final catastrophe, strangely like the leaping and convulsions which precede the death of the wounded beast? Frightened by some noise he rushes forward, on to the huntsman's knife; then, mortally stricken, he flies

again, and so hastens his end. Napoleon, under the pressure of his army, did just the same. The rumor of the battle of Taroutino scared him and he hurried forward; he felt the knife and returned as he had come, only to set out again on the worst chosen and most perilous road, the road he had already traversed and known.

Napoleon, who stands forth as the leader of the movement — just as to savages the figure-head of a vessel represents its guiding mind — was, at this crisis, just like a child who pulls at the straps inside a coach and fancies he helps it forward.

CHAPTER VII.

On the 6th (18th) October Pierre stepped out of the prison-shed and stood in the doorway, playing with the little bandy-legged dog that commonly slept at Karataïew's feet; he frequently made excursions into the town but returned faithfully every evening. The Frenchmen named him "Azor;" Platon called him "the grey one" or "Grey." No one had claimed him and there was no name on the collar. The poor brute did not seem at all distressed at having no master and being of no particular breed; he carried his feathery tail boldly, and his crooked legs did him such good service that he often scorned to use all four at once, and would trot along on three with one hind paw

gracefully picked up. Every incident was a pleasure to him; he would roll on his back, or bask in the sun with a look of pensive importance, or play with a chip of wood or a straw.

Pierre's wardrobe now consisted of a dirty, ragged shirt — the last relic of his original garments, a pair of soldier's trousers tied round above the ancles, by Platon's advice, to keep his legs warmer, and a caftan. His appearance was greatly altered; his corpulence had diminished, but his large frame was still the ideal of physical strength; a thick beard and moustache hid the lower part of his face; his long, matted and dirty hair fell from under his round cap; the expression in his eyes was calmer and steadier than of yore, and his easy-going indolence had given place to a look of ready energy. He stood gazing alternately at the plain, where waggons and men on horseback could be seen moving, at the river sparkling below, at the dog pretending to bite him in play, and at his own bare and dirty feet, and putting them into attitudes — smiling all the while with beatific satisfaction as he thought over all he had endured and learnt during these last days.

The weather was mild and bright. It was Saint Martin's Summer,* with the light hoar frosts which give a tonic sharpness to the morning sunshine, and revive and stimulate the frame. That magical crystalline brilliancy which is never seen excepting in the clearest

* Equivalent to the Indian Summer. The gleam of fine weather which often comes between St. Luke's day, October 18th, and St. Martin's, November 11th. In French *l'Été de S. Martin*, and in England called S. Luke's Summer.

Autumn day, shone over all the landscape. Far away rose the Sparrow hills, with the village and the green belfry of the church; the roofs, the sandy roads, the rocks, the leafless trees stood in sharp outline against the transparent sky. A few yards away from the hovel were the ruins of a half-burnt house occupied by the French; it stood in a garden of stunted lilac-bushes, and this house, which under a gloomy sky would have been the picture of desolation, under this flood of light looked, on the contrary, peaceful and happy. A French corporal with his coat unbuttoned, a foraging-cap on his head, and a broken pipe between his teeth, came up to Pierre with a friendly wink: "What splendid sunshine! heh Monsieur Kiril?" (the name by which Pierre was called by the French.) "It might be spring-time," and leaning against the door-post he asked him — as he did every day, always to be refused — to smoke a pipe with him. "If only we have weather like this for our march!" added he.

Pierre anxiously asked him if he had any news. The old soldier told him that the troops were being moved out of the town, and that the order of the day was expected to contain some instructions as to the prisoners. Pierre reminded him that one of them, named Sokolow, was dangerously ill, and that some steps must be taken for his comfort.

"Be quite easy, Monsieur Kiril; we have capital ambulance waggons, and the authorities make it their business to provide for all emergencies. — Besides, you know, Monsieur Kiril, you have only to say a word to

the captain. Oh he is one of those who never forget. You just speak to the captain when you see him; he will do anything for you."

The captain in question often talked with Pierre and expressed a great liking for him.

"'I tell you what,' says he to me one day — 'Kiril is a well-educated man and can speak French; he is a Russian nobleman who has got into trouble, but he is a man.'—And he knows what he is talking about, he does. 'If he asks for anything,' says he, 'see that he has it.' — You see when a man is a scholar himself he likes to meet with other scholars and men who know what's what. It is for your sake I say it, Monsieur Kiril. In that job the other day you know — it would have been a worse job if it had not been for you." And having gossiped for some time, away he went.

The "job" he had alluded to was a squabble between the prisoners and the French. Pierre had been lucky enough to succeed in pacifying his companions.

Some of them, having seen him talking to the corporal, came up to ask for news; just as he was telling them what he had heard a French soldier, with a pinched, yellow face and dressed in rags, joined them. He raised his hand to his cap in salute and asked Pierre whether Platoche, the man to whom he had given a shirt to make was in this hut. Leather and shirting had been given out to the French the week before, and they had given them to the Russian prisoners to be made into boots and shirts.

"Here you are, it is quite ready!" said Platon, bringing out the article in question neatly folded up. In honor of the fine weather, or perhaps to work more at his ease, Platon had nothing on but a pair of drawers and a torn shirt as black as soot. He had gathered his hair into a knot behind and tied it up with a strip of bast as workmen do, and it seemed to give an added charm to his broad good-humored face.

"Make a bargain and stick to it!" said he,* "I promised it on Friday and here it is."

The Frenchman glanced uneasily round; then, conquering his bashfulness, he took off his uniform and put on the shirt, for he had nothing under his coat but a long and filthy embroidered silk waistcoat, which scantily covered his half-starved body. He evidently was afraid of being laughed at; but no one took the slightest notice of him.

"Not before it was wanted," observed Platon, pulling down the shirt while the Frenchman put his arms through the sleeves and carefully examined the sewing. "You see, my good friend, this is not exactly a tailor's shop; we have nothing fit to sew with, and you know you must have a weapon even to kill vermin."

"All right — quite right, thank you," said the Frenchman, "but there must be some pieces left."

"It will fit you better when you have worn it a little while," Platon went on, admiring his own work.

"Thank you, old chap — but the pieces?"

Pierre, perceiving that Platon was making a point of

* "Agreement is first cousin to good business;" *Russian proverb.*

not understanding French, would not say a word. Platon thanked the Frenchman for his pay, and the Frenchman persisted in asking for what was left of the linen; at last Pierre thought he had better explain to Platon what his customer wanted.

"What can he want with the pieces? I might have found them useful; however, if he will have them. . . ." And Karataïew, much against his will, pulled out of his shirt front a little packet of scraps neatly tied up, gave it to the Frenchman without a word, and then turned on his heel. The man looked at the pieces as if he were debating the matter in his mind; and then he looked enquiringly at Pierre, and suddenly coloring up he said:

"Platoche, I say Platoche, you can keep this. . . ." And stuffing it into his hand, hurried away.

"And they say they are not Christian souls — but there goes a kind heart! It is a true saying that a moist hand shows a giver and a dry hand a niggard — he has hardly a rag to wear, and yet he made me a present.— All right, my friend, I shall find a use for it. . . ." And he went into the hut with a smile of content.

Pierre had now been a prisoner for four weeks, and though the French had offered to remove him from the hut where the privates were housed to that given up to the officers he would not accept. He had to endure the greatest privations; but his strong constitution and robust health were impervious to them, especially as they only came on him by degrees; he even felt a certain pleasure in defying them. At last he found himself

possessed of that peace of mind and satisfaction with himself that he had hitherto so vainly longed for. This it was that had struck him in the soldiers at Borodino, and that he had vainly sought in philanthropic efforts, in freemasonry, in the amusements of a worldly life, in drink, in the heroism of self-sacrifice, in his romantic passion for Natacha — and suddenly the horrors of death and Platon's philosophical resignation had given birth in his soul to that soothing moral contentment of which he had always felt the lack. The intolerable anguish of mind he had gone through while his miserable companions were shot had cleared his brain forever of the restless thoughts and aspirations which he had formerly believed to be of such supreme importance.

He thought no more about Russia, or the war, or politics, or Napoleon. He understood that nothing of all this concerned him, that he was not required to judge events as they happened; and his purpose of killing Napoleon struck him as not merely as preposterous, but as ridiculous, not less so than his cabalistic calculations of the number of the Beast in the Apocalypse. His wrath against his wife, and his horror of seeing his name dishonored appeared futile and absurd. After all what did it matter to him that the woman should lead the life she liked best, or that it should become known that one of the prisoners was named Count Bésoukhow?

His thoughts often turned to Prince André, who was wont to declare with a shade of bitterness and

irony that happiness was purely negative and that all our cravings for real happiness were given us for our torment since they could never be fulfilled. But at this very time Pierre was ready to accept the mere absence of pain, the satisfaction of the elementary needs of life, and consequently a free choice of occupation and mode of life as the ideal of earthly happiness. Here, for the first time — because he was bereft of them — did he appreciate the joys of eating when he was hungry, of drinking when he was thirsty, of resting when he was sleepy, of warming himself when he was cold, and talking when he longed for human intercourse. He forgot one thing, however: namely, that abundance of worldly goods diminishes our pleasure in using them, and that too much liberty in choosing our occupations, since it arises from education, wealth and social position renders the choice complicated, difficult, and often useless. All Pierre's thoughts centred on the hour when he should again be free; and yet, afterwards, he often looked back on that month of captivity, and would speak with enthusiasm of the vivid and impressive sensations, and even more of the moral peace that had been borne in upon him at that period of his life.

On the first morning of his imprisonment, when he woke at daybreak and stole to the door of the hut to look out at the still dark forms of the cupolas and crosses of Novo-Diévitchi, the white frost glistening on the dusty grass, and the wooded slopes of the Sparrow hills, vanishing in grey mist — as the fresh breeze fanned his cheek, as he heard the flapping of the crows'

wings across the fields, as he watched the daylight chasing the night-fogs, the sun rising in glory behind the clouds and the domes of the city, while the crosses, the dew, the distance and the river sparkled joyously in the splendor of his rays — his heart overflowed with emotion. This emotion stayed with him and increased his strength a hundredfold in proportion as the perils of his position increased.

This frame of mind also raised him in the estimation of his companions in captivity. His knowledge of languages, the respect paid to him even by the French, his simplicity, kindliness, steadfastness and humility in his intercourse with his fellow men, even his faculty of becoming utterly lost in deep meditation, all combined to make him appear a mysterious and superior being. The very qualities which, in his own rank of life, were a disadvantage and a hindrance, here made almost a hero of him, and he felt that the estimation in which he was held brought with it special duties.

CHAPTER VIII.

The French retreat began on the night of the 6th (18th) of October; they dismantled their huts and kitchens, waggons were loaded, troops and baggage-trains were on the move in every quarter. By seven o'clock on the morning of the 19th, an escort of French soldiers in marching order — shakos, muskets, shoulder-

ed, and knapsacks packed and strapped — were drawn up in front of the guard-house, exchanging a cross-fire of questions interlarded with oaths all along the line. Inside the hut the prisoners were all dressed and shod ready to start, and waiting for the word of command. Only poor Sokolow, pale and exhausted, was neither clothed nor shod, but lay groaning miserably. His eyes seemed starting out of the dark circles that surrounded them, and gazed enquiringly at his companions who were not troubling themselves about him. It was not so much the pain he was suffering — his complaint was dysentery — as the dread of being left to his fate that was racking him. Pierre — who had got a pair of boots that Platon had made for him, and had knotted a rope round his waist for a belt — squatted down on his heels by the bedside.

"Listen to me, Sokolow, they are not going away altogether. They are leaving a hospital here, and you will very likely be better off than we shall be in the end."

"Oh, Lord! It will be the death of me — Oh, Lord! have pity!" groaned the soldier piteously. "I will go and speak to them — shall I?" said Pierre, and he rose and went to the door.

Just then a corporal came in with a file of soldiers in marching order. The corporal — the same who had offered Pierre a pipe the day before — came to call over the roll of prisoners.

"Corporal, what is to become of the sick man?" asked Pierre, who hardly recognized his friend, so

different did he look in his shako and tightly-buttoned collar from the man he had been accustomed to see. He frowned and muttered some brutal but unintelligible remark; then he slammed the door violently and the hut was almost dark; the drums were beating to arms on both sides and drowned the sick man's complaining. "Yes, there it is again — I know it well!" thought Pierre, with an involuntary shudder. In the corporal's altered mien, in the ring of his voice, in the deafening rattle of the drums, he had recognized the presence of that stolid and mysterious brute force which drives men to kill each other — the force he had been so conscious of during the execution of his companions. To dream of escaping from it, to entreat those who had become its instruments, was, he knew, vain; there was nothing for it but to wait in patience. So he stood at the door and said no more.

When it was next opened, for the prisoners to pass out like a flock of sheep, he got in front and went towards the captain who, as the corporal had told him, was so well disposed to serve him. The captain too was in marching order, and his face wore the same hard, set look.

"Get on, get on!" he said to the prisoners, as they went past him. Though Pierre felt that it was useless he went up to him.

"Well, what now?" said the captain roughly, as though he did not recognize Pierre. "He can walk I suppose, devil take it!" he answered to Pierre's enquiry.

"He is dying," said Pierre.

"Will you mind . . . ." cried the captain in a rage.

And the drums rattled on, and Pierre felt that words would be wasted. These men had sold their souls; they were the slaves of that force.

The prisoners who were officers were separated from the privates, and ordered to lead the way. There were thirty officers, including Pierre, and three hundred privates. The officers, who came out of neighboring huts, were all strangers to Pierre and much better dressed, and they cast a doubtful eye on him. In front of him walked a burly major in a plaid dressing-gown, a towel round his waist for a scarf; his face was bloated, yellow and sour; in one hand he held his tobacco-pouch and in the other a long pipe. He was quite out of breath and fanned himself with his handkerchief and kept up an incessant growl: "He was being pushed, they were crowding without reason and astonished without cause."

Another officer, a small, slim man, turned first to one and then to another asking where they were being taken and how many versts made the first stage. A functionary in commissariat uniform turned from right to left as he went, communicating to all within hearing his feelings as they marched through the wrecked city. A third, a Pole, discussed the matter eagerly, trying to prove to him that he was mistaken in his identification of the different quarters.

"What need you quarrel about?" said the major fractiously. "What can it matter whether it was Saint

Nicolas or Saint Basil? You see it is all burnt down. — Now then, what are you pushing me for; it is not for want of room at any rate," he snarled at one of his neighbors who had not even touched him.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! What have they done!" cried the men looking about them at the ruins.

"Why, quite half the city must be burned down!"

"I told you so. It spread to the other side of the river."

"Well, it is burnt, and you know it!" scolded the major. "What is the use of talking?"

As they were marching through one of the few streets that had remained intact, the whole file suddenly started back as they passed a church, with cries of horror and disgust.

"Oh! the wretches! the savages! It is a dead body, and they have smeared his face . . . ."

Pierre looked round and could make out a figure propped up against the wall of the church-yard. From the exclamations of his neighbors he understood that it was a corpse set up on its feet with the face blackened with soot.

"Move on, will you? Move on!" shouted the officers with thundering oaths, and the French soldiers drove on the mob of prisoners who had stopped in front of the dead man, hitting them with the flat of their swords.

The whole party came to a halt presently near the depot of stores; the prisoners had met no one so far on their way through the narrow streets with their escort

and the waggons, but here they overtook a battery of artillery which could hardly get forward, as a number of private carriages had got mixed up with the field-pieces and caissons. At the head of the bridge every one had to wait till their turn came to cross it. In front and behind nothing was to be seen but the endless line of vehicles and the army train, while to the right, where the Kalouga road branched off, an enormous body of troops with their baggage and horses stretched away till they were lost to sight; this was Beauharnais' corps, which had been the first to get out of the town. Behind, along the quays and across the Stone Bridge, came the division commanded by Ney; Davoust's corps, of which the prisoners formed a section, were to cross the Krimski Brod* (the Crimea Ford).

Having done so they were again compelled to halt; but after a few minutes waiting went on again in the midst of a throng of men and vehicles, shoving and jostling on all sides. They were more than an hour getting along the hundred yards between the bridge and the Kalouga road. When they reached the open place where the roads meet the prisoners were drawn up in groups, and kept there for some hours. The air was full of an incessant roll, like the loud murmur of the sea, caused by the rumble of wheels and the tramp of hoofs, broken by curses and shouts on every side. Pierre, flattened against the wall of a burnt-out house, listened vaguely to this uproar, which in his fancy was

* This too, however, seems to be in fact a bridge.

one with the rattle of the drums. Some of his companions hoisted themselves up and perched on the wall above him.

"What crowds and streams of people! Riding on the guns even! — And do you see what the wretches have stolen? Out there — they are carrying off an image! Great God! Those are Germans you may be certain. The wretches! and they have loaded themselves till they can scarcely drag themselves along. — What next? There is one with a drosky! and a man in it sitting on his trunks. They deserve a flogging that they do! — And this will go on till nightfall. — Look, look there! Are not those Napoleon's horses? What fine beasts! and what housings! With such grand monograms and crowns! — Lord! there is no end of it!"

All the prisoners pressed forward, and Pierre, being taller than the rest, could see the carriages that had excited their curiosity, over their heads. Three chariots had got in among the caissons, and were very slowly moving forward; they contained a party of women, painted and bedizened in showy colors, and all screaming at the top of their voices. — From the moment when Pierre had distinctly recognized the mysterious power which, under given conditions, completely masters men, nothing could startle him: neither the corpse desecrated to be the laughing-stock of the mob, nor the women wandering God knows whither, nor the burning of the city. It seemed as though his spirit was preparing for a desperate struggle and would not yield

to any emotion that might impair its powers. — The women went past, and after them the long lines of soldiers, *télègues*, baggage-waggons, carriages, caissons, and then more and yet more soldiers, with here and there a few women.

During these hours of waiting Pierre's attention was distracted by the endless general stir, and he noted nothing in particular. All, men and horses alike, seemed to be propelled by an invisible force and to have but one object: that, namely, of outstripping each other; they jostled, pushed, swore, shook their fists, showed their teeth; and on every face was stamped that same hard, stern look which had struck Pierre so forcibly that morning when he had seen its mark on the corporal.

At last the officer in charge saw an opening ahead and got his party as far as the Kalouga road. After this they went on without stopping, and never halted again till sunset. The horses were unharnessed and the men, swearing, shouting, and quarrelling, prepared to sleep under the stars. A carriage which had kept close to them presently had a shaft driven through the side of one of the officers' chariots; a mob of soldiers rushed across, some to flog the horses, others to snatch at the reins, and each and all to fight on the slightest pretence; in fact a German was badly hurt by a blow on the head.

It seemed as though a universal and violent reaction had come over all these men after the disorderly excitement of the day's march, as soon as they had

halted in the open country under the damp twilight of an autumn evening. They seemed to be just beginning to comprehend that the end of their pilgrimage was unknown to them, and that many miseries awaited them on the way. The soldiers in charge of the prisoners treated them far more brutally than they had done in their town quarters; and here, for the first time, they were fed on horse-flesh. All, from the officers to the privates displayed a grudging ill-will in strong contrast to their former good-nature. This bad feeling was increased when the names were called over and it was ascertained that a Russian soldier had escaped under pretence of a sharp attack of colic; and Pierre saw another beaten by a Frenchman for wandering too far from the high-road, while his former friend, the captain, rated the corporal smartly for allowing the man to escape, threatening to have him tried by court-martial. The corporal replied that the man was too ill to walk, and the captain retorted that stragglers were to be shot. Pierre felt that the brute force which had once already almost crushed him, again had him in its clutches and he was afraid; still the nearer he was to the fatal grip the more did his own vital force assert itself in his soul, independently of all external influences.

He supped off rye porridge and a piece of horse-flesh, and sat chatting with his companions. They spoke not a word of the scenes they had witnessed at Moscow, nor of the brutal behavior of the French, nor of the order to shoot them in the event of their escaping; only of their personal reminiscences, and certain

comical incidents of past campaigns; — this was quite enough to put them into good spirits and make them forget for the moment how critical was their position.

The sun had long been set, the stars flashed out one by one, and the round full moon was rising luridly red from the horizon, suggesting memories of the fires; but presently it glided above the grey mists and shed its pale light on the earth. The evening was over but it was not night. Pierre got up, left his new comrades, and was making his way between the camp-fires to the other side of the road, where he was told that the common soldiers who were prisoners were encamped. A sentinel stopped him and he was obliged to retrace his steps; but instead of rejoining the officers he sat down on the ground behind one of the carts and doubling up his knees bent his head over them and gave himself up to thought. For more than an hour he was forgotten by every one around him, but suddenly he went off into such an uproarious fit of laughter — that frank, boyish laughter which shook him from head to foot — that every one within hearing turned round at this strange explosion of mirth.

"Ha, ha!" said Pierre, talking to himself. "So he would not let me pass! — I was caught, shut up — I am still a prisoner! — I — what is 'I?' My immortal soul? Ha, ha, ha!" And he laughed till he cried.

A soldier got up and came to see what could have so tickled this Hercules; Pierre stopped laughing; he, too, rose, and turning away from the inquisitive intruder, looked on the scene around him. All was silent in the

camp, which a few hours since had been alive with voices and the crackling of the fires which were now smouldering and dying out. The moon rode overhead; the woods and fields, before indistinguishable, were now clearly visible, and beyond the plain and the forest the eye lost itself in the depths of an infinite distance. Pierre looked up at the sky where myriads of stars palely twinkled.

"All that is mine," thought he. "All that is in me, one with me! — And could they take that, and shut that up in a hut?"

CHAPTER IX.

One day in October a messenger delivered into Koutouzow's hand a letter from Napoleon, which hinted at conditions of peace; but it was falsely dated from Moscow, for Napoleon when he wrote it was on the old Kalouga road, only a little way from the Russian van. Koutouzow replied to this letter, as he had to the former one, brought by Lauriston, that he could discuss no terms of peace.

Not long after this it was reported by Dorokhow, who was in command of a corps of skirmishers, that the enemy's forces in position at Fominsk consisted of Broussier's division only, and that this, being detached from the rest of the army, might be easily demolished. Officers and soldiers loudly prayed to be relieved from

inaction, and the generals on the staff, remembering the easy victory at Taroutino, implored Koutouzow to accede to Dorokhow's wish. However, the commander-in-chief still refused to act on the offensive, though he gave in to a middle course, and agreed to send a small force to attack Broussier.

By a singular chance this highly-important undertaking — as it proved to be — was entrusted to Dokhtourow, a man whose modest demeanor had gained for him, without any reason, a character for indecision and want of foresight; so that no one has even thought of speaking of him, as of so many others, as elaborating plans for engagements, rushing on at the head of his regiment, or scattering crosses broadcast on the batteries. Nevertheless this same Dokhtourow was always to be seen in all the wars with France, from Austerlitz down to 1815, and leading all the most difficult movements. He was the last to remain at Aughest after the battle of Austerlitz, re-forming the regiments, and saving all that could be saved in that rout, when there was not a general left with the rear. Though suffering from fever he led 20,000 men to the defence of Smolensk against Napoleon's overwhelming host. No sooner had he got there and lain down to snatch some uneasy slumber, than he was roused by the roar of cannon; but Smolensk held out all that day. At Borodino again, when Bagration was killed, when the Russian left wing had lost nine out of every ten, while the whole strength of the French artillery was directed against it, it was Dokhtourow, "undecided and unforeseeing" whom

Koutouzow hastily sent forward, to repair the blunder he had committed in making a worse choice at first. Dokhtourow went, and Borodino was made glorious.

So it was Dokhtourow who was sent to Fominsk, and then to Malo-Yaroslavetz, where, it may be said without fear of contradiction, that the real disasters of the French began. Many a genius and many a hero of that time has been sung in verse and praised in prose; but very little has been said about Dokhtourow, and when he is mentioned, it is in terms of doubtful praise.

On the 10th (22d) of October Dokhtourow stopped half-way to Fominsk, at the village of Aristow, and was preparing to carry out Koutouzow's orders, and on the same day the French army, which, after much disorderly marching and countermarching, had joined Murat in his position, as if intending to give battle, turned sharply off to the left, down the Kalouga road, without any apparent reason, and marched into Fominsk, which had hitherto been occupied by Broussier. Dokhtourow's whole force consisted of Dorokhow's detachment and two less important corps under Figner and Seslavine.

In the evening of the 11th (23d), a French soldier of the guards was brought in, having been taken prisoner; this man asserted that the troops occupying Fominsk composed the rear of the French army, that they had left Moscow five days since, and that Napoleon was with them. The Cossacks of Seslavine's detachment, who had seen the French regiments of guards on the Horovsk road, confirmed this account. Hence it was quite evident, that the enemy in front was no longer,

as had been supposed, a single division, but the whole French army, quitting Moscow and marching in an unexpected direction.

Dokhtourow, though his orders were to attack Fominsk, hesitated what step to take, not being very clear as to what he ought to do in view of this fresh complication. Though Yermolow urged him to come to some determination, he persisted in thinking it necessary to take further orders from the commander-in-chief. To this end a despatch was forwarded to head-quarters and confided to Bolhovitinow, an intelligent officer, who was to supplement it by verbal explanations. After receiving the packet and his instructions, he set out, followed by a Cossack and two spare horses.

The Autumn night was dark and mild. After riding thirty versts in an hour and a half, along a road ploughed into mud by four days of heavy rain, Bolhovitinow reached Létachevka at two in the morning, dismounted in front of a cottage surrounded by a dry hedge and wattled fence, on which hung a board bearing the words: "Head-Quarters." He threw his bridle to the Cossack and went into an anteroom where it was perfectly dark.

"The general on duty?" said he to a shade which started up at the sound of his voice.

"He is very ill; for three nights he has had no sleep," answered the drowsy voice of an orderly.

"Well then, go and call the captain. I tell you it is most urgent; a despatch from General Dokhtourow," said the messenger, feeling his way through the half-

open door, behind the servant who went in to wake the captain.

"Excellency, Highness! Here is a courier."

"What? What is the matter? From whom?" cried the captain.

"From Dokhtourow. Napoleon is at Fominsk," said Bolhovitinow, perceiving that the voice was not Konovnitzine's. The captain yawned and stretched himself.

"I do not want to wake him, I must confess," said he. "He is not at all well, and it is only a rumor perhaps after all."

"Here is the despatch. My orders are to deliver it immediately to the general on duty."

"Wait till I find a light. — Where the devil do you always hide yourself?" he went on, speaking to the servant. "Stay, I have got it, I have found it!" he added, as his hand came against the candlestick.

The speaker was Scherbinine, Konovnitzine's aide-de-camp. By the light of the candle Bolhovitinow recognized him, and at the same time saw in the opposite corner of the room a bed in which lay another sleeper — the general himself.

"Who brought the news?" asked Scherbinine as he took the letter.

"The news is correct enough," said the other. "Prisoners, cossacks and spies, all say the same thing."

"Then we shall have to wake him," and he went up to the sleeping man, who had on a cotton night-cap and was wrapped in his military cloak.

"Piotre Pétrovitch!" he said softly, but Konovnitzine did not stir. — "Wanted at head-quarters!" he added louder and with a smile, knowing that the effect would be magical.

In fact, the night-capped head was at once raised showing the grave, handsome face of the general, his cheeks somewhat flushed with fever. The impression of his last dream — far enough no doubt from the reality — passed from his face like a lightning flash; he shivered and was quite himself in an instant.

"What is it? From whom?" he asked, without the slightest hurry.

On hearing the officer's story he opened and read the despatch. This done he turned and set his feet, in their worsted socks on the floor, found his boots, pulled off his night-cap, combed out his whiskers and put on his military cap.

"How long have you been on the road? — We will go at once to his Highness."

Konovnitzine had at once perceived that the news was of the greatest importance. For good or for evil? — He did not even ask himself. On the whole he little cared; he did not apply his reason or his wit to criticising the course of the war; he thought that quite useless. He was entirely convinced that it must come to a happy termination, and that the only thing needed to bring it about was that each man should do his duty; and he did his own without respite or mercy.

Konovnitzine, like Dokhtourow, is one whose name seems to have been placed on the list of the heroes of

1812 out of mere formality, with Barclay, Raïevsky, Yermolow, Miloradovitch, Platow and the rest. Reputation spoke of him as a man of limited capacity and knowledge; like Dokhtourow he had never invented plans; but, like him again, he had constantly found himself involved in critical situations. Since his appointment as general on duty he always slept with his doors open and insisted on being roused whenever a courier might arrive. He was always the first in front of a fight, and Koutouzow's complaint was that he exposed himself to unnecessary danger; indeed, he avoided giving him a foremost position. In short, he and Dokhtourow were like main-springs in a machine, which make neither noise nor show but are indispensable to its working.

As he went out of his hut into the dark, damp night Konovnitzine knit his brows, partly because the air increased his headache, and partly because he could foresee the effect that this news would produce on the big-wigs of the staff — above all on Benningsen, who, since the fight at Taroutino had been at daggers drawn with the commander-in-chief. However, he felt that the crisis must come though he could not help taking to heart the debates to which it must inevitably give rise. He went into Toll's lodgings as he passed by, to inform him of what had occurred, and Toll at once proceeded to lay down his views of what should be done, to a general who shared his rooms, till Konovnitzine, who was tired and said little, reminded him that they must go to his Highness.

Koutouzow like most old men slept but little at night and often dozed during the daytime. At night he lay down on his bed without undressing, and spent the time in meditation, his large scarred face resting on his hand, and his one eye gazing into the darkness.

Benningsen, who was the most influential officer on the staff and in direct correspondence with his Majesty, had of late avoided the commander-in-chief, and Koutouzow had consequently felt more at ease, inasmuch as he thus escaped being constantly teased to attack the enemy at inappropriate moments.

"They must see," thought he as he reflected on the lesson to be drawn from the battle of Taroutino, "that we can only lose by acting on the offensive. Time and patience are my two allies." — He was quite certain that when the fruit was ripe it would drop; he was certain, as an experienced huntsman, that the quarry was desperately wounded by the combined efforts of Russia — was the hurt mortal? The question was as yet unanswered. The reports that reached him from all sides led him to think so, but he waited for proof positive. "They suggest manœuvres and attacks! What for? To gain distinction for themselves! — It might be supposed that fighting was a delightful exercise. — They are a parcel of children!"

Dokhtourow's account of Broussier's division, the reports brought in by the scouts, the misery the French army was enduring, the rumors of the evacuation of Moscow — all confirmed him in his belief that the foe was beaten and was about to retreat. But these

were only suppositions, and in his eyes far less plausible than they might be in those of the "young people." His experience had taught him the untrustworthiness of hearsay, and he knew too how readily men incline to draw inferences that fit in with their desires and to ignore everything that contradicts them. Now the more Koutouzow desired an event the less he allowed himself to believe that it could be at hand. It was his one thought; everything else was subordinate and accessory, such as his daily avocations — among which he included his interviews with his staff, his correspondence with Mme. de Staël and his St. Petersburg friends, the reading of novels, and the distribution of prizes. The immediate defeat of the French, which he had been alone in predicting, was his only ardent wish.

He was absorbed in such thoughts as these when he heard a noise in the adjoining room. Toll, Konovnitzine and Bolhovitinow had just come in.

"Hallo! who is there? Come in, come in. What news?" shouted the marshal. While a man-servant lighted candles Toll gave him the news.

"Who brought it?" he asked with a cold severity which amazed Toll.

"There is not the faintest doubt of it, Highness."

"Bring him in."

Koutouzow had put one foot on the ground and was leaning back in his bed, his other leg bent under him. His eye, half-shut, was fixed on Bolhovitinow, trying to read the truth he so longed for in his face.

"Tell me, speak out at once, my friend," he mur-

mured in a low voice, and he drew his shirt together over his breast. "Come close. — What is this pleasant little piece of news? Has Napoleon really left Moscow? Is it true?"

The officer began to give him the verbal message entrusted to him.

"Make haste, be quick; do not keep me in suspense," interrupted Koutouzow.

The messenger finished his story and then waited for orders in silence. Toll was about to speak but Koutouzow checked him with his hand and tried to say something himself. His face twitched and he turned away to the side where the Images stood.

"Great God; my Lord and Creator! Thou hast heard my prayer! — Russia is saved!" He said in a tremulous voice, clasping his hands. And then he burst into tears.

From this moment till the end of the war Koutouzow resorted to every means in his power — orders, cunning, and even humble entreaty — to prevent the Russian army from acting on the offensive, and exhausting itself in futile struggles with a foe whose destruction was now inevitable. It was in vain that Dokhtourow marched on Malo-Yaroslavetz; Koutouzow delayed his retreat as long as possible, ordered that the town of Kalouga should be completely evacuated, and concentrated his army as much as possible, while the enemy fled in the opposite direction.

Historians of Napoleon's skilful manœuvres at Taroutino and Malo-Yaroslavetz, suggest a variety of hypothesis as to what would have happened if he had invaded the wealthy governments of the south. They forget that not only was there nothing to prevent his going there if he had chosen; but that had he done so it would not have saved his army, the seeds of death were in itself. These latent elements of dissolution would have prevented his recovering his strength in the government of Kalouga, where the inhabitants were of the same mind as those of Moscow, just as much as in Moscow itself, where he had failed to maintain his footing notwithstanding the abundance of supplies which his men were trampling in the dust. The army was practically disbanded and bent on flying with its leaders — all alike, though they but vaguely understood the situation, were moved by the same desire to get out of a hopeless trap.

At the council of war held, for form's sake, by Napoleon at Malo-Yaroslavetz, General Mouton gave it as his advice that they should retreat as fast as possible, and no one contradicted him — no one, not even Napoleon himself, attempted to dispute his opinion. At the same time, while they felt the imperative necessity of immediate flight, a certain sense of human self-respect made it desirable that some pressure from outside should render it obviously and indisputably needful.

This pressure was soon felt. The very day after this council of war Napoleon, having ridden out very

early in the morning on a round of inspection with several of his marshals and his usual escort, was surrounded by a party of Cossack freebooters, and only escaped in consequence of that passion for plunder which had proved the ruin of the French themselves at Moscow. The Cossacks, tempted, as they had been at Taroutino, by greed of booty, paid no heed to Napoleon who had time to ride off. When it became generally known that these 'Sons of the Don' might actually have captured the Emperor in the midst of his army, it was evident that the only thing to be done was to get home by the shortest and most familiar road. Napoleon, who had himself lost some of his daring and energy, saw the whole bearing of this incident, and taking Mouton's advice, gave the order to retreat. — But his acquiescence and the homeward march of the troops do not at all prove that he instigated the movement: he acted under the influence of occult forces which the whole army was no less compelled to obey.

When the French entered Russia, Moscow was to them the promised land: when they left it, the promised land was Home. But Home was very far away; a man who has a thousand versts to walk before he reaches his destination, is apt to say he will do forty in the day and rest at night; the rest makes him lose sight of the distance that still parts him from the goal towards which all his hopes and wishes tend.

Smolensk was the first point at which the French aimed on the road by which they had come; they did not hope, of course, to find reinforcements or fresh sup-

plies there, but nothing but the hope of taking breath there for a moment, gave them strength enough to march on and endure their sufferings.

Besides, the original motive of this general exodus — the feeling which bound all these troops into one body and lent them a certain vitality, there was another thing: their vast number. This enormous mass by the laws of attraction, drew to itself the individual atoms. Each one of these soldiers had but one wish; that he might be made prisoner and so escape the miseries he was enduring; all were ready to seize every opportunity of laying down his arms, but such opportunities were rare; the rapidity of their march and the immense number of men made it difficult, and the internal lesion of this great body had only a limited effect in accelerating the steady process of dissolution.

With the single exception of Koutouzow, none of the Russian generals understood what was happening. The superior officers were all fired with a desire to give chase to the enemy, to cut off their retreat, to crush them utterly; and all ranks clamored to attack them. Koutouzow alone, put forth all his powers to thwart this desire — but the powers of a commander-in-chief are often as nothing in such a case; his immediate followers abused him and slandered him without mercy. Indeed, at Viazma, Yermolow, Miloradovitch, Platow and some others, finding themselves in the vicinity of the French, could not resist the temptation to fight two of their corps. In sending to inform Koutouzow of their purpose, they contrived to enclose a blank sheet

of paper instead of a letter; and the attack, which, as they declared, would bar the way to Napoleon's retreat, took place in spite of all the commander-in-chief's efforts to prevent it. Some regiments of Russian infantry made a rush forward with their bands playing, and some thousand men were killed on both sides — but as to barring any one's way, no one was checked even. The ranks of the French army closed up, and losing a few stragglers by the way, it pursued its fatal march to Smolensk.

CHAPTER X.

In all history there are few more instructive episodes than the battle of Borodino, followed by the occupation of Moscow by the French, and their retreat without again showing fight.

Historians are very generally agreed in saying that the reciprocal influence of nations in their collisions is expressed in war; and that their political power diminishes or increases in proportion to the military success they may be able to command.

Strange indeed are the official narratives, which tell us how this or that king or emperor, having quarrelled with his neighbor, collects an army, fights that of his foe, wins the victory, massacres a few thousand men and appropriates a whole nation of many million souls.

And it is certainly difficult to understand why the defeat of an army, that is to say of a hundreth part at most of a whole country's forces, should entail its submission; nevertheless, facts confirm the accuracy of views of the historians. If the army gains a great victory, the rights of the conqueror are at once asserted to the disadvantage of the vanquished; if on the other hand it is beaten, the nation behind it, as it were, loses its right in proportion to the check it has suffered, and if it is entirely routed, submits entirely. It has always been so — at least so history tells us — from the earliest times to the present day, and Napoleon's wars prove the rule. After the defeat of the Austrian army, Austria's rights were abrogated, while France on the contrary gained; and the victories of Jena and Auerstaedt sealed the fate of Prussian independence.

But in 1812 the French marched as conquerors into Moscow, and instead of striking a death-blow at the existence of Russia, the outcome was the destruction of their own army of 600,000 men. And, say what we will, it is impossible to distort the facts to fit historical theory, to maintain that the Russians remained in possession of the field of Borodino, or that after the French had left Moscow, they were cut up in a series of pitched battles! The whole course of the invasion of 1812, from the battle of Borodino, till the last Frenchman had recrossed the frontier, proves to a demonstration that, in the first place a victory does not necessarily lead to conquest — is not even a sure promise of it, and, in the second place that the power which decides

the fate of nations is not inherent in conquerors, armies and battles but has a quite different source.

French writers have told us that, excepting in the cavalry, the artillery and the baggage-trains, everything in the *Grande armée* was kept in perfect order; they admit that provender was lacking for the horses and beasts, but that for this there was no remedy, as the peasants burnt their hay rather than sell it.

Hence it must be inferred that a victory had not its customary results, *because* the very peasants who after the departure of the French poured into Moscow to plunder the town — not, it must be said, a proof of any very heroic feeling — preferred to burning their fodder to selling it to the invaders, notwithstanding the high price they offered.

Suppose now, that two men are about to fight a duel with swords, by strict rule of fence, and suppose that one of them, finding himself very hard pressed, throws away his weapon and seizes a club wherewith to defend himself. Though he may no doubt have found the simplest means of attaining his end, if his chivalrous feeling still induces him to throw a veil over this breach of established rules, and to maintain that he has fought and conquered in due form, it is easy to see how confused the reports of such a duel are likely to be.— The Frenchman is the duellist who insists on the combat taking place with proper formality and courtesy; the Russian is the antagonist who flings away the sword for the bludgeon; while the reporters, who try to account for the issue on approved principles are the historians.

In fact, after the evacuation of Smolensk the war took a course which cannot be accounted for by any received tradition. The burning of the towns and villages, the retreat after each battle, the club hurled at the foe at Borodino, the pursuit by skirmishers, the guerilla warfare, all were out of the pale or cognizance of law. Napoleon, who had struck the correct duellist's attitude at Moscow, knew this better than any man, and he never ceased complaining of it to Koutouzow and the Czar; but in spite of his remonstrances and of the shame which some high personages may very possibly have felt at seeing the country fight in this fashion, the national bludgeon was lifted and, without any question as to good taste or correct rule, fell and hammered the French unremittingly, till its stupendous brute force had utterly crushed the invasion.

Happy the nation who, instead of handing the sword hilt to a generous conqueror, boldly seizes the first cudgel that comes to hand, without stopping to think what others would do in the same case, and then never lays it down till rage and revenge have given place to contempt and pity.

One of the most remarkable exceptions to the so-called laws of war, and one of the most important in its consequences was beyond a doubt the independent action of individuals as directed against the dense masses of the enemy who occupied the country. This class of fighting is always developed in a national war; instead of combining in considerable troops the men divide into small parties, surprise the foe and melt into

nothing as soon as they are met by a superior force, only to resume the offensive on the first favorable opportunity. This was the course pursued by the guerillas in Spain, the mountaineers in the Caucasus, and the Russians in 1812. In calling it partisan warfare, an attempt is made to limit the meaning of the word; since in truth it is not warfare strictly speaking, being in direct opposition to the rules of tactics which require that the aggressor should concentrate his forces so as to be stronger in attack than his adversary. Partisan warfare, as history shows is always successful, though in flagrant contradiction to this rule; and the contradiction has its rise in the theory held by strategists that the strength of an armed force is always in proportion to its number. The greater the number the greater the strength, says military science, consequently large battalions always win the day. But in defending such a proposition, military science is in the same kind of error as a theory of physics would be which, being based on the relation of force to mass, should regard the first as bearing a direct ratio to the second.

But force is the product of the mass multiplied by the velocity. And in war the force of the troops is also the product of the mass, but the multiplier is an unknown quantity.

Military science, finding that history is full of instances in which the number of the troops was not the standard of effective strength, but that in many cases small detachments have been able to rout large ones, does vaguely admit the existence of an unknown quan-

tity as the multiplier, and tries to find it in the mathematical precision of the plans adopted, in the mode of arming the men, or—more frequently—in the genius of the leader. But the results attributable to this multiplier still do not agree with the historical facts; to discover this unknown x we have only to give up once for all the hero-worship which leads us to ascribe extravagant importance to the measures taken by commanders-in-chief.

This x is the spirit of the men, their greater or less eagerness to fight, to face danger; it is quite irrespective of the genius of generals, of a formation in two lines or in three, or of the number of weapons borne by the men, whether clubs or muskets firing thirty shots a minute. Those who are most eager to fight will always be in the best condition for a struggle. The Spirit of the troops is the multiplier which, taking the mass as the multiplicand, will give the strength as a product. The real problem for the science of war is to ascertain and formulate its value, and it will never be able to do so until it ceases to substitute for this unknown quantity such factors as the commander's plan or the accoutrements of the soldier; then only, by expressing certain historical facts by equations and comparing their relative value, can we hope to ascertain that of this unknown x.

Ten men, say, or ten battalions fighting against fifteen men or fifteen battalions win the victory: that is to say they kill or capture the others to the last man, losing only four on their side; thus $4x = 15y$,

or $x : y :: 15 : 4$. This equation does not show the sum of the unknown quantity, but it shows the relation of the two unknown quantities that is to say of the warlike spirit — x and y — of the contending forces. By applying such a system of equations to various historical events: battles, campaigns and the duration of wars — a series of numbers can be brought out which certainly include and may be made to reveal new laws.

The laws of tactics which prescribes that masses should be moved to the attack, while a retreat demands subdivision proves, without knowing it, that the strength of an army depends in the spirit that animates it. To lead men under fire requires greater discipline than to enable them to defend themselves against assailants; now, discipline is most efficient over masses of men in movement. A rule which does not take into account the spirit of the troops most frequently results only in delusive estimates, in all cases when either extreme enthusiasm or great dejection has affected this spirit — as happens, for instance, in a national war.

The French, instead of defending themselves in small detachments during this retreat, moved in compact masses; the spirit of the troops was at a low ebb and only the strength of the mass could avail to protect the units. The Russians, on the contrary, who. by all the rules of tactics ought to have attacked in masses, became divided, for the spirit of the troops was over-excited; single individuals even fought the French without orders, and exposed themselves without compulsion to the greatest fatigues and dangers.

This guerilla warfare had begun by the time the French had reached Smolensk in their retreat, before the Russian government had officially recognized it; thousands of stragglers from the enemy's ranks, of foragers and marauders had been killed by the Cossacks and Russian peasantry, with no more remorse than if they had been so many mad dogs. Denis Davidow deserves the credit of having appreciated by patriotic instinct the task that was to be executed by the terrible bludgeon which, regardless of all military law and etiquette, was belaboring the French without mercy; and the honors of this type of warfare are due to him. It was on the 24th of August, (Sept. 5th) that Davidow's first detachment of partisans was organized, and many others followed his example in increasing numbers as the campaign lingered to its end.

These guerilla parties destroyed the *Grande armée* piecemeal, and swept to perdition the dead leaves which dropped away from the perishing trunk. By the month of October, when the French were hurrying back to Smolensk, there were above a hundred of these detachments, varying in numbers and in character. Some had kept up the appearance of regular troops, had infantry and artillery, and the comforts and decencies of life. Others consisted only of Cossacks and cavalry; others again of a mixture of cavalry and infantry; while some were only parties of peasants and land-owners whose names remained unknown. A certain sacristan was reported to have led such a party, and to have made several hundred prisoners; and a Starosta named Vassilisa had

a good many on his conscience. This kind of fighting had spread to a vast extent by the middle of November, and the skirmishers, amazed at their own daring, expecting at any moment to be surrounded and seized by the enemy, lay hidden in the forests, and never unsaddled their horses. Once fairly started, each man knew exactly what he could venture on. The small parties which were the first to dog the heels of the French could do much which the leaders of larger corps could never have risked; and as to the Cossacks and peasants who crept into the very heart of the enemy's troops, they flinched at nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

On the 23d October (4th November), Denissow, who had thrown himself heart and soul into this guerilla fighting, was on the march with his little corps. All yesterday he had been stalking a considerable convoy of cavalry baggage and Russian prisoners, making their way to Smolensk under strong escort — as his scouts reported. He and his men kept under cover of the forest that bordered the high-road. Besides Denissow — whose whole company were in the immediate neighborhood — the colonels of the staff were well aware of the existence of this baggage-train. Two of them, one a Pole and one a German, sent to ask Denissow, each on his own behalf, whether he would not combine with

them to try to seize the plunder which all coveted: "No, thank you, my friend, I have teeth and nails of my own!" said Denissow to himself as he read their letters; and he informed the German that, notwithstanding his wish to serve under so distinguished and valiant a chief, he could not have that honor as he was already pledged to the Pole; while he told the Pole that he had promised his support to the German. Denissow had in fact made up his mind to lay hands on the booty with Dologhow's help, without reporting matters to any superior authority.

On the 22d (November 3d), the French convoy was moving from the village of Mikouline towards Schamschew; the forest that fringed the left side of the road came close up to it in some places, and here and there retreated to a distance of a few yards. Here it was that Denissow and his men lurked, coming out occasionally one at a time, and never losing sight of the movements of the French. Early in the day a party of Cossacks had been lucky enough to seize two fourgons loaded with saddles and harness, which had stuck in the mud. After this achievement they made no attempt to attack, for it was wiser to allow the whole convoy to reach the village of Schamschew, where Dologhow was to arrive that evening and wait in the forest till they joined him. Then they could fall on the French at daybreak from both sides at once, beat them, and carry off the stores. Six Cossacks were left along the high-road to keep a good lookout and give warning if other columns should be discovered approaching. Denissow had about

200 men with him; Dologhow about the same number, and they had reason to believe that the French escort was about 1500 strong; but these superior numbers did not alarm Denissow. One thing, however, it was indispensable that he should know: namely what arms the escort bore; and for this purpose he must obtain information, that is to say capture one of the enemy's men. The two fourgons captured in the morning had been taken so completely by surprise that the soldiers driving them had all been killed, and no one had been brought in alive but a little drummer who had lagged behind, and who could tell them nothing as to the character of the troops forming the escort. A second seizure would be rash, so Denissow thought it better to send a peasant, Tikhone Stcherbatow, forward to Schamschew to capture, if possible, one of the quartermasters who would certainly be sent in advance.

It was a thorough autumn day, mild and raining; the sky and earth met on the horizon in one dull tint of grey. Sometimes the rain fell in a fine mist, and sometimes in heavy drops.

Denissow, mounted on a lean, light thoroughbred, and wrapped in a short felt cloak with an astrakhan cap on his head, the rain streaming off him, bent his head to avoid the slanting showers; his steed, pricking his ears, did the same. The rider was peering uneasily into the distance, anxiety was written on his face, which had grown much thinner and was covered with a short black beard. He was followed by a Cossack corporal, dressed like himself in a cape and fur cap, and riding a

stout Don pony, and by another Cossack named Lovaïski, fair, with twinkling light eyes, as straight as a lance, and with a stamp of calm firmness on his face and in his whole bearing. Though it would have been very difficult to define what gave this character to his appearance, it was evident at a glance that, compared with Denissow — who sat on his horse uneasily, Lovaïski seemed rivetted in his saddle and one with his beast.

Their guide was a peasant, wet to the skin in his grey caftan and pointed, white woollen cap; he walked in front, and behind them, mounted on a fidgety, hungry-looking tartar horse with a thick mane and tail, and a mouth flecked with blood, came a young officer in a dark-blue, French military cloak. By his side rode a hussar who had taken up the little drummer behind him. The lad, whose uniform and blue foraging-cap were torn, clung to the soldier with his cold, red hands, and looked about him with bewildered eyes as he beat his bare feet against the horse's haunches. Two or three hussars followed in single file along the narrow forest path, and after them the Cossacks, some in capes some in French capotes, some wrapped, head and all, in a cavalry housing. The drenching rain made the color of the horses indistinguishable; bays and chestnuts alike looked black, their necks seemed curiously narrow with their clinging manes, and a thick steam rose up from their quarters and flanks. Riders, saddles and bridles streamed with water and looked all of a piece with the dreary faded aspect of the soil and the

dead leaves that were strewn over it. The men sat close, their arms pressed to their sides to prevent as far as possible any fresh percolation of trickling rain to their skin; in the midst of the party rumbled the two waggons, drawn by French horses with Cossack saddles, jolting over logs and roots and plunging through the pools in the ruts.

Denissow's horse presently swerved to avoid a large puddle and hit his rider's knee against a tree:

'Now then! the Devil!" — cried Denissow in a rage, and flogging the beast smartly he brought it round, splashing himself and his companions.

Wet, hungry, and above all provoked at getting no news of Dologhow and seeing nothing of the man he had sent forward, he sat grumbling to himself: "We shall never have such another chance. It is too great a risk to try it single-handed, and if I put it off till another day one of the regular detachments will carry off the plunder under my very nose. . . ." And he looked anxiously into the distance in hopes of discerning, at last, Dologhow's scouts.

Suddenly coming out on a clearing, where a vista opened away to the right, Denissow pulled up.

"There is some one!" he exclaimed.

The Esaoul (Captain of Cossacks) looked where he pointed.

"There are two of them, an officer and a Cossack; and it can hardly be the lieutenant-colonel," said he, with a love for using words not in use among his race.

The horsemen they had seen came towards them down a hill; for a moment they were lost in a hollow, but soon reappeared. The officer, his hair blown about, his uniform in holes, his trousers worked up to his knees by his rapid ride, was spurring on his weary steed. A Cossack trotted behind, standing up in his stirrups. This officer was a mere boy, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes; as he came up he handed to Denissow a damp letter.

"From the general!" he said. "Excuse its being so wet. — They told us it was so dangerous," he went on, turning to the Esaoul, while Denissow, knitting his brows, broke the seal. — "So I and my friend Komarow," and he pointed to the Cossack, "took the greatest precautions. We each have two pistols. — But what have you there?" and he looked at the little drummer. "A prisoner? Have you had a scrimmage already? May I speak to him?"

"Rostow!" exclaimed Denissow. — "Why, Pétia,— why did you not tell me at once who you were?" And he held out his hand with a smile.

All the way he had come Pétia Rostow had been making up his mind as to the line of conduct which, in his own opinion, he ought to pursue towards Denissow, as being becoming to a man grown, and an officer, and ignoring all their past relations to each other. But at this affectionate greeting his face brightened and his cheeks flushed; forgetting in a moment the formal demeanor he had promised himself to maintain he told Denissow how he had passed just in front of the French,

how proud he was of the commission entrusted to him, and how he had already been under fire at Viazma, where a hussar had distinguished himself greatly.

"I am very glad to see you!" said Denissow, but he was looking anxious again.

"Michel Théoclititch," he said, addressing the Esaoul. "This is from the German again; this young man is with him. He wants us to support him;—so if we cannot grab this convoy to-day, to-morrow he will be sure to let it out. . . ."

While he was consulting the Cossack, Pétia feeling much dashed by Denissow's inattention to him and fancying that his rolled-up trousers might have offended him, was doing his best to work them down again without attracting attention, and to give himself a truculent air.

"Have you any orders for me, Highness?" said he, saluting in due military form and putting on the airs of the general's aide-de-camp, as he originally intended. "Or am I to stay here with your Highness?"

"Orders?" repeated Denissow absently. "Look here, can you stay here till to-morrow?"

"Oh! do keep me, I entreat you!" cried Pétia eagerly.

"But what did the general say? That you were to return immediately I suppose?" Pétia blushed.

"He did not say anything about it,—so may I stay?"

"All right," replied Denissow, and turning to his men he bid them make their way through the wood

towards a forester's hut which was the rendezvous agreed upon. Then he sent off the officer on the tartar horse, who did duty as aide-de-camp, to find Dologhow and ask whether he would join him in the course of the evening, while he, with Pétia and the Esaoul should go to the edge of the forest and reconnoitre the French position which he hoped to attack next morning.

"And now old grey beard," he said to the guide. "Take us to Schamschew."

The rain had ceased, but the branches of the trees hung heavy, and dripped with mist. Denissow, the Esaoul, and Pétia silently followed the white-capped peasant, who walked briskly and nosielessly in his bast shoes, paying little heed to the roots which lay across his path. At the top of a slope he paused, looked about him, and then made for a thin screen of trees; there he stood under a large oak not yet stripped of its foliage and beckoned mysteriously to the others to join him. Pétia and Denissow followed, and from thence espied the French. To the left, behind the wood, spread a field; to the right, beyond a hollow in the ground with scarped sides, stood a little village and a country mansion with the roof in ruins; in the village, around the well and the horse-pond, and along the road leading to the village, moving masses of men could be seen through the fog, and their shouts and adjurations in a foreign tongue could be distinctly heard as they urged their beasts up the hill or called across to each other.

"Bring the prisoner here," said Denissow in a whisper, without taking his eyes off the enemy.

The Cossack got off his horse, lifted down the little drummer and brought him to the captain, who asked him what the troops were that he saw before him. The little lad, who had stuffed his frozen hands into his pockets, looked up at Denissow with frightened eyes, and got so utterly confused that, though he was very ready to tell what he knew, he could not bring out a word beyond a bare affirmation to every question asked him. Denissow turned to the Cossack, to whom he communicated his views.

"Whether Dologhow comes or not we must attack them," he said.

"It is a very good spot for the purpose," replied the Esaoul.

"We will get rid of the infantry down the slope towards the marsh; they will slip down as far as those gardens; you must come up on the other side, and then, at a given signal . . . ."

"But you cannot cross the ravine; there is a bog at the bottom," said the Esaoul. "The horses will never get out of it; we must go more to the left."

While they were thus discussing matters in an undertone, they were startled by the crack of a gun; a puff of smoke rose into the air, followed by the cries of a hundred French voices. Denissow and his companion involuntarily started back, fearing that they were the objects aimed at; but the gun-shot and shouts were not for them: a red object was running at top-speed across the marsh.

"It is our Tikhone that they have caught sight of?" exclaimed the Esaoul.

"No doubt of it, — the rascal!" cried Denissow.

"He will get away from them," said the Cossack.

Tikhone had by this time reached the river; he plunged in head foremost, with such a splash that the water flew up on all sides, and after disappearing for a second he scrambled out, dripping, on the opposite bank; the Frenchmen in pursuit stopped.

"He is a sharp fellow, there's no denying!" cried the Esaoul.

"He is an ass!" said Denissow crossly. "What has he been about all this time?"

"What is it?" asked Pétia.

"Our gunner. — I sent him out to catch a straggler."

"To be sure," said Pétia with conviction, though he was none the wiser.

This man, Tikhone Stcherbatow, one of the most useful members of their party, was a peasant from the village of Pokrovski. When Denissow went thither at the beginning of his raids and had sent for the head man to question him as usual as to the movements of the French, the man replied — also as usual — that he knew nothing whatever about them. Denissow having explained to him that his object was to attack the French, and to know whether any had been seen in the village, the *starosta* confessed that the marauders had in fact passed through, and that Tikhone Stcherbatow, who was the only man there to trouble his head about such things, could give him information. Denissow

sent for him, and on his arrival complimented him in the head man's presence on his fidelity to the Czar and his country, and on the hatred of the invader which ought to dwell in every son of the soil.

"We did the French no harm," replied Tikhone, somewhat bewildered by Denissow's address, "we only just amused ourselves a bit, as you might say; we killed a score or so of the plunderers, but beyond that we did them no harm."

Next day, when Denissow was starting again, a message was brought to him that Tikhone, whom he had quite forgotten, wished to join his detachment. He agreed, and Tikhone, to whom all the hard work was given at first — such as making the camp fires, fetching water, washing the horses and so forth — soon manifested a great talent for this kind of warfare. He would go out on the prowl at night, and never come back empty-handed, bringing arms or uniforms, or even prisoners if he had been desired to do so. Then Denissow relieved him of the dirty work, took him among his Cossacks, and made him follow him on his expeditions.

Tikhone did not like riding. He always went on foot and never lagged behind the horsemen. He was armed with a carbine, but only for form's sake, his weapon was a hatchet which he wielded as skilfully as as a wolf uses his teeth — to crunch either a bone or a flea. He could split the stoutest beam in a straight line with a single blow, or cut out little pins or carve out a spoon with equal ease. So Tikhone had a standing of his own among his comrades. If any difficult

task was to be done — a strong heave of the shoulder given to a cart that had stuck, or a pull of the tail to a horse foundering in a bog — if a walk of fifty versts must be done in the day, or a man was wanted to creep in among the French — it was always Tikhone who must do it.

"Why, the devil not? it does not hurt him, he is as sound as bell," his comrades would say with a laugh.

One day when he had taken a prisoner, the Frenchman managed to send a pistol-shot through the fleshy part of his loins. This wound, which Tikhone treated himself with applications — external and internal — of raw brandy, was a subject of inexhaustible pleasantry to the whole detachment, Tikhone lending himself very willingly to the jest.

"Well, old fellow, so you are crook-backed for good now? No more games for you!" the Cossacks would say; and Tikhone, writhing and grimacing, made believe to be really angry this time, and swore at the French with comical vigor. The immediate result was that for the time he was shy of taking prisoners.

No man was a better judge than he of a favorable opportunity for a raid, no man had killed and rifled so many of the enemy; consequently he was a favorite, both with the Cossacks and the hussars. Thus it was Tikhone, who had been sent off over-night to pick up information at Schamschew. Whether it was that he thought it beneath his dignity to capture a single Frenchman, or that he had slept too late, the fact was that having crept for cover at daylight into a copse, he

had been detected there by the enemy, as his chief had been able to see for himself.

After discussing the attack to be made on the morrow with the Cossack captain, Denissow retraced his steps.

"Now then, my boy," said he to Pétia, "we will go and dry ourselves." As they got near to the forester's hut, Denissow stopped to look keenly about him. He saw coming towards him between the trees a man with legs like stilts, striding along, his arms swinging by his side; his short jacket, bast shoes and tartar cap were dripping wet; his gun was on his shoulder, his axe in his belt. On seeing Denissow he hastily threw something into the brushwood, and pulled off his cap as he approached; it was Tikhone. His face, marked and seamed by the small-pox, and his little eyes were radiant with glee; he looked up, and seemed hardly able to keep from bursting out laughing.

"Where did you lose yourself?" asked Denissow.

"Where did I lose myself? I went to look for the Frenchman," he answered boldly, in a rather hoarse bass.

"And what made you spend the day scrambling about in the brushwood, idiot, that was not the way to catch him."

"Catch him! — I did catch him."

"Where is he then?"

"I caught one, as I tell you, on account as it were," and he straddled his big feet, "and I took him down into the wood.—Then I saw he was no good; so says

I to myself, 'I must find another who will do the job better.'"

"So that was it; the rascal!" said Denissow turning to the Esaoul. "Why did not you bring him with you?"

"Why not bring him?" said Tikhone roughly. "He was no good I tell you. Do you think I don't know the man you want?"

"Donkey! — Well, what next?"

"What next? — I went to look for another one. I crept all along the wood, lying down so —" and he threw himself down on the ground to show how he had crawled — "and I came right upon my man. I jumped up and collared him —" and he suited the action to the word — "and says I: 'Come along, Colonel!' But he began to howl, and four men threw themselves upon me with short swords, so then I showed them my hatchet. 'What are you about,' says I, 'in God's name?'"

"Oh yes, we saw from the hill how they chased you across the marsh."

Pétia was dying to laugh, but as the rest kept their countenance, he did the same, though he could not make out what the meaning of it all was.

"Don't play the fool," said Denissow, getting angry. "Why did you not bring in the first man?" Tikhone scratched his head with one hand and his back with the other, while his mouth, opening in a smile of idiotic complacency, showed his teeth and the gap that had

earned him his name.* Denissow also smiled, and at last Pétia could enjoy his laugh.

"But what am I to say? Have I not told you that he was no good? He was badly dressed and very rude into the bargain. 'What,' says he, 'I am a *ganaral's* son myself, I won't go.'"

"Brute!" said Denissow, "I wanted to question him."

"I questioned him," said Tikhone, "but he said he did not know much, 'and then,' says he, 'there are a great many of us, but a poor lot.'—Set up a shout and you may have them all," Tikhone concluded, fixing his eyes with a determined glitter on Denissow's face.

"I will have you paid out with a hundred** all hot!" said Denissow, "to teach you to play the fool!"

"What is the good of being angry?" said Tikhone, "you might think I did not know your Frenchman. Wait till it is dark, and I will fetch you three if you like."

"Come, come!" said Denissow, and he did not get over his ill-humor till they reached the forester's hut.

Tikhone followed quite in the rear, and Pétia heard the Cossacks laughing, and teasing him about a pair of boots he had thrown into the underwood. He understood now that Tikhone had killed the man of whom he had been speaking, and it gave him an uncomfortable feeling; he involuntarily looked at the little

* Stcherbina or Stcherbinka, a gap or notch.

** Blows with a stick.

drummer and something made his heart feel very full, but this weakness was but for a moment, he choked it down, raised his head, and began questioning the Esaoul with an air of great importance as to the expedition in prospect, so as to keep himself on a level with the company he was in.

The officer Denissow had sent to Dologhow met him on the road, and informed him that Dologhow himself was coming, and that on his part there were no difficulties whatever. Denissow's spirits rose at this news to their former pitch; he called Pétia to sit by him:

"Well," said he, "and now tell me what good work you have been doing."

Pétia, on leaving his parents at Moscow, had joined his regiment, and had soon after become attached as orderly officer to the colonel in command of a considerable body of troops. Ever since this promotion, and above all since his introduction to active service at the battle of Viazma, he had been in a chronic state of happy excitement at the idea that now he was indeed a man; and his only fear was lest he should miss the smallest opportunity of covering himself with glory. Though greatly delighted with all he had seen and gone through with his regiment, it seemed to him that the greatest deeds of arms were always performed where he was not. So he implored the general, who wanted some one to go to Denissow, to trust him with his message. His chief consented; but, remembering Pétia's foolhardy behavior at the battle of Viazma —

where, instead of following the road, he rode forward as far as the front line of sharp-shooters under the French fire and discharged two pistol-shots — he forbid his taking any part in Denissow's manœuvres. This was the cause of the boy's hesitation when he had been asked whether he could stay: as far as the outskirts of the wood Pétia had promised himself that he would strictly do his duty and return at once; but at the sight of the French, and after hearing Tikhone's story, he made up his mind with the easy reaction of a youthful mind, that his general, whom till this moment he had greatly respected, was "only a rubbishly German;" that Denissow was a hero and the Esaoul another, and Tikhone a third; that it would be disgraceful to desert them in peril, and that he would take part in the attack.

It was dusk by the time they reached the forester's hut. Through the gloom moved the shadowy forms of the Cossacks' horses, saddled and bridled, and of the hussars pitching their tents in the clearing and lighting fires under cover of the hollow, that the enemy might not see the smoke. In the front room of the little hovel a Cossack, with his sleeves turned up, was cutting up some mutton, while in the inner room three officers were improvising a table out of a door taken off its hinges. Pétia pulled off his wet uniform and offered his services in helping to arrange the supper. In ten minutes the table was covered with a cloth, and spread with a bottle of brandy and one of rum, bread, salt and broiled mutton. Seated with the other officers

and tearing the tender, juicy morsels with greasy fingers, Pétia was in a state of childish excitement which made him feel kindly towards all men, and take their kindness for granted in return.

"Do you really think, Vassili Fédorovitch," said he to Denissow, "that if I stay with you for a day I shall not get into hot water? — For you see," he went on, arguing with himself, "I was told to find out — and I shall be sure to find out if only you will let me go — go where there is most. — Not for a prize or a reward, you know; but I really do want — " he set his teeth and tossed his head, and clenched his fist as he looked about him.

"Where there is most — most what?" said Denissow with a smile.

"Give me a command; just the smallest command, that is all I ask, — it cannot matter to you, you know. — Allow me, my knife is quite at your service," he went on, offering it to an officer who was trying to divide a slice of mutton. The officer thanked him and praised the blade.

"Keep it, pray, I have several. — Oh! by the bye, I quite forgot; I have some raisins with me, capital raisins too, without pips. There is a new sutler in our detachment and he sells wonderful things; I bought ten pounds; — I am used to eating sweets — would you like some?" And Pétia ran off in search of his Cossack, and returned carrying a large basket of raisins. "Take them, gentlemen, don't be modest. — I wonder if you want a coffee-pot? I bought a famous

one from our sutler — he is a capital fellow and so honest too, which is the chief thing; I will send it you without fail. — By the way, do you happen to have plenty of flints? I have a hundred here that I bought quite cheap. — Would you like to have them?" He stopped short, coloring consciously and fearing lest he had gone too far; he tried to remember whether he had committed any other folly in the course of the day; and as he thought over his adventures the face of the little drummer rose before him: "We are very snug here, but where have they taken him? I wonder if he has had anything to eat even? I hope they are not ill-using him. — I have a great mind to ask. But what will they think; that I am a child who pities such another as himself. I will let them see whether I am a child or not, to-morrow! — Well, I don't care then, I will ask;" he looked uneasily round at the officers' faces, fearing to see that they were laughing at him, as he said aloud:

"May I call that little prisoner, and give him some food?"

"To be sure, poor little fellow!" said Denissow, who saw nothing to criticize in such humanity. — "Call him in — his name is Vincent Bosse."

"I will go and call him," said Pétia.

"Yes, do — poor little man!"

Pétia was already at the door, but turning round he squeezed his way between the other men up to Denissow.

"I must embrace you for that," said he. "My

kind friend. How good, how very good of you!" and then he rushed off into the next room shouting as loud as he could: "Bosse, Vincent Bosse!"

"Who is it that you want?" asked a Cossack, from the outer darkness. Pétia explained that it was the French drummer.

"Ah! Vessennï?" said the Cossack, for the little fellow's name had already taken a Russian form, and the word, referring to the spring-time, seemed appropriate to the lad. "He is warming himself out there. Hi! Vessennï, Vessennï!" shouted several voices.

"He is a sharp little fellow," said the man standing near Pétia. "We gave him some food, he was starving." They could hear the boy coming; his bare feet splashed through the ooze.

"Here you are?" said Pétia. "Are you hungry? Do not be afraid, no one will hurt you; come in."

"Thank you, Sir," said the young voice, and the drummer rubbed his muddy feet on the door-step.

Pétia longed to say many things to him, but he did not dare, so he only took his hand and pressed it kindly.

"Come in," he repeated quite affectionately. — "I wonder what I can do for him," thought he, as he opened the door and pushed him into the room. But in spite of his charitable impulse he took a seat at some distance, fearing no doubt lest his dignity should suffer if he showed him too much attention. But he fumbled in his pockets, counting how much small change he had about him, and wondering whether it would be right to give it to the little drummer.

CHAPTER XII.

"VESSENNÏ," after eating his share of the mutton, was dressed in a Russian caftan that he might not be sent to join the other prisoners; and Pétia's attention was soon diverted from him by the arrival of Dologhow. He had heard a great deal of Dologhow's bravery, and of his barbarity to the French, and from the time when he came into the room, he never took his eyes off him.

Dologhow's appearance was striking from its precise neatness. While Denissow wore a *tchekinen* or Cossack pelisse, left his beard untrimmed, and displayed a medal of St. Nicolas on his breast, thus emphatically proclaiming the exceptional character of his present mode of life, Dologhow, who at Moscow had chosen to make himself conspicuous by his Persian costume, was now got up with scrupulous correctness in his uniform of an officer in the guards, with a clean-shaved chin, the guards' wadded military cloak, the ribbon of St. George in his button-hole, and the regulation cap set square over his brow. He tossed his wet riding-cape into a corner, and marched straight up to Denissow without noticing any one else. He plunged at once into business; Denissow explained what his plan was, and told him of the rival eagerness of the larger corps; of Pétia's embassy, his replies to the generals, and whatever he knew of the French convoy.

"That is all very well, but we must find out of what the escort consists, and how strong they are," said Dologhow. "Some one must go and see. Without knowing their numbers we cannot rush blindly forward. — I like to be precise. One of these gentlemen, perhaps will accompany me to the enemy's camp? I could, if he liked, lend him an uniform."

"I — I will! I will go with you," cried Pétia.

"It is quite unnecessary," said Denissow. "I will not allow him to go," added he, turning to Dologhow.

"Why not?" cried Pétia, "why may not I go with him?"

"Why not?" Dologhow repeated absently. He was looking at the little drummer. "Has that brat been with you long?"

"Only to-day. But he knows nothing — I mean to keep him."

"And what do you do with the others?"

"What do I do with them? why I send them in and take a receipt for them," said Denissow coloring. "I may add," he went on boldly, "that not one lies on my conscience. Why, what is the difficulty of sending thirty or even three hundred prisoners under escort to the nearest town? And is it not better, frankly speaking, than to stain one's honor as a soldier?"

"Such squeamishness would be all very well in this sixteen-year-old Count!" said Dologhow with a frigid smile. "But you ought to have outgrown it by this time."

"But," Pétia put in shyly, "I said nothing of the kind. I only want to go with you."

"I repeat it," Dologhow went on, taking pleasure in annoying Denissow, "we are too old for such fads. For instance, why have you kept that child? Because he moved you to pity? We know very well what the receipts are worth! You send off a hundred men and perhaps thirty arrive; they have died of hunger or been knocked on the head; it is far better to send none at all!"

The Esaoul, with a twinkle of his pale eyes, nodded approbation.

"I do not hold myself responsible for that, so I need not discuss how far it is true. You say they die on the road? But, at any rate, I shall not have murdered them." Dologhow laughed aloud.

"Do you suppose that they have not their orders to grab us if they can; and if they catch us, do you think with all your beautiful chivalrous sentiments, that we shall escape the aspen trees? — However, it is high time to be doing something," he added after a short pause. "Tell my man to bring my baggage in. I have two French uniforms. — So you are coming with me?" and he turned to Pétia.

"Yes, yes, it is a bargain!" cried the lad, coloring to the roots of his hair; he glanced at Denissow, whose discussion with Dologhow had suggested so many ideas that he scarcely knew exactly what had been said.

"Still," thought he, "if the captains think so I suppose it must be all right. — And at any rate it will

never do for Denissow to fancy that he can turn me round his little finger — " And in spite of his friend's dissuasion Pétia persisted that he knew his own business, and was afraid of nothing.

" You yourself must see that it is indispensable that we should know the strength of the escort since our lives depend upon it. — Besides, I particularly wish to go.— Do not detain me; it will be worse in the end."

So, after putting on the French uniforms, including the shako, Pétia and Dologhow rode off to the clearing, whence Denissow had reconnoitred the French camp; then they went down into the hollow, where Dologhow ordered their Cossacks to wait for them without stirring, and he and Pétia galloped forward, along the road leading to the bridge. The night was pitch-dark.

" They will not take me alive, I swear; if they lay hands on me I have a pistol," murmured Pétia.

" Hold your tongue; do not speak Russian!" said Dologhow hastily; and at the same moment a 'Qui vive?' distinctly uttered was heard a few yards off, followed by the click of a musket being cocked.

" Lancers of the 6th," cried Dologhow without checking his pace.

The black outline of the sentinel was just visible in the middle of the bridge.

" The pass-word?"

Dologhow drew rein and walked his horse.

" Tell me, is Colonel Gérard hereabouts?"

" The word?" repeated the man, barring the way and giving him no answer.

"You don't ask an officer on his rounds the password! — I want to know if the Colonel is to be found; do you hear, idiot?" and pushing the man aside with his horse's shoulder, he rode on.

Discerning another shade a little way off he went straight towards it; it was a soldier carrying a sack, who came up in perfect confidence and patted the horse's neck. In reply to Dologhow's questions he answered very frankly that the Colonel and officers were further up the hill, at the farm, as he called the house of the owner of the village.

The men had bivouacked all along both sides of the road; without paying any heed to their laughter and shouts Dologhow stopped in front of a gateway, turned into the yard, dismounted, and went up to a large fire that was blazing in the middle. Some men were sitting around it talking vehemently; a piece of meat was stewing in a small saucepan, and a soldier in a dark-blue cloak and foraging-cap, was stirring it with his ramrod.

"He is a famous one to cook!" said an officer who was sitting in the shadow on the further side.

"He will make the rabbits fly!" answered another with a laugh; but then they both were silent, peering into the darkness, as they heard Dologhow and Pétia approaching.

"Is that you, Clément? Where the devil . . . . ?"

But he did not finish his sentence. Perceiving his mistake he frowned, bowed to Dologhow as a stranger, and asked him what brought him there. Dologhow

explained that he and his companion wished to join their regiment, and begged him to tell him whether he knew where the 6th lancers were to be found. The Frenchman could tell him nothing about it; and to Pétia it seemed as though the officers were examining them suspiciously. The silence lasted some seconds.

"If you expected to find supper you have come too late," said a chuckling voice behind the stew-pan.

Dologhow said they had supped already, and that they were going on at once; he threw the reins of his horse, however, to the private who was watching the pot, and sat down on his heels next to the officer who had spoken to him. The Frenchman did not take his eyes off him, and again asked him which was his regiment. Dologhow affected not to hear the question, but to be absorbed in lighting his pipe, and in questioning the other officers as to the safety of the roads, and whether there were any danger of meeting with Cossacks.

"The rascals are ubiquitous," said one of the Frenchmen; to which Dologhow replied that there was no danger from Cossacks, excepting to stragglers like themselves, that they would certainly not dare to attack any considerable detachment. To this no one made a reply.

"When will he move off?" thought Pétia to himself; he had remained standing. But Dologhow went on with the conversation, asking them boldly how many men there were in each battalion, how many battalions in their escort, and how many prisoners.

"It is dreary work dragging all those corpses at your heels. — Far better shoot the wretches and have done with it!" he added, with such a shout of laughter that Pétia feared the Frenchmen might find them out.

Dologhow's laugh found no echo, and one of the French officers who had been lying invisible in the shadow, covered with a cloak, whispered a few words to his neighbor. Dologhow rose and asked for his horses.

"Now, will they let us have them or not?" thought Pétia keeping close to his leader. — But the horses were brought.

"Good-night, gentlemen," said Dologhow. Pétia tried to say as much, but he could not utter a word. The officers were still whispering together. Dologhow was some time getting into his saddle, for his horse was restive; but finally he rode off, walking slowly out of the gate, Pétia following. The boy would have liked to look back and see whether they were being watched, but he dared not.

Instead of returning as they had come they crossed the village, pausing for a moment to listen.

"Do you hear?" said Dologhow; and Pétia recognized the voices of Russian prisoners, sitting round a fire.

Then they went back to the bridge, past the sentinel who did not say a word to them, and into the ravine where the Cossacks were waiting.

"Now, good-bye; you can tell Denissow that I expect him at daybreak, at the first gun fired," said Dologhow moving away.

But Pétia clasped his hand exclaiming: "Oh! what a hero you are! How splendid! How much I admire you!"

"All right, all right!" said Dologhow; but as Pétia still held his hand he guessed that the lad was leaning over to embrace him. He submitted with a laugh and then rode off into the night.

On returning to the forester's hut Pétia found Denissow waiting in the outer room in the greatest anxiety, and blaming himself for having allowed him to go.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "thank God! — But devil take you, I have not had a moment's sleep, thanks to you!" he added, interrupting Pétia's enthusiastic narrative. "Go to bed; we have time yet for a nap."

"I am not sleepy," said Pétia, "and I know myself too well: If I go to sleep there will be no waking me; besides, I am not in the habit of sleeping before a fight."

So he sat down and remained quiet, thinking over his adventurous expedition and dreaming of the morrow, till he saw that Denissow was asleep; then he stole out of the cottage. It was still quite dark; a few drops of rain fell now and then, but he could make out the shape of the Cossack tents and of the horses picketed near; further off loomed the forms of the two captured fourgons, and in the hollow a fire which was slowly dying out. Several of the Cossacks and hussars were awake; the murmur of their voices reached his ear, and the munching of horses over their corn. Pétia

went towards the waggons where the riding horses were tied up and found his own, a stout nag from the Ukraine.

"Well, Karabach, my boy," he said, stroking his nose and kissing him, "well, we have work before us to-morrow!"

"What, are you not asleep, Master?"

"No, Likhatchow — that is your name I think? — I have only just come in. We have been to call on the French." And Pétia gave him a full account of the expedition, and told him why he had gone, and how, in his opinion, it was better to risk his own life than to let the whole detachment try at a venture.

"But go and get a little sleep," said the Cossack.

"No, it is not my habit. — By the way, are you supplied with good flints? I have brought some with me, and if you want any you can have them.

The Cossack put his head out from under the waggon to look more closely at Pétia.

"I say this because it is my way to see carefully to everything. Others let everything go hap-hazard; they are never prepared, and then they regret it. I don't like that myself."

"Very true," replied the Cossack.

"And I want you to be good enough to sharpen my sabre, the edge is turned with . . . ." but Pétia checked himself just as he was about to tell a lie, for the sword had never yet been sharpened. "Can you put an edge on it?"

"Why not? of course I can."

Likhatchow crept out, and felt in the saddle-bags; Pétia perched himself on the waggon to watch his proceedings.

"Are all the men asleep?" he asked.

"Some are, some not."

"And where is the boy?"

"Vessennï? He stowed himself in a corner at the door of the hut and fell asleep out of sheer fright?"

For a long time Pétia kept silence, listening to every sound; presently he heard footsteps and a shade stood before him.

"What are you sharpening, mate?"

"A sabre for the Master here."

"A good idea," said the man, who was himself a hussar. "Tell me, did we not leave a bowl over here?"

"There it is, by the wheel."

"It will soon be daylight," added the man picking up the bowl, and he walked away, stretching himself as he went.

Pétia's fancy, meanwhile, had carried him away into a fairy land where nothing at all resembled the reality. That large dark object a few yards away — was it really the forester's hut, or was it not the entrance to a cavern leading down to the bowels of the earth, and that red gleam, the single eye of a monster fixed on him? Was this a waggon he was sitting on, or a high tower, from which if he were to drop he might fly during a whole day, or a month perhaps, without reaching the ground. He looked up at the sky; it was as fairy-like as the earth: clouds, swept along by

the wind, rushed across above the trees, leaving rents through which he could see the myriad stars in the infinite blue which sometimes looked so far, far away, and sometimes seemed so near that he could reach it with his hand. He involuntarily yielded to sleep, closed his eyes and swayed from side to side. It was still raining a little; the snoring of the sleeping soldiers and the neighing of the horses mingled with the rasping of the whetstone on his sword-blade. Suddenly Pétia heard a delicious orchestra playing some unknown hymn of exquisite pathos and beauty. His musical instinct was as fine as Natacha's, far beyond that of Nicolas, but he had never learnt a note or even thought of it. These mysterious strains, suddenly filling his brain and soul, struck him as beyond everything poetical and intoxicating. The music grew clearer and louder. It was what a scientific musician would have called a fugue; but Pétia had not the faintest idea of what a fugue might be. The air, played first by a violin, was taken up by a horn in plaintive and seraphic tones, and before it was ended was lost in a chorus where it rose again till it melted into a glorious *ensemble* — a grave and solemn chant of triumph and victory.

"But I am dreaming," said Pétia to himself as he nearly rolled over; my ears are ringing no doubt — or is this invisible music at my beck and call? — Come back, sing again!" He shut his eyes once more, and the tones of the hymn, coming nearer or dying in the distance, again fell on his ear.

"Oh! how lovely it is!" thought he, trying to control the heavenly orchestra. "Softly, now, softly. . . ." and the music obeyed. — "And now quicker, more lively, all together!" and the sounds, swelling in volume, seemed to come from the depths of space. "Now, the voices!" ordered Pétia, and men's and women's voices, at first hardly audible, gradually rose to impressive power. The ring of the instruments mingled with this song of triumph, and with the drip of the rain, the grinding of the sabre, and the whinnying of the horses, but the grand effect was not for a moment disturbed. Pétia listened in rapture to the sublime harmony, and never knew how long it went on. He was still in this rapture, and only regretted that there was no one to enjoy it with him, when Likhatchow's voice suddenly roused him.

"Here it is, Highness; you can run through at least two Frenchmen with it now!"

Pétia roused himself. Dull daylight was showing between the bare branches, and the horses were gradually emerging from the gloom. He jumped down, took out a rouble which he gave to the Cossack, examined his sabre and slipped it into its sheath. The men were untying the horses and examining the girths.

"Here is the captain!" said Likhatchow, seeing Denissow, who called Pétia from the door of the hut, and gave the word to make ready to start.

The horses were saddled in no time and every one fell into his place. Denissow gave his last instructions to the party of infantry who were to lead the way, and

who soon disappeared among the trees, splashing through the mire and vanishing in the heavy mist. Pétia, holding his horse by the bridle, was impatiently waiting for the order to start. His morning wash had refreshed him; but his eyes still glittered from unusual brightness, and he shivered frequently from fever.

"Well, is everything ready?" asked Denissow; the horses were led up, and after scolding his Cossack for not tightening the girths enough, he mounted. Pétia put his foot in the stirrup, his horse trying as usual to keep him from mounting; but once up, off he went as light as a bird, looking back to see the start of the long line of hussars.

"Vassili Fédorovitch," said he, going round to Denissow's side. "You will give me a little command—a little job—will you not?"

Denissow, who at that moment had almost forgotten his existence stared at him in surprise.

"I only ask one thing of you," said he sternly, "and that is to do as I bid you, and not to go where you have no business." And not another word would he say to him throughout the march.

By the time they reached the skirts of the wood it was fairly daylight over the plain; Denissow gave an order to the Esaoul; the Cossacks filed past them one by one, and he followed them down the hill. The horses, slipping and clinging with their hind hoofs, soon brought their riders down into the hollow. Pétia, whose attack of shivering was becoming serious, rode on by his leader's side. It was now broad daylight and

only the fog hid distant objects from their view. Denissow again rode ahead, and turning to his Cossack nodded to him and said in a low voice. "Fire the signal-shot."

The Cossack fired, and at the same instant the horses were put to a gallop, while other shots rang out on all sides. Pétia flogged his horse, giving him his head, and flew forward, heedless of Denissow who was calling him back. He felt as though the signal had brought a flash of light, and that the day was as bright as at noon. He reached the bridge, which the Cossacks had already crossed, knocked up against a straggler, and galloped madly on again. In front of him men—Frenchmen no doubt—were crossing the road from right to left; one of them slipped and fell under his horse's feet. Further on a party of Cossacks had pulled up in front of a peasant's cottage from whence proceeded a fearful shriek of distress. Pétia went closer, and his eyes fell on the pale face of a terrified Frenchman, clinging with both hands to the shaft of a lance that was pointed at his breast.

"Hurrah boys!" shouted Pétia, spurring his foaming horse and riding up the street.

Shots were being fired some little way off; Cossacks, hussars, and Russian prisoners in tatters were rushing in all directions and yelling like mad. A young Frenchman, bareheaded, was defending himself with his bayonet against two or three hussars. By the time Pétia rode up he was overmastered. "Too late again," thought Pétia.

He made his way to the spot where the firing was briskest; there was fighting in the court-yard where he and Dologhow had been the night before; the French had entrenched themselves behind the hedges and clumps of bushes in the garden, and were firing at the Cossacks who stood in a compact mass in the gate. Through the smoke he saw Dologhow's pale face, shouting to his men:

"Take them from behind. — Infantry do not stir!"

"Not stir! — Hurrah!" cried Pétia and without a moment's hesitation he threw himself into the thickest of the fray.

A volley rent the air, the bullets whistled round; Dologhow and the Cossacks forced their way in at the gate. Amid clouds of smoke the French could be seen throwing away their arms or rushing to meet the Cossacks, while others went rolling down the hill to the pond.

Pétia was still tearing round the court-yard; but instead of holding the bridle he was waving both arms wildly in the air, and leaning heavily over on one side. His horse, suddenly coming on the smouldering brands of the fire, stopped short, and Pétia fell heavily. For a moment his hands and feet moved, his head was rigid. A bullet had entered his brain.

A French officer came out of the house with a white handkerchief at the end of his sword, and explained that they surrendered. Dologhow, dismounting, went up to Pétia who was lying on the ground with his arms out.

"Done for!" said he, knitting his brows, and he went forward to meet Denissow.

"Killed?" cried Denissow, knowing at a distance, from the too familiar attitude, that Pétia must be dead.

"Done for!" repeated Dologhow, as if he found a particular pleasure in using those words; and he went back to the prisoners who were crowding round the Cossacks.

"We can leave him there," he called out to Denissow, who did not answer.

He had lifted Pétia's head with trembling hands, and was looking at the poor, blood and mud-stained face. — "I am fond of sweet things — these are capital raisins — take them all. . . ." The words irresistibly recurred to his mind; and the Cossacks looked on in amazement as they heard the short, hard breathing, almost like a dog's bark, that broke from Denissow's oppressed chest. He suddenly turned away and clutched convulsively at the railings.

Among the Russian prisoners just rescued was Pierre Bésoukhow.

CHAPTER XIII.

The French authorities had taken no steps to provide for the conveyance of the prisoners with whom Pierre found himself. Since the 22d of October,

(November 3d) they were no longer with the corps that had escorted them out of Moscow. Part of the provision-train which, during the first few days, formed the rear of the moving army, was seized by Cossacks, and the rest had gone on in front. The artillery, which, to begin with, had taken the lead, had now given way to Marshal Junot's enormous baggage-waggons under the escort of a detachment of Westphalians. The troops had marched in three columns and in good order as far as Viazma, but the ranks were now broken and the disorder of which Pierre had seen symptoms at the first stage had now reached a climax. The road on both sides was strewn with the carcases of horses; men in rags and stragglers from every corps sometimes came up with them and sometimes fell behind. False alarms had several times occasioned wild panics; then the soldiers fired at random, turned on each other, jostled and swore, abusing their comrades for their own crazy terrors.

The cavalry-train and Junot's baggage still formed some semblance of a body of troops, but day by day it was melting away. The hundred and fifty waggons were presently reduced to sixty; the rest had been seized or abandoned, and three of Junot's waggons had been rifled by men of Davoust's corps. Pierre had heard the Germans say that this baggage-train was more strongly guarded than the prisoners, and that a Westphalian had been shot by the marshal's orders for being found possessed of a spoon with his arms upon it.

The number of prisoners had greatly diminished: from three hundred and thirty that had started from Moscow they had dwindled to about a hundred, and they were a greater anxiety to the soldiers in charge than even the cavalry train and Junot's fourgons. If it was weary work to watch the baggage it was far more tiresome and intolerable, starving and shivering as they were, to keep an eye on the Russians — who were equally hungry and cold, who died off like flies and whom they were ordered to shoot if they made the slightest attempt to escape. Fearing to be betrayed into a sentiment of compassion which might cost them dear, they treated them more brutally than ever. At Dorogobouge, the soldiers locked up the prisoners in a stable while they went off to plunder their own stores. Some of the victims tried to escape through a burrow underground that they managed to scrape out, but they were caught in the act and shot. The order at first observed, by which the officers were kept apart from the privates had ceased to exist. The able-bodied were all placed in one party, and thus Pierre found himself once more in company with Platon Karataïew and his little bandy-legged dog. Karataïew fell ill of fever the third day of their march, and as he grew weaker Pierre instinctively held aloof from him, or only kept with him by a great effort, for his constant groaning and the peculiar acid odor of his person were to the last degree repulsive.

While shut up in the hut at Moscow, from all that went on in his mind and the mode of life to which he

was forced, Pierre had felt keenly that man is created for happiness; that that happiness is in him, in the mere satisfaction of the daily needs of life; and that misery is the fore-ordained result not of want but of super-abundance. Another new and consoling truth had also been revealed to him during the last three weeks: namely, that nothing in this world is without remedy; but that whereas a man can never be perfectly happy in independence he can never be perfectly happy as a slave. He saw that endurance, like freedom, has its limits, and that those limits touch each other; that a man lying on a bed of rose-leaves of which one is crumpled, suffers as acutely as the man sleeping on the damp earth who feels the cold creeping into his limbs; that he himself, indeed, had suffered as much in his time from a pair of tight evening shoes as he did now from his bruised, bare feet. Finally, he had learnt to see that he was no more free when he fancied he was marrying of his own free will, that he was at this moment locked up for the night in a stable.

Of all the miseries that weighed upon him at this moment, and which he never forgot till his dying day, the most intolerable was the state of his feet. Even the second day he said to himself as he examined them that it would be impossible to walk again next day; but when the order to start was given he limped and shuffled till his cuts and bruises got warm, and then the pain was less severe. Though every night his feet were in a shocking state at length he made up his mind to look at them no more, and then he forgot them. Never

before had he at all understood the strength of man's vital power of resistance, or the beneficial effect of change of scene and the relief it gives, like the safety-valve of a steam engine which lets off the surplus when the boiler is too full. He never heard the prisoners shot who lagged behind, though above a hundred had already been thus disposed of. He thought no more about Platon, who daily grew weaker and who would, no doubt, meet the same fate; still less did he think of himself. The more precarious his situation, the darker the future, the more comforting and peaceful were his meditations and the more his spirit dwelt apart from all that was immediately around him.

On the 22nd October, (Nov. 3rd) Pierre was toiling up a muddy and slippery hill-road; his eyes which were chiefly occupied in picking his way wandered now and then to his companions in misery. The little dog frolicked along, sometimes on three legs as of old, and sometimes, on all four at once, he would dart off to bark at the crows feasting on the carrion. There was plenty of it about, corpses of men, and carcases of beasts in different stages of decomposition. The wolves dared not approach while the troops were constantly passing, so the little dog was free to yield to his vagabond propensities. The rain had not ceased all day; if it held up for a few minutes it was only to come down more sharply than ever after each interval. The

earth, completely saturated, could take up no more and the water ran off in a thousand little rills. Pierre was counting off his steps on his fingers and mentally saying to the rain: "Rain away, rain away; wet me through!"

He would have said that he was thinking of nothing, but his spirit was alert and meditative, and deriving much edification from a story he had heard from Karataïew the evening before. Platon, wrapped in his cloak, had been telling the soldiers in his sing-song and now weak voice a legend which he had often repeated in Pierre's hearing. It was past midnight, and at that hour his fever left him, and he recovered his wonted spirits. Looking at the thin, pale face in the glare of the bivouac fire, Pierre's heart swelled within him. His pity for the man made him uncomfortable, and he would have been glad to get away; but as there was no other fire for him to sit by, he had no choice but to remain by his side.

"Well, and how are you?" he asked without looking at him.

"Bewailing one's illness will not bring death!" was the reply, and Platon went on with his story.

Pierre, as we have said, knew it by heart. It was one that the little soldier took a particular delight in telling. Pierre listened to it this evening with fresh interest. It was the history of a worthy old merchant, living with his family in the fear of God, who one day set out on a pilgrimage with one of his friends. They stopped for the night at an inn, and next morning the

merchant's friend was found murdered and robbed. A blood-stained knife was lying under the merchant's pillow, and he was tried and condemned; beaten, his nostrils slit, and then sent into penal servitude, "as was but just," Karataïew added.

"So, my dear friends, for ten years and more the old man toiled in the hulks, and never did any one any harm, but submitted as he ought; but still he often prayed God to let him die. Well, and one evening the convicts all sitting round, as it might be us here, began telling each other what they had been sent there for, and what their sins were before God. One confessed that he had murdered a man, another that he had killed two; another had set a house on fire, and another was a deserter; at last they asked the old man: 'And you, Grandfather, what were you punished for?' 'I, my children,' says he, 'for my own sins and for those of others. I never killed any man, nor stole his goods, and I gave what I could to my neighbor when he was poor. I was a merchant, my little friends, and very rich —' and then he told them, chapter and verse, how it had all happened. 'And I don't complain,' says he, 'for it was God who sent me here no doubt; but I am sorry for my poor wife, and children . . . .' And the old man began to cry. — Well, and if the very man who had really committed the murder was not among them! — 'Where did it happen, Grandfather? and when? and how?'

"And lo and behold! the man asks all these questions, and his heart grows full, and he goes up to the

old man and falls at his feet: 'It is for me, good old man, that you are punished; it is Gospel truth; he is an innocent soul, friends, who is suffering here. I struck the blow, and I slipped the knife under your pillow while you were asleep. Forgive me, Grandfather, forgive me, for Christ's sake!'" Karataïew paused with a pensive smile — and gazing into the fire he piled the logs together.

"And the old man says to him: 'May God forgive you, for we are all sinners together before Him; I am punished for my own sins . . . .' and he cried bitter tears."

"Well, what do you say to that, my friends?" Platon asked, his smile lighting up his whole face, as if all the charm of the story was in the sequel.

"The real murderer confessed to the authorities: 'I have six souls on my conscience,' says he — for he was a wicked wretch — 'but the old man troubles me most of all: I cannot bear that he should be so miserable on my account.' So they wrote all he told them and sent the paper to the right persons. It was a long way off, and then the trial took some time, and all the papers to be made out — as it always does with the authorities; at last it got to the Czar, and the Czar gave an ukase: 'Set the merchant free and give him a present, as the authorities have decreed,' and when the ukase came they looked for the old merchant. 'Where is the old man?' they ask, 'the innocent man who is being punished? The Czar's ukase has come!' and then they tried again to find him." Here Karat-

aïew's voice grew tremulous. "But God's pardon had come quicker," he went on. "He was dead! Yes, so it was my friends!" And he relapsed into silence, though the smile lingered long on his face.

It was the mystical sentiment of the story and the pathetic rapture on the soldier's face that had filled Pierre's soul with vague and indescribable joy.

"Form in line!" said a voice in abrupt command. A sudden stir at once began amongst the soldiers of the escort and prisoners; it might have been supposed that they were awaiting some happy but solemn crisis. Orders passed to and fro, while, to the left of the party, a troop of cavalry, well mounted and dressed, rode by. A look of constraint was perceptible on every face in the expectation of the commander-in-chief; the prisoners were thrust into the background, and the soldiers formed in a line. "The Emperor! — The Marshal! — The Duke! —" A carriage with grey horses was driving at a swift pace immediately behind the guard of cavalry. One handsome, calm, fair face struck Pierre as particularly imposing among the escort. It was one of the marshals, whose eye fell for a moment on the colossal figure of this prisoner. He looked away again at once, but Pierre fancied he could detect a movement of compassion, which he vainly endeavored to conceal. The general in charge of the convoy and baggage-train looked frightened; his face

was red and he spurred his haggard steed to gallop behind the carriage. Then a few officers collected together and the soldiers gathered round them: "What did he say? What was it?" every one was anxiously enquiring.

At this moment Pierre caught sight of Karataïew, whom he had not before seen that morning. He was standing with his back to a birch-tree. The pathetic expression his face had worn last night when he was telling the story of the man who had suffered innocently, had now an added look of sweet, calm gravity. His kind eyes were misty with tears and seemed to appeal to Pierre, but Pierre was afraid for himself; he dared not look and pretended he had not seen. As they were marching on again, however, he glanced back. Platon was in the same place by the road-side. Two French soldiers were standing near him, discussing something. Pierre would not look; he went on, toiling up the steep slope. He distinctly heard two shots behind him — but then he remembered that the passing of the carriage had interrupted his calculation of how many stages they had still to march to Smolensk; and he began to count them again.

Two soldiers, with guns still smoking, ran past to join the ranks; they were both very pale and one looked at Pierre out of the corner of his eye; Pierre looked at him, and remembered that this man, only two days since, had burnt his shirt when trying to dry it, to the extreme amusement of all the lookers-on. Then he heard the dog howling round the spot where Kara-

taïew was sitting: "What is the matter with the beast, why is he howling?" said Pierre to himself.

The soldiers who were walking on each side of him did not turn round but they looked black and gloomy.

At the village of Schamschew the prisoners, the marshal's baggage, and the cavalry-waggons were all brought to a standstill. The men squatted round the fires and cooking-pots, and Pierre, after eating his allowance of horse-flesh, lay down with his back to the blaze and slept as he had slept at Mojaïsk, after Borodino. His dream was mixed in strange confusion with the reality, and a voice — was it his or another? — repeated the very same reflections he had then so clearly heard. "Life is everything; life is God. Everything has motion, and that motion is God. As long as there is life there is the happiness of recognizing the existence of the Divinity. To love life is to love God. The most difficult and the most meritorious thing in life is to love it in spite of all its undeserved suffering." — "Karataïew!" Pierre suddenly said to himself, ascribing these ideas to him. — Then, in his dream, he saw a little old man whom he had long since forgotten, and who had been wont to give him geography lessons when he had been living in Switzerland: "Wait," said the old man, and he put a globe before him. This globe was alive, moving; it had no clear outlines marked upon it; the whole surface was covered with drops of water lying closely side by side, and these drops trickled about, sometimes running together and some-

times subdividing to infinitude; while trying to occupy the smallest possible space they repelled or absorbed each other continually. "This is an image of life," said the old professor. — "How simple and how clear," said Pierre, "and how is it I never understood this before? God is in the midst and each drop strives to spread itself out so as to reflect Him better; it expands, it shrinks, it disappears and comes to the surface again. — To be sure that is how Karataïew disappeared!" — "Do you understand, my son?" said the professor. — "Do you understand, by all that's holy?" cried a voice of thunder and Pierre woke.

He sat up and saw a French soldier who had just been shaking a Russian prisoner and who was now grilling a piece of meat stuck on to the end of a ramrod. His hairy, strong hands twirled the meat round and round with great dexterity, and the glare of the fire lighted up his tanned face and thick eyebrows.

"Much he cares, the wretch!" muttered the prisoner, who was sitting a couple of yards off patting the little grey dog which wagged its tail contentedly.

"He has followed us," said Pierre, "Platon . . . ." but he stopped short, for the picture rose before his fancy of poor Platon sitting under the tree, with the two shots he had heard, the dog's howling, and the guilty, frightened look of the two soldiers who had passed him with their muskets still hot — and Platon had been absent all the evening. It was dawning on him at last that Karataïew had been killed, when, without knowing how or why, he had a sudden vision of

the balcony of his house at Kiew where he had once spent a summer evening with a fair Pole. — Making no effort of mind to connect these widely dissimilar images he closed his eyes again, and the reminiscence, merging in his dreams with the fluid globe in the old professor's hands, gave him such a sensation of respite and refreshment that he fancied he was gently sinking in deep waters, clear as crystal, which silently closed above his head.

He was roused long before sunrise by loud shouts and the discharge of musketry.

"The Cossacks!" yelled a Frenchman, taking to his heels; and a minute later Pierre was in the midst of his fellow-countrymen.

It was long before he could understand what was happening; cries of joy rose on all sides:

"Friends! Brothers! Comrades!" the rescued soldiers were exclaiming, as they wept, and hugged the Cossacks and hussars who crowded round them, offering clothing to one, boots or bread to another!

Pierre stood sobbing, and as he could not utter a word in his agitation, he threw his arms round the neck of the first man he saw.

Dologhow, standing at the door of the dismantled house, watched the exit of the disarmed Frenchmen, dusting his boots with his riding-whip. Still burning with indignation under their misadventure, they were

discussing it vehemently among themselves; but as they passed him and felt the sinister chill of his cold, stern gaze, the words died on their lips. At a short distance off stood his Cossack, counting the prisoners and scoring off the hundreds on the panel of the gate with a bit of chalk.

"How many?" asked Dologhow.

"Two hundred," said the Cossack.

"*Filez, filez!*" * said Dologhow, who had already picked up the word from the French, and a relentless flash glittered in his eyes as they met those of a Frenchman.

Denissow was standing with his hat off, and watched, with a dejected air, a party of Cossacks who were carrying Pétia's body to bury it in a grave they had dug at the bottom of the garden.

CHAPTER XIV.

After the middle of November, when the cold had fairly set in, the retreat of the French assumed a tragical aspect. The number of men who were frozen to death, or burnt in trying to warm themselves, swelled daily.

Between Moscow and Viazma the 73,000 men — not including the guards — who during the whole war had lived on pillage, were reduced to 36,000. The

* Be off, hurry up.

proportions continued to be mathematically the same: from Viazma to Smolensk, from Smolensk to the Bérésina, from the Bérésina to Vilna the French army steadily dwindled, irrespective of the cold or the pursuit of the Russians, or of other unforeseen difficulties taken singly. After Viazma the three divisions melted into a confused crowd and went on thus to the end. Berthier wrote as follows to the Emperor — and the amount of license which generals allow themselves in describing the situation of an army is well known —:

"I feel it my duty to inform your Majesty of the state of your troops in the different divisions which have come under my observation under various circumstances during the last two or three days. They are almost disbanded. The number of men who march with the flags is a quarter, at most, of almost every regiment; the rest wander on in various directions, each on his own account, in the hope of finding food and escaping discipline. On the whole they look to Smolensk as the point where they may join again. During the last few days several have been observed to throw away their cartridges and arms.

"In such a state of things, whatever your Majesty's ulterior purpose may be, the interest of the service requires that you should rally the troops at Smolensk, and begin by getting rid of the non-combatants, such as men who have parted with their weapons, all useless baggage and the material of the artillery which is now quite out of proportion to the effective force. Besides this

two days of rest and provisions are indispensable to the men, who are worn out with fatigue and want of food; several have died these last few days on the road and in bivouac. This state of things is getting worse and worse, and there is reason to fear that unless some remedy be promptly applied, we shall lose all hold over the troops, in the event of a struggle.

"November 9th, thirty versts from Smolensk."

On reaching Smolensk, the Promised Land of their hopes, the French fell to killing each other to snatch the food they wanted; they rifled their own provision magazines, and having effected these ravages, set forth again on their homeward march, not knowing where it would end or why they were going on again. Napoleon, the general who had never met his match, knew no more than they did. Still, and in spite of everything, he and his courtiers continued to observe the usual formalities in writing letters and reports, and issuing the order of the day. They called each other: "Sire, my cousin — Prince of Eckmühl, or King of Naples...." But all these documents were a dead-letter. No one executed orders which it was impossible to carry out; and, notwithstanding this pomp of titles, each man felt that he had much to answer for, and that the hour of retribution had come. In spite of the care they seemed to be devoting to the troops each one in reality was thinking only of himself — of escaping as fast as he could and securing himself — if possible.

The movements of the French and Russian armies

during this retreat from Moscow to the Niémen, are like nothing so much as a game of blind-man's-buff, in which two men are blindfolded and one has a bell to ring, so as to let the other know where he may chance to catch him. At first he rings it boldly, without much fear of his adversary, but as the game gets closer he tries to steal away noiselessly, and generally, when trying to avoid the enemy blunders into his arms. In the same way, during the early part of the retreat of the French along the Kalouga road, the Russians still knew where to find them; but when they had started again on the way to Smolensk, they held the tongue of the bell, and without suspecting the neighborhood of the Russians came into collision with them now and again. One army was flying, the other pursuing.

On leaving Smolensk the French had a choice of routes; it would be supposed that after remaining there for four days, they might have been aware of the advance of the enemy, and have combined for an effective attack; but it was a disorganized mob, and rushed off in utter disorder, without plan or purpose, on the least safe road of all: that to Krasnoé and Orcha, thus retracing their steps in coming. Believing that the enemy lay behind them and not in front, they spread over such wide distances, that often there was a twenty-four hours' march between the various corps. Napoleon led the flight followed by kings and dukes. The Russian army, thinking that Napoleon would keep to the right of the Dnièpre — the only rational course to pursue — did the same, and came out on the Krasnoé road. Thus — as in

blind-man's-buff — the French found themselves confronting the Russian van. After a moment of panic caused by this unexpected sight, they stopped; but almost immediately turned and continued their mad flight, abandoning all stragglers and their wounded. In this way, for three days in succession, the divisions of the Viceroy, of Davoust and of Ney, each in turn came in front of the Russian troops; Neither thought of waiting for the others, but each, simply shedding their baggage, their artillery, and half their men, thought solely of escaping from the Russians by sneaking round their right flank under cover of the night.

Ney, who had lingered to carry out the useless task of blowing up the walls of Smolensk, like a child who beats the floor that he has fallen on, was the last to come up. He rejoined Napoleon at Orcha with 1,000 men — all that were left of 10,000 under his command whom he had left strewn all along the road with his guns and waggons, having been obliged to force his way during the night through the forest to reach the Dnièpre. From Orcha to Vilna, it was the same game of flight and pursuit.

The shores of the Bérésina were the scene of an appalling disaster: numbers of men were drowned, numbers more surrendered, while those who had the luck to get over started once more across country on their desperate march. As to the Great Captain their leader, he wrapped himself in furs, got into a sleigh and was off — leaving his companions in misfortune behind him. Some followed his example, while some allowed them-

selves to be captured, or went to swell the long score of dead.

As we consider how, all through this campaign, the French were rushing to their ruin, never bringing their operations in detail or the progress of their march within the scope of any strategic scheme, it is hard to understand how, in describing this retreat, historians can again bring out their theory of the impulsion of masses by a single will. But they have, in fact, written volumes to elucidate the remarkable arrangements made by Napoleon for the guidance of his troops, and to celebrate the military skill displayed by his marshals. They put forward the most specious arguments to explain why he selected as his line of retreat, the road he had already devasted on his march to Moscow, instead of taking advantage of those which led through districts still amply stocked with food. They praise his heroism at the moment when he was preparing to give battle at Krasnoé and to lead the troops in person, saying to his suite: "I have played the Emperor long enough; It is time now to play the General!" — and in spite of such generous words he turned to fly, leaving his army to its miserable fate. They depict the bravery of his marshals — of Ney, in particular, which consisted in struggling through a forest, spending a night on the banks of the Dnièpre and arriving at Orcha without his flags or his artillery, after losing nine-tenths of his men. Finally, they describe with complacent satisfaction every detail of the Emperor's departure, leaving the great and really heroic army behind him.

This action, which in homely language would be plainly designated as cowardly and held up to children as contemptible, our historians speak of as magnificent and bearing the hall-mark of genius. And when they have come to an end of their arguments to justify an action diametrically opposed to all that human nature can accept as right and good, they gravely invoke the phantom Greatness, as if that could exclude our notions of right and wrong. If we could see things as they see them there could be no wrong for the great; they could be blamed for no form of atrocity. "It is Great!" cry the historians, and that is enough. Right and wrong have no existence for them; there is no standard but what is great and what is not great; and what is great is to them the necessary attribute of certain men on whom they confer the title of Hero!

As to Napoleon, wrapped in furs and flying as fast as horses can carry him from the men he brought with him, and whose fate is now irrevocably sealed, he, too, can say to himself with calm conviction that "it is great!" — And among all those who for fifty years spoke of him as "Napoleon the Great," not one perceived that to admit that "greatness" is something outside the eternal laws of right and wrong is equivalent to recognizing its meanness and moral littleness. As we see things, the standard of right and wrong given by Christ must apply to every human action; there can be no greatness where there is no singleness of heart, no kindliness and no truth.

What Russian of us all, as he reads the accounts of the end of the campaign of 1812, is not conscious of a vague but painful impulse of vexation? Does he not ask himself how it was that the Russian army, after fighting at Borodino — where it was inferior in numbers to that of the French — and after surrounding the enemy on three sides, could not cut off their retreat and make them all prisoners; for they were dying of hunger and cold and surrendered by whole detachments. History — or what calls itself History — tells us that we must look for an explanation to Koutouzow, Tormassow, and others, who failed to take certain essential steps at the right moment. But, if so, why were they not tried and punished? Even if we accuse them of such fatal oversight it is difficult to understand, as we remember the position of the Russian troops at Krasnoé and the Bérésina, how they could fail to seize the whole French army — Marshals, Kings, Emperor and all, if this were indeed, as we are told, what the highest authorities aimed at. Any explanation of such a phenomenon by suggesting hindrances on Koutouzow's part is perfectly inadmissible, because, as we all know now, in spite of his firm determination not to act on the offensive, he found it impossible to oppose the desire of his troops, both at Viazma and at Taroutino. If it were true that the Russian authorities intended to cut off the retreat of the French and capture it as one man, so that their purpose was in fact foiled by repeated checks, it is obvious that the French may pride themselves on the close of the campaign as a series of vic-

tories, and that Russian writers are wrong in speaking of it as a triumphal march for the national army; since, if they are logical, in spite of their poetical and patriotic enthusiasm they must in that case admit that the French retreat from Moscow was a course of successes for Napoleon, and of defeats for Koutouzow.

However, national vanity apart, this inference contains a self-evident contradiction; these "victories" led to the destruction of the foe, while the Russian "defeats" culminated in the redemption of the Empire. The fallacy lies in the circumstance that historians have been content to study events in the letters of Emperors and Marshals, and in official reports and narratives, and have falsely concluded that there was, in fact, a plan for cutting off Napoleon's retreat and making vast numbers of prisoners. But such a plan never was made — never could have been made for there was no reason for it. Moreover, it would have been impossible to execute, for Napoleon's army fled with a precipitancy that was almost infatuation, thus hurrying of its own accord to the desired end. It would have been ridiculous to elaborate complicated manœuvres against scattered fugitives, most of whom died on the road; and the seizure even of the Emperor and the generals would only have hampered the pursuers in their movements.

The idea of cutting off Napoleon's retreat would have been alike foolish and impracticable, for experience teaches us that the movement of a column during the course of a battle five versts off, never precisely

coincides at any given spot with the plan laid down for it. It was all very well to propose for a meeting at a fixed place and hour between Tchitchagow, Koutouzow and Wittgenstein — it was really improbable and impossible; Koutouzow himself was conscious of this when, on receiving the plan forwarded to him from St. Petersburg, he said that schemes laid at a distance never led to the results that were expected of them. The expression "cut off a retreat" is, in itself, simply nonsense; you may cut off a slice of bread, but you cannot cut off an army. Say or do what you will an army cannot be cut off or even barred on its way; there is always some way of getting round, and theoretical tacticians may learn from Krasnoé and the Bérésina how darkness favors unexpected moves. Prisoners, again, are not taken unless they mean to be; like the swallow that can never be caught unless it perches on your hand,* or like the Germans who surrender in due form by all the rules of strategy and tactics. The French probably thought there was not much to be gained on either side for whether fugitives or prisoners they had no prospect before them but death from cold and starvation.

The Russian army had lost 50,000 men in sick and stragglers, on the march from Taroutino to Krasnoé without fighting a single battle. During this period they lacked provisions, shoes and clothing; for months they slept on the snow under fifteen degrees of frost; **

* An equivalent English adage says that you cannot catch a bird till you have put salt on its tail.

** Centigrade — about + 6° Fahrenheit.

the daylight lasted only seven or eight hours, the nights seemed endless; discipline was at an end since each man was constantly engaged in a mortal struggle against death and suffering. And so historians tell us that Miloradovitch ought to have executed a flank movement on one side while Tormassow did the same on the other, and that then Tchitchagow would have advanced — through snow above his men's knees! — to demolish the enemy. Why do they not rather tell us that these men, dying of cold and hunger, did all that was possible or necessary for the glory of their nation? It was no fault of theirs if meanwhile some other Russians, comfortably ensconced in warm studies, chose to amuse themselves by concocting impracticable schemes. The strange and inconceivable discrepancies between the events as they happened and the official records arise from the mania among historians for describing the sublime demeanor or pungent sayings of certain leaders instead of giving a prosaic tale of facts. Miloradovitch's fine speeches, the rewards heaped on this or that general for his brilliant strategical combinations, are all they care about; the 50,000 men strewed in the hospitals and country church-yards escape their notice as being unworthy of their learned research. — But in truth, is it not simply by setting aside reports and plans of battles, by studying with a curious eye the molecular movement of the millions of individuals who are the immediate agents that we find a solution as clear as daylight of questions which have hitherto appeared insoluble?

CHAPTER XV.

When a man sees the death of an animal, however humble, an involuntary horror creeps over him, for he beholds the destruction of a particle of that animal nature by which he too lives; but when the death is that of a fellow-creature whom he loves, besides his terror at the sight of this destruction he undergoes an internal rending and wounding of the soul. And this wound may kill, or, like any other wound, it may heal; but it is always sensitive and shrinks from the tenderest touch.

Princess Marie and Natacha both went through this anguish when Prince André died. Their spirits had bowed, crushed under the sinister cloud of death that had so long hung over their head, and now they dared not look life in the face; they could only find such courage as might enable them to protect that still bleeding wound against the painful friction from outside. The smallest thing — the rattle of wheels in the street, the announcement that dinner was ready, the maid's enquiry as to what dress they would wear, or, worse still, a commonplace remark, a feeble expression of interest — irritated them, for it interrupted them in their contemplation of that mysterious Beyond of which for an instant they had caught a glimpse. It jarred on the deep peace which was so needful to their souls, and in which they could hearken to the chants of the

solemn and awful choir which had left its echoes in their imagination. They spoke little to each other, but it was a real consolation to them to be together; they avoided all allusion to the future, to their sorrow, to the dead; for speaking even was a violation of the grandeur and sanctity of the mystery they had witnessed. This reserve, it is true, only added keenness to their grief; but grief, like joy, cannot be eternal or unqualified.

Princess Marie was the first to look beyond the circle of woe in which, for nearly a fortnight, she had lived and moved. Her responsible and independent position, and her duties as guardian to her little nephew rendered it necessary. A letter came which must be answered; Nicolas's room was damp and he had caught cold; Alpatitch arrived from Yaroslaw with accounts to be looked into, and so forth. He advised her to return to Moscow and settle in the house there, which had not been injured and only needed some trifling repairs, and this had to be considered and discussed. Daily life must run its course; nothing can stop that. Painful as it was to Princess Marie to tear herself from her contemplative solitude and to leave Natacha alone, a prey to her regrets, the duties of her position claimed her. She did violence to her feelings and returned to active life; looked through the accounts with Alpatitch, held council with Dessalles over the child, and began her arrangements for returning to Moscow.

Natacha, now utterly lonely, dropped aloof from

Marie as soon as she had decided to go home; the princess proposed that Natacha should accompany her, and her father and mother eagerly agreed; for seeing their daughter grow perceptibly weaker they hoped that change of air and the advice of the Moscow doctors might improve her health.

"I will go nowhere," replied Natacha, "I ask only one thing and that is to be left in peace!" and she went quickly out of the room, hardly able to restrain her tears of anger rather than of pain.

She was hurt by Princess Marie's desertion, and spent most of her time alone in her room, sitting in a corner of the sofa and idly playing with anything that fell under her hand, while her eyes were fixed on vacancy and saw nothing. This solitude wearied her, wore her out, but she could do nothing else. When any one entered the room she started up, changed her position and the expression of her face; snatched up a book or a piece of work, and waited with marked impatience till she was left to herself again. She felt as though she were constantly on the very verge of discovering the secret of the awful problem on which all the powers of her soul were concentrated.

One day, at the end of December, she was half lying, as usual, in the corner of the sofa, mechanically puckering the ends of her sash. She was pale and thin now; her hair was loosely knotted up at the top of her head, and she wore a black stuff gown. — Her eyes were fixed on the door as though on the spot where he had vanished. — That unknown shore of life of which,

till lately, she had never thought, that shore which had always seemed so far away and so doubtful, was surely nearer to her; it was visible, almost within reach, and the ground where she still stood was a desert, barren, vacant, full only of grief and tears. Looking for him where she knew that he must be she could not picture him otherwise than as she had seen him during those last few weeks: she saw his face, heard his voice, repeated his words and added others which she could fancy he had said. — There he is! Leaning back in his deep chair, in his wrapper of fur-lined velvet, his head resting in his slender transparent hand; his chest sunk, his shoulders pushed up, his lips pinched, his eyes strangely bright, while faint wrinkles come and go on his pale forehead. One of his knees is trembling she can see: he is struggling with some intense pain.— "What pain is it? What can he be feeling?" she wonders. — He had noticed her fixed gaze; he looks at her and says without a smile: "To be tied for life to a man always in pain is a horrible fate; eternal torment. — " And he seems to try to read her heart. Then she replies, as she always used to reply: "It will not go on forever; you will get better. —" His stern scrutiny is full of reproachful meaning.— "What I said," thought Natacha to herself, "was that it would be dreadful if he were always to suffer thus, and he gave a wrong meaning to my words: I said it for him, and he thought I meant it for myself — for he longed to live then and dreaded death. — I spoke without thinking, or else I should have told him that I should

have been happy to watch him always suffering, always dying, rather than feel as I do now! — and now it is too late to set it right, — he can never know now!"

Then fancy repeated the scene from the beginning, and now she answered differently: "Yes, horrible for you, but not for me; for you know you are everything to me — even to suffer with you is joy to me!" Then she felt the pressure of his hand, she heard herself pouring out words of tenderness and devotion which she had never uttered then, but that she could speak now: "I love you, I love you!" she repeated wringing her hands, and her pain became even less bitter as her eyes filled with tears. — Suddenly she asked herself in terror, to whom she was speaking. — "Who was he? Where is he?" Everything became confused; a fearful apprehension checked her effusiveness, she fell again into a reverie — at last, surely at last, the mystery would be solved.

But at the very moment when it seemed within her grasp Douniacha, the maid, hurried in with a scared face, and without thinking of Natacha's indignation at the intrusion, exclaimed:

"Come, Mademoiselle, come quickly, something dreadful has happened! . . . . Pierre Illitch — a letter! . . . ." and she burst into sobs.

Natacha's aversion for all society was most marked towards the members of her own family. Her father, her mother and Sonia were so familiar and so near to her, that all they said had a false ring in the ideal world in which she lived. To them she was not merely in-

different, but repellent. She listened to Douniacha's words without understanding them. "What dreadful thing? What can have happened to them? — their lives go on day after day in easy contentment!"

When she went into the drawing-room, she saw her father coming out of the countess's bedroom. His face was streaming with tears, and as he saw his daughter, with a gesture of utter despair he broke down into heart-breaking sobs, that distorted his kind, placid face

"Pétia — Pétia! — Go to her, she wants you." Crying like a child, and hardly able to drag his trembling legs, he dropped into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

Natacha felt as though in that instant an electric shock flashed through her from head to foot and sent an acute pain to her heart; something seemed to crack within it and she thought she was dying, but this agony was immediately followed by a sense of deliverance. The torpor that had weighed upon her was gone. The sight of her father, her mother's wild cries of bereavement, made her forget her own woes; she hastened towards her father, but he signed to her with a feeble effort to go to the countess's room. Princess Marie had just come to the door and was standing there pale and quivering. She seized Natacha by the hand and tried to say something, but Natacha neither saw nor heard; she pushed her aside and flew to her mother's side. There she stopped an instant as if struggling with herself. The countess, lying back in an arm-chair, was twitching hysterically every muscle and beating her

head against the wall, Sonia and the maids were holding her hands firmly clasped.

"Natacha!" cried the countess, "it is not true — is it? It is false? — Natacha!" And she pushed away the others. "Tell me that it is not true."

Natacha knelt down on a foot-stool and leaned over her mother; then, raising the drooping head, she pressed her cheek closely against her mother's face.

"Mamma darling — I am here, I am with you," she murmured again and again, and throwing her arms round her she held her firmly but lovingly, putting pillows to support her, making her swallow a little water, and unfastening her dress.

"I am here — Mamma, I am here," she went on, kissing her hair, her face and her hands though blinded by the torrent of her own tears which streamed down her cheeks.

The countess clasped her daughter's hand, closed her eyes, and for a moment was calmer. Suddenly raising herself with an effort she looked about her with haggard eyes, and seeing Natacha took her head in both hands, clenching them with all her might; then, while she held so tightly as to hurt her she stared in her face with a look of wild bewilderment.

"Natacha, you love me?" she whispered in a confidential tone. "You will not deceive me, you will tell me the truth?"

Natacha's eyes, dim with tears, seemed to be craving forgiveness.

"Darling Mother!" she said putting forth all her filial

feeling to console her mother in some degree for her terrible misfortune. But the countess was unable to realize the truth, still refused to believe that she could survive when her adored son had been killed in the flower of his youth, and her struggles to escape the dreadful reality drove her into the phantasy of delirium.

Natacha could never have told how they got through that first night and the following day. She never slept or quitted her mother for an instant. Her faithful and patient devotion made no attempt at comfort or explanation, but wrapped the unhappy mother in an emanation of tenderness that was like a summons back to life again. The third night, while she had taken advantage of an interval when her mother was dozing to close her eyes, with her head resting on the arm of the chair she was roused by the bed creaking, and started awake to see the countess sitting bolt upright, and saying in an undertone:

"How happy I am to see you back. — You are tired? Will you have some tea?"

Natacha went to the bedside.

"How tall and handsome you are grown!" the countess went on, taking her daughter's hand.

"Mamma — who is it?"

"Natacha! He is dead, he is dead! — I shall never see him again!" And falling on Natacha's neck she burst into tears for the first time.

It was in vain that Sonia and the count tried to take Natacha's place. She was the only person who

could keep her mother from sinking into a state of despair verging on insanity. For three weeks she never left her, sleeping in the arm-chair by the bedside; she gave her food and drink, and was always ready to soothe her with gentle and loving words.

This poor soul's wound could not heal. Pétia's death had bereft his mother of the dearest part of her life. A month later the woman who at the time of her son's death carried the burden of her fifty years lightly and vigorously, crept out of her room old and broken, half-dead, and indifferent to everything in life. The blow that had stricken her so heavily had, on the contrary, roused Natacha from her lethargy: Natacha had thought that life was at an end for her, till this output of affection for her mother had shown her that the real essence of her being, her power of loving, was still alive within her; and love once revived in her soul she too came back to life.

The last days of Prince André's life had closely knit Natacha and Marie, and now this new disaster bound them still more together. Princess Marie postponed her departure and devoted herself to nursing Natacha whose strength had been too severely tried in her mother's sick-room, and who had now fallen ill in her turn. Seeing one day that she was shivering severely, Princess Marie carried her off into her own room, made her lie on the bed, drew down the blinds, and was about to leave the room when Natacha called her back:

"I am not sleepy, Marie; stay with me."

"But you are very tired; try to sleep."

"No, no. — Why did you bring me away? She will ask for me."

"No, my pet; on the contrary, she is much better to-day."

Natacha, lying on the bed, was examining Marie's face in the dim light: "Is she like him?" she thought. "Yes and no. There is something odd, peculiar to herself about her; but she loves me I am sure, and her heart is goodness itself. But what does she think — what is her opinion of me?"

"Macha," she said timidly, drawing her towards her. "Do not think me quite bad — no, my little soul, I love you dearly, indeed I do; let us be friends, real, perfect friends." And she covered her face and hands with kisses. Princess Marie, though surprised and embarrassed, responded warmly to this effusiveness.

From that day forth they had for each other that lofty and passionate friendship which is only found between women. They would kiss *apropos* to nothing at all, and call each other by loving names, and spent the chief part of their day together. If one went out or away the other was ill at ease, and was not happy till they were together again. Each was more at peace with herself when they were together than when they were apart; it was a bond stronger than friendship, and so close that life without each other seemed unendurable. Sometimes they would sit together in silence for hours, or else, sharing the same bed, would chatter all night through till daylight. Their remotest memories

were their favorite theme. Princess Marie would tell long stories of her childhood, of her early dreams, and speak of her father and mother; Natacha, who had hitherto shut her eyes with proud indifference to this life of devotion and submission, of poetical and Christian self-sacrifice which was beyond her comprehension, now that she cared so tenderly for her friend fell sympathetically in love with her past life, and began at last to understand the secrets of her experience which had so long been a sealed book to her. She, it is true, never thought of practising in her own person this absolute self-negation; she was accustomed to seek enjoyment in other ways; but she appreciated the virtue none the less for not possessing it.

As to Princess Marie, as she listened to Natacha's recollections of her childhood she caught a glimpse of horizons she had never known, of faith in life and in the joy of mere living. Of *him* they spoke but rarely so as not to desecrate — for that was their feeling — the loftiness of their associations; but this determined silence by degrees, in spite of themselves, was doing the work of oblivion.

Natacha had become quite pallid, and she was so weak that it was a sort of pleasure to her when she was asked about her health; but suddenly a revulsion came over her, and a dread, not of death but of feebleness, and of losing her good looks. Looking at herself in the glass she was amazed to see how much she had altered as she sadly studied her features: "It could not be otherwise!" said she to herself; and yet it frightened

her and filled her with regret. One day having walked up-stairs rather quickly, she was out of breath; she immediately made an excuse to go down and come up again; she wanted to try and measure her strength. Another day, when she called Douniacha, she found her voice was weak. Though she could hear the girl coming she called again, as loud as she could, taking a deep breath, as she used in singing, and listened to the ring of her own voice. Though she did not suspect it, and indeed would not have thought it possible, beneath the thick mould under which she believed that her soul was buried, the tender sprouts of a new spring-time were already stirring, soon to pierce the soil and cover with fresh verdure the grief that had overwhelmed her. The wound was healing.

Princess Marie started for Moscow at the end of January, taking with her Natacha, for the Count insisted on her having medical advice.

CHAPTER XVI.

After the collision between the two armies at Viazma — where Koutouzow had found it impossible to restrain the eagerness of his troops to overthrow the enemy and interrupt his retreat — the flight of the French, and the pursuit by the Russian continued without any more pitched battles. The flight of the French was, indeed, so headlong that the Russian army could not keep up with them; the artillery-horses dropped

exhausted on the road, and the Russian soldiers themselves, worn out by this constant pace of forty versts a day, could not go any faster.

Some idea may be formed of the deplorable state of the national army from the following facts: In Taroutino it had lost in killed and wounded, no more than 5,000 men, of whom hardly a hundred had been taken prisoners; and when it reached Krasnoé it was reduced to about half of the effective force of 100,000 men which had started from Taroutino. The swiftness of the march had therefore a no less fatal effect on the Russians than their flight had on the French; with the difference, however, that they were advancing of their own free will, not crushed like the enemy, by the utter dejection at the prospect of destruction; and that stragglers were hospitably received by their fellow-country-men, while the French who failed to keep up fell into the hands of their foes.

Koutouzow devoted all his energies not to the hindrance of the French retreat but to promoting it on the contrary, and to mitigating the advance of the Russian troops. After the fatigue and losses they had suffered yet another reason impelled him to moderate their ardor: The only hope of forcing the French onward in their disorderly course was by keeping at some distance in the rear. Koutouzow knew, as every Russian soldier knew, that the invaders were conquered beyond retrieval by the sheer force of circumstances. But his generals, and especially the foreign ones, were still burning with a desire for personal distinction — to cap-

ture a duke or a king — and were bent on hitting on a favorable moment for forcing a pitched battle, though nothing could be more absurd. Hence they were constantly besieging him with schemes which could only result in more harassing marches and increased fatigue for the men; while Koutouzow's sole purpose, steadfastly pursued from Moscow to Vilna, was to spare the soldiers as much as possible in the miseries of this campaign. But, in spite of his utmost efforts, he was impotent to set a check on the ambitions that were seething all round him, and which came to a head when, quite unexpectedly, the Russian army fell upon the retreating foe.

This was what happened at Krasnoé, where, instead of a fray with a single French column, they came upon Napoleon and 16,000 men. It was impossible for Koutouzow to save his troops from a terrible but useless conflict; the slaughter of the undisciplined and laggard French by the exhausted Russians lasted for three days. Numbers of prisoners were taken, with some cannon, and a stick which was at once dubbed "a Marshal's bâton." Every one might believe that he had distinguished himself. After the engagement, however, there was a great hubbub: Every one blamed every one else for not having captured Napoleon, or at least one of his marshals. These men, blinded by their passions, were after all no more than the instruments of inexorable necessity, though they flattered themselves that they were heroes and were firmly persuaded that they had behaved with consummate nobility and dis-

tinction. Koutouzow was the special object of their animosity; they accused him of having from the first prevented their beating Napoleon, of thinking solely of his interests, of having checked the march of the army at Krasnoé, only because he lost his head on hearing of his presence there, of collusion with him, even of having sold himself to the French Emperor, and much besides.

Nor did his contemporaries only judge him thus, under the immediate influence of violent feeling; history and posterity also, while giving to Napoleon the surname "Great," have vilified Koutouzow. Foreigners have held him up as a cunning old man, a corrupt and senile courtier; Russians have described him as a nondescript creature a sort of puppet, useful in his day thanks to his thoroughly Russian name.

In 1812 and 1813 he was loudly abused. The Emperor was dissatisfied with him, and in a certain history, written not long since under high authorization, Koutouzow is spoken of as an intriguing courtier and a knave, quaking at the mere name of Napoleon and capable of blundering to such an extent as to prevent the actions at Krasnoé and the Bérésina from being splendid victories. Such is the fate of those who are not ticketed "great men;" such is the fate of those isolated individuals who divine the designs of Providence and submit to its decrees — the mob must punish them for having understood those supreme laws by which the affairs of this world are governed, pursuing them with envy and obloquy.

It is a strange and terrible fact! But Napoleon, that

infinitesimal tool in history, is the subject of endless enthusiasm and wonder to the Russians themselves; he is "great" even in their eyes.

But compare him with Koutouzow who in 1812, from first to last, from Borodino to Vilna, was never once false to himself in deed or speech, who is an unprecedented instance of self-effacement, who could foresee with such amazing keenness the bearing of immediate events and circumstances on those of the future. — And they represent Koutouzow as a colorless being, worthy at most of pity, speaking of him generally with an ill-disguised feeling of shame! But where, let us ask, is a historical personage to be studied, who has aimed more perseveringly at a single end or attained it more completely, and in a way more absolutely in accordance with the will of his whole nation?

He never talked of "the forty centuries looking down on his soldiers from the height of the Pyramids," of the sacrifice he had made to his country, of his "schemes or his objects!" — Still less did he talk of himself. He played no part; on the surface he was a plain-spoken, simple man, saying nothing of any mark, writing to his daughters, and Mme. de Staël, reading novels, liking the company of pretty women, joking with his generals, officers and men, and never contradicting opinions that were opposed to his own. When Count Rostoptchine accused him in the most personal terms for having abandoned Moscow, and reminded him that he had promised not to give it up without a struggle, Koutouzow replied:

"That was what I did." But Moscow was in fact already abandoned!

When Araktchéïew came to tell him, from the Czar that Yermolow must be appointed to the command of the artillery, Koutouzow said:

"That is what I have just been saying," though a moment before he had said the very contrary!

What did he care — he, who alone of all this helpless crowd appreciated the vast issues of the event — whether he or Count Rostoptchine were held responsible for the misfortunes of the capital? And above all of what moment to him was the appointment of this or that colonel of artillery?

In these circumstances, as in all others, the old man who, through a long life, had learnt by experience that words are no true motive power of human deeds, often said things which had no sense — the first that came into his head. And yet this man, who attached so little importance to words, never uttered one throughout his public career which did not conduce to the end he had in view.

Sometimes, however, involuntarily and notwithstanding his melancholy conviction that he should not be understood, he did give distinct expression to his opinions, and on the most dissimilar occasions. For instance, did he not maintain whenever he spoke of the battle of Borodino, which was the first cause of differences between himself and his fellow officers, that it had been a victory for the Russians? He said it, he wrote it, and he repeated it to his dying day. — Did

he not assert that the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia? — In his reply to Lauriston did he not declare that peace was impossible so long as it was in opposition to the desire of the nation? — Did not he, singly and alone, all through the retreat, regard manœuvring as absurd, feeling certain that everything would come to a natural conclusion even better than we could hope for: that what we had to do was to make "a golden bridge" (an easy retreat) for the retiring foe: that the engagements at Taroutino, Viazma and Krasnoé were inopportune: that as many men as possible must be saved to reach the frontier, and that he would not sacrifice one Russian for ten Frenchmen?

He, who has been described to posterity as a courtier who could lie to Araktchéïew to gratify the Czar, was the only man who dared at Vilna to say in plain terms that to prosecute the war beyond the frontier was aimless and exhausting, thus incurring the Imperial displeasure. But what need is there to affirm that he saw the critical importance of the situation: his actions are ample proof: he began by concentrating all the strength of Russia before coming to blows with the enemy, he beat him, and finally drove him out of the country, mitigating, as far as in him lay, the sufferings of the army and of the population. He, whose motto was always: "Time and Patience," — he the sworn foe of vigorous effort, — he it was who fought the battle of Borodino with unwonted solemnity of preparation, and who afterwards persisted, in contradiction to

the opinion of other generals, and in spite of the forced retreat of his victorious army, in declaring that it was a Russian victory and in denying the need for fighting any more; who refused to recommence the war, or to set foot outside the frontiers of the Empire.

How was it that this veteran could so surely guess, in opposition to every one else, what the upshot and issue of events must be from the Russian point of view? His marvellous intuition had its source in the patriotic feeling which thrilled in his soul with intense purity and passion. This the people understood; this it was which led them to demand his appointment, in spite of the Czar, as the representative leader of a national war. Called by popular acclamation to this high office he exerted his utmost powers as commander-in-chief not to hurry men to death, but to spare them and save them for their country.

This simple and unpretentious figure — "great" in the true sense of the word — could not be cast in the false mould of the European Hero, the so-called "Potentate of the nations," as history has sketched him! — There can be no great men for lackeys, since lackeys insist on measuring all men by their own standard.

The 17th of November was the first day of the battle of Krasnoé. Shortly before dusk, after endless discussions and delays, caused by generals who did not reach the places where they could act with effect in

proper time, and after sending aides-de-camp in every direction with orders and countermands, it became evident that the enemy were retiring and that a battle was out of the question.

The day was fine and cold. Koutouzow, with a numerous suite, among whom malcontents were in a majority, and riding his stout little white horse, went to Dobroïé whither the head-quarters had been moved by his orders. All along the road the French prisoners taken in the course of the day — about 7,000 — were huddled round camp fires, and as they approached Dobroïé a crowd of soldiers in ragged clothing, were talking vehemently over some French guns that had been unharnessed and seized. As the commander-in-chief came near, the men were silent, and every eye was fixed on him, while one of the generals explained to him where these guns and men had been captured. His face was careworn and he was hardly listening to the account that was being given to him, while he looked at the most wretched of the men. Most of the French had almost lost the very semblance of humanity; their noses and cheeks were frost-bitten, their eyes blood-shot, swollen and rheumy — they looked as though they had not many minutes left to live. Two of them, one with his face terribly wounded, were devouring some raw meat. There was something fearfully and terribly bestial in the scowl which these hapless wretches cast at the new-comers. Koutouzow, after watching them for a few minutes, shook his head with a melancholy pity. A little further on he came

upon a Russian soldier who was speaking to a Frenchman with a kindly smile: again he shook his head and his expression did not change.

"What were you saying?" he asked a general who was trying to attract his notice to a group of French flags that were piled in front of the Préobrajenski regiment. "Ah! some flags!" he added, and rousing himself with an effort from the subject of his meditations, he looked vaguely about him and then closed his eyes with a deep sigh. One of his staff signed to the soldier who was holding up the flags to bring them forward and place them round about the commander-in-chief. For a moment Koutouzow said nothing; then yielding, sorely against the grain, to the duties required of him he raised his head, looked steadily at the officers standing near him, and said slowly, in the midst of perfect silence, these few words:

"I thank you all for your faithful and laborious service. Victory is on our side and Russia will never forget us! Glory will be yours in ages to come!" He paused; then, seeing a private with a French eagle which he was holding low in salute before the Préobrajenski standard, he went on:

"Lower, lower still! He must bow his head!—Yes, that is right! Now then, hurrah! my children!" and he turned to the men.

"Hurrah!" roared thousands of voices. While they were still shouting Koutouzow, bending over his horse's neck, bowed his head and a gentle ironical smile dawned on his face.

"That is the way of it, my children," said he when all was silent once more — and officers and men crowded round to hear what he was about to say. The tone of his voice, the expression of his face were completely changed; he was no longer the commander-in-chief, but simply a veteran soldier addressing his comrades in arms.

"That is the way of it, my children. I know how hard it is, but what is to be done? Have patience; it will not last much longer. We will see our visitors safe off, and then we will rest. The Czar will not forget your services. It is very hard I know, but at any rate you are at home, remember — while they — " and he pointed to the prisoners, "see what they are reduced to. Their misery is beyond that of the most abject beggar. When they were strong we did not spare them, but now we may have some pity. — They are men like ourselves, are they not, my children?"

He could read the sympathy roused by his speech in the steady and respectful gaze of the men. His face brightened with a benevolent smile on his lips and in his eyes; he looked down, however, and added: "But after all, who asked them to come? They have no more than they deserve, perhaps."

He touched his horse with his whip, and uttering a tremendous oath, rode away, followed by the hurrahs and laughter of the men who at once broke up their ranks.

Not all his words, no doubt, had reached the understanding of the troops, and no one could have repeated

them accurately; but their solemnity to begin with, and the frank, kindly simplicity that had stamped them at the conclusion, went straight to the men's hearts. Each man, indeed, felt like his chief, not only the justice of his cause and the triumph of right, but that honest compassion for the enemy which had found expression in the old man's sound oath; the soldiers' hearty shouts were their response, and they did not cease for some time. — One of the aides-de-camp having asked the marshal whether he would not now get into his carriage, Koutouzow could only answer with a sob.

Twilight had set in on the 18th of November, the last day of the fighting at Krasnoé, when the troops reached their halting-place for the night. The weather was still calm, there was a hard frost, and though a few flakes of snow fell at intervals, a starlit, purple sky bent over the scene.

The infantry regiment which had started from Taroutino 3,000 strong, was the first to arrive at the village —now numbering 900. The quarter-masters found that every hut was occupied by the sick and dead, by staff-officers or cavalry men. Only one was vacant for the use of the colonel of the regiment, who at once proceeded thither, while the men marched through the village and piled their arms in front of the furthest houses.

The regiment, like a many-armed polyp, at once set to work to establish itself and find food. A party of soldiers, plunging through snow up to their knees, made their way to a birch-copse to the right of the

road, and in a few minutes it was ringing with their songs and the blows of the axes as they lopped the branches. Another party were busy round the waggons, taking out the cooking-pots, biscuit, and forage for the horses who were already picketed; others again had dispersed through the village to clear out the lodgings for the officers of the staff, carry off the dead bodies of the French, and secure the thatch off the roofs, with boards and dead brushwood from the hedges, to throw up some form of shelter.

A dozen or so of men were in the act of uprooting a hedge which enclosed a shed off which the roof had already been torn.

"Now then, all at once,—Push!" cried several; and the hedge, laden with snow, rocked under their efforts cracking in the darkness with the crisp ring of frozen wood. The stakes yielded and at last the hedge half gave way, dragging the soldiers down in its fall. The men roared with laughter.

"Hold on there you two. . . ."

"Here, where is the crowbar?"

"What the deuce are you doing?"

"Now boys once more. In time."

They were all silent and a deep, rich bass set up a song; at the end of the third beat, as the last note died away, all the soldiers joined in with a tuneful shout: "Altogether boys! over she goes!" But still the fence held good and they stood panting for breath.

"Here, you fellows of the 6th, come here, lend a hand — we will do you a turn some day."

Some men of the 6th company who were coming through the village answered to the call, and a few minutes later the tall hedge was borne off in triumph, its tangled and wattled branches bruising the breathless men's shoulders under their weight.

"Look out there! — You are stumbling, blockhead!"

"What are you at?" cried a non-commissioned officer in imperious tones, rushing at the party. "The general is in that isba. I will teach you — idiots that you are!" he went on, giving a violent cuff to the first soldier that came under his hand. "Silence there! Not so much row!"

The soldiers were silent, though the one who had been hit growled between his teeth as he saw the sergeant retiring.

"By G—— what a blow! My face is bleeding!"

"And you don't like it? Fancy that!" said a mocking voice. Then walking more circumspectly they went on their way; but as soon as they were beyond the village their spirits were as boisterous as ever, and they began their riotous chatter once more, interlarded with harmless swearing.

The officers, assembled in the cottage and drinking their tea, were eagerly discussing the day just past and the plans for the morrow; a flank march to the left was projected, to cut off the Viceroy's communications and take him prisoner.

While the men lugged their hedge along, stumbling

at every step, fires were crackling under the pots, the wood roared and blazed, the snow melted, and the black shapes of men stamping to warm their feet were to be seen moving in every direction. Though no orders had been given knives and axes were busily at work — on one hand wood was being heaped up for the fires during the night and tents were being pitched for the officers; on the other supper was being cooked, guns cleaned and accoutrements brushed up. The hedge, supported by stakes, was erected on the northern side in a semi-circle to screen their fire. The bugles sounded, the roll was called, supper was eaten and the men crowded round the blaze, some mending their shoes or smoking a pipe, while others stripped to the skin and toasted their fleas or other vermin.

The peculiarly squalid condition and hard lot of these soldiers, who lacked shoes and warm clothing, slept under the stars, and marched through deep snow with a temperature at 18 degrees below freezing, might have given reasonable ground for expecting to see them in the most wretched plight. On the contrary, never, even under the happiest circumstances, had the army been in such good spirits or so well affected. The reason was that every day it was able to shake off the weak or dejected; thus those that were left were the pick of the troops, the strongest in body and in mind.

A number of men of the 8th company had collected under shelter of their hedge. Among others two sergeant-majors had claimed a seat near this fire which

burnt better than any other, saying that they had brought logs to it.

"I say, Makéef — are you lost? Have the wolves got you? Bring us some wood, slow-coach!" cried a red-haired soldier with a face scorched by the frost and eyes blinking in the smoke, but who would not stir from his place by the fire.

"Do you go, 'Crow,'" said the man addressed, turning to one of his comrades.

The red-haired man was neither sergeant nor corporal, but his powerful build gave him the right of might to order his companions about. The "Crow," a lean little fellow with a sharp nose, rose submissively but at the same moment the blaze lighted up the figure of a fine-looking young trooper who came forward bent under the weight of a pile of dry wood.

"That's good — hand them here!" The boughs were broken and heaped upon the embers; every mouth was ready to blow, the fire was fanned with the skirts of the men's great-coats, and in a moment the flame rose, flinging up the sparks. The party crowded round and lighted their pipes, while the young trooper with his hands on his hips danced a measure to warm his frozen feet.

"Oh! little mother the dew is cold but lovely!" he sang in an undertone.

"Look out, your soles are flying off!" cried the red-haired man, seeing one of the lad's soles hanging loose. "It is dangerous to dance too much nowadays."

The dancer stopped, pulled off the torn leather and flung it into the fire.

"That's a true word!" he said; he took a piece of dark-blue French cloth out of his cartridge-pouch and wrapped it round his foot over his shoe.

"We shall soon have new ones now," said one of the men, "and two pairs apiece perhaps. — So Pétrow, the skulking lout, has stayed behind with the stragglers?"

"But I saw him I am sure," said another.

"Well, after all he is only one more. . . ."

"Nine men were missing when the 9th were called over last night."

"That is no news! — And what is a man to do when his feet are frozen?"

"What is the use of thinking about it?" muttered the sergeant.

"You would like to try how it feels perhaps?" said an old soldier reproachfully to the man who had mentioned frozen feet.

"What do you take us for?" said a shrill quavering voice from the other side of the fire; it was the man they had called "Crow." "Even if we are not ill we grow thinner and thinner, and at last must die. — Like me; I am done for. — Send me to hospital," he went on, boldly addressing the sergeant. "I have pains in every inch of me and the fever never leaves me; I shall be the next to drop on the road!"

"Come, come!" said the sergeant coolly.

The "Crow" said no more and the conversation again became general.

"They have caught a good lot of Frenchmen to-day, but their shoes were not worth mentioning," said a soldier to change the subject.

"The Cossacks took care of that, when they cleared out the house for the colonel and carried them all away. Would you believe it, lads, I could not bear to see them so knocked about! One of them was still alive and mumbling something to himself. — And how clean they are, boys, all those men — and as white! — As white as that birch-tree yonder. — And there are some fine brave fellows among them, I can tell you, and noblemen too."

"What is the wonder of that? They recruit them from all classes over there."

"And yet they do not understand a word we say to them," objected the young soldier. "I asked one of them what crown he was under, and he would only stammer out his own gibberish. They are a queer people!"

"There is some bogey trick at the bottom of it, boys," said the one who had expressed his astonishment at the whiteness of French skins. "The people about Mojaïsk told me that when they carted away the dead, a month after the battle they were still as clean and as white as paper, and didn't smell a bit."

"Because it was so cold, perhaps?" said one.

"What a blockhead's speech! How could it be the cold when it was hot weather? — Besides, if it had

been the cold our men would have been the same; while they told me our men were all worm-eaten and they had to cover up their faces while they moved them; but the Frenchmen were as white as a sheet of paper."

"It is the feeding does it most likely," said the sergeant; "they lived like princes."

"And the peasants thereabouts told me," the former speaker went on, "that men were sent out from ten villages, and that for twenty days they did nothing but cart away the dead; and that was not nearly all for there were many packs of wolves. . . ."

"Ah! that was something like a battle!" said an old trooper. "The others were no good except just to worry the men."

The conversation now died away, each man making his own arrangements for the night as best he might.

"Lord! what heaps of stars! It looks as if the women had spread their linen out over the sky!" cried the young fellow gazing up in admiration at the milky way.

"It is a good sign children; it means a fine harvest."

Snoring was soon audible in the general silence; some turned over to warm themselves, muttering a few words to each other. Suddenly a peal of laughter, from another camp fire about a hundred yards away, fell on their ear.

"What is going on over there, among the men of the 5th? They have got company there! — Look!"

A soldier rose and went to see.

"They are uncommonly jolly over there," said he coming back. "Two Frenchmen have come in; one is half-frozen, but the other is as merry as a grig and singing to them."

"Oh, ho! Well, come along then, we must see the fun."

The 5th company had bivouacked on the skirts of the wood, and an enormous fire built up in the middle of the snow threw its broad light on the boughs that bent under the icicles, when, late in the evening, steps were heard cracking the dry sticks under the trees.

"Hark boys! the witches!" said a soldier. All the men raised their heads and listened. Two human creatures, strange indeed to look upon, came out of the underwood into the full glare of the blaze: two Frenchmen, who had been hiding in the wood. They came towards the Russians, uttering unintelligible words. One, who wore an officer's shako, seemed desperately weak; he dropped rather than lay down by the fire; his companion a short, square-set man, with his head tied up, was evidently of robuster frame. He raised his comrade's head, and pointing to his mouth said something. The soldiers gathered round him, spread a coat under the invalid, and brought both the wanderers some porridge and some brandy. The officer was Captain Ramballe, with his servant Morel. When

Morel had swallowed some brandy and a large bowl of porridge, a morbid jollity came over him; he talked without stopping, while his master, who refused all food, lay in gloomy silence, staring vaguely at the Russians with blood-shot eyes. Every now and then a long, quivering groan broke from his lips. Morel, pointing to his epaulettes tried to explain that his master was an officer, and that what he wanted was warmth. A Russian officer, coming up, dispatched a man to ask the colonel whether he would give shelter to a French officer who was perishing of cold, and the colonel sent word that he was to be taken to him at once. Ramballe was told to rise, and he tried; but he tottered at the first attempt, and would have fallen back but for a private who lifted him up, and with the help of some others carried him to the hut. Putting his arms round the neck of his nurses, and leaning his head on one of the men's shoulders like a weary child, he kept repeating in a plaintive voice: "Oh! my good, kind friends! What good fellows!"

Morel, left with the men now took the best place; his eyes were red, inflamed and watery; he had on a woman's pelisse and had tied a handkerchief over his cap and knotted it under his chin. The brandy had gone a little to his head, and he sat singing a French song in a husky, tremulous voice. The soldiers were holding their sides to laugh.

"Come — let me try to learn it; I shall soon catch the tune. Begin again," said a soldier whom Morel was clasping in a fond embrace.

"*Vive Henri quatre, Vive ce roi vaillant!*" * sang Morel.

"*Vive Harica, Vive cerouvalla! Sidiablaka . . . .*" repeated the Russian, who had caught the air.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the others, with a hearty roar of laughter, and Morel laughed too as he went on: "*Eut le triple talent De boire, de battre, et d'être un vert galant!*"

"It sounds pretty enough. Now, then, Zaletaiew, go on."

"*Iou, iou — le triptala deboi, deba et dettra vergala!*" he sang at the top of his voice, but puckering his lips elaborately.

"That's it, that's it! That's French, sure enough! — Give him some more porridge; it will take a good deal to fill his hunger," and Morel had soon disposed of his third bowlful.

The young soldiers smiled in sympathy, while the older men, regarding such puerilities as beneath them, remained stretched by the fire, raising themselves now and then to glance good-naturedly at Morel.

"They are men too, after all," said one of them, drawing his coat round him. "And even wormwood has roots."

"Oh! what crowds of stars!" said another. "It is a sign of frost, worse luck!"

The stars, secure from any interference in their

* A popular old French song. "Long live Henri IV, long live that valiant king! That jolly good fellow had the threefold gift of drinking, fighting and gaily making love!" The Russian soldier's gibberish is an imitation in sound of the French words.

affairs, seemed to sparkle with added brilliancy in the dark vault; now disappearing and now lighting up again, and sending a shaft of light through space they seemed to be telegraphing some glad mystery to each other.

And so the French army continued to melt away with regularly increasing rapidity, and the crossing of the Bérésina, about which so much has been written, was but an incident in its destruction and not, in truth, the decisive episode of the campaign. The reason that so much has been said about it by the French is that all the misfortunes and disasters which they had met with, one by one, in the course of their retreat, combined their forces in one tremendous catastrophe to overwhelm them on that narrow bridge, and left ineffaceable traces on their memory. And if its fame was no less among the Russians, it was because Pfühl, at St. Petersburg — far enough from the seat of war, had devised a project by which Napoleon was to be entrapped in a complex strategical snare which he had laid for him, *ex professo*, on the shores of the Bérésina. Thus, being convinced that everything must happen in exact accordance with this scheme, it was always asserted that the passage of the Bérésina had proved fatal to the French, when, in fact, its results were less disastrous than the action at Krasnoé, as can be proved by the sum total of prisoners and guns that they left behind after that engagement.

The more precipitate the flight of the French van, the more wretched was the condition of the wrecked remains of their army, especially after the Bérésina; while, on the other hand, the more furious was the wrath of the Russian generals, who spared no one, and least of all Koutouzow. Believing that the failure of the St. Petersburg plan would be certainly attributed to him, they made no secret of their disgust, venting it in contempt and sarcasms — veiled, of course, under respectful formalities — which placed him in a position in which he could not answer the accusation. All his suite, blind to his true character, declared that any discussion was out of the question with this wrong-headed old man; that he could never attain to their breadth of view; that he would always repeat his wearisome saying: "We must make a bridge of gold for the French." When he answered, instead, that they must wait for provisions, or that the men were barefoot, these obvious replies to their learned theories were to them only fresh proof that he was an old idiot, while they, who were really skilful and intelligent, had no power to act.

This disaffection and ill-will reached their height after the junction of Koutouzow's army with that of Wittgenstein, the famous admiral and favorite hero of St. Petersburg. Once only, after the Bérésina, did Koutouzow lose his temper, and wrote as follows to Benningsen, who was the Czar's private reporter:

"I must request your excellency, on receiving this letter to retire to Kalouga on account of the precarious

state of your health, and to await there his majesty's further commands."

In consequence of this banishment of Benningsen, the Grand Duke Constantine, who had been with the troops during the early part of the campaign, and had been set aside by Koutouzow, rejoined the army, and communicated to the commander-in-chief his Majesty's annoyance at the smallness of the Russian successes and the slowness of their movements; he also announced that his Majesty himself would arrive shortly. Koutouzow, whose experience as a courtier was at least equal to his acumen as a soldier, understood at once that his part was played out, and that the semblance of power he had been allowed to wield was now withdrawn. It was easy to understand. On one hand the campaign which it had been his duty to conduct was at an end and his function therefor fulfilled; on the other, he was, in fact, physically weary, and his frame, broken by years, needed complete repose.

He returned to Vilna on the 29th of November — "his dear Vilna," as he called it. He had already been twice Governor of the town, so that he found there not only the ease that could only be had in a city which had happily escaped the horrors of war, but also old friends and pleasant memories. Casting off all the cares of government and of military command, he settled down into a calm and regular life, so far at least as he could in the midst of the intrigues that buzzed around him — as though henceforth he was perfectly in-

different to any events that might occur, however important.

The most indefatigable schemer of military manœuvres was Tchitchagow; it was he who had proposed to carry war into Greece or to Warsaw, and he always objected to going where he was sent. Tchitchagow considered Koutouzow as under obligations to him, because when, in 1811, he was charged with the duty of concluding peace with Turkey, irrespective of Koutouzow, and found that it was already signed, he explained to the Czar that the credit of the negotiations was entirely due to Koutouzow and was himself the first to receive him at the gate of the Castle of Vilna, in naval undress, his hat under his arm, and to present him with the report of the state of the troops and with the keys of the town. But now the half-contemptuous deference of the younger generation of men for the old man whom they chose to consider as in his dotage was suddenly and brutally manifest in the behavior of Tchitchagow, who was well aware of the accusations that had been brought against Koutouzow. When Koutouzow told him that the fourgons containing his table-plate, which had been seized at Borissow, would be restored to him intact, Tchitchagow replied:

"I suppose you wish to convey that I have nothing to eat with! But I have, I assure you, all you are likely to require, even if you should wish to give dinner-parties." His instinct was always to make a display of his personal importance, and he ascribed the same feeling to Koutouzow.

"Indeed," replied the elder simply, with a keen and subtle smile. "I only told you because I thought you might like to know, not for any other reason."

The commander-in-chief had detained almost all the troops at Vilna, against the Czar's desire. After a short residence there the men about him declared that he had altogether lost his head. Henceforth he troubled himself very little about military matters and left the generals to act as they chose, leading a life of pleasure till the Sovereign should arrive.

On the 11th of December, his Majesty and his suite attended by Count Tolstoï, Prince Volkhonsky and Araktchéïew, arrived in his travelling-sleigh at the Castle of Vilna. In spite of the bitter cold, a hundred or so of generals and staff-officers, with a guard of honor of the Séménovsky regiment, were awaiting him outside the gates. The Czar's courier arriving in a troïka driven at break-neck speed, shouted: "He is coming!" and Konovnitzine rushed into the vestibule to announce the Czar to Koutouzow who was waiting in the anteroom. A moment after that he stepped out on the terrace, his breast covered with orders, his sash tightening his burly waist and his stout, heavy person swaying as he moved; he put on his hat, took his gloves in his hand, and slowly descending the steps, took from an official the report it was his duty to present to his Majesty.

A second troïka came flying by, and then all eyes were fixed upon a sleigh that followed swiftly and in which the Czar and Volkhonsky could be seen sitting side by side.

Though accustomed for fifty years to the nervous excitement that he always felt on receiving an Imperial visit the commander-in-chief was as much agitated as usual: he hastily felt all his medals and stars, and set his hat straight on his head. As the Czar stepped out of the carriage he looked up at him; then, taking courage, he presented the report and addressed his Majesty in his soft, engaging tones. Alexander glanced at him from head to foot with a slight frown, but at once recollected himself and opened his arms to embrace him. And, as usual, this friendly accolade, rousing personal secret associations, thrilled him with deep feeling which expressed itself in a sob.

The Czar bowed to the officers and to the Sémé-novsky guards, and once more pressing Koutouzow's hand, led the way to the castle. When they were alone he did not attempt to dissemble his vexation at the mistakes that had been committed at Krasnoé and the Bérésina, and at Koutouzow's slowness in pursuit of the enemy; he also laid before him a plan for a campaign beyond the frontier. Koutouzow made no remarks nor objections. His face expressed only passive and utter submission — as it had seven years since, when receiving the Czar's commands on the field of Austerlitz. When he quitted him, his head bent on his breast, as he crossed the large reception-room with his heavy, uncertain step, he heard a voice saying: "Your Highness!"

Koutouzow looked up and gazed for some little space at Count Tolstoï, who was standing before him

and offering a small object on a tray. He did not seem to understand what he was to do. Suddenly the faintest possible smile dawned on his large face, and bowing respectfully, he took up the object thus presented to him. It was the order of St. George of the first class.

Next evening Koutouzow gave a grand banquet, and after it a ball which the Czar honored with his presence. From the moment when it was known that Koutouzow had received the star of St. George every one was eager to do him honor; still his Majesty's disappointment was no secret from any one. All the proprieties were observed, and the Czar was the first to set the example, but it was whispered that the old man was much to blame and quite childish. When his Majesty entered the ball-room, Koutouzow, with a reminiscence of the traditions of the days of Catherine, had the enemy's standards bowed before him in salute, and Alexander with a scowl only muttered a few words — among others: "Old actor!"

His annoyance with Koutouzow arose from the Marshal's not seeing — or not choosing to see — that the intended campaign was necessary. The day after his arrival at Vilna Alexander had said to the assembled officers: "You have not merely saved Russia, you have saved Europe!"

They all understood from this that the war was not over. But Koutouzow would not hear of it; he said very plainly that a continuance of the war could neither improve the position nor add to the glory of Russia; that, on the contrary, it would weaken its

prestige, and that its internal condition would be rendered more critical. He tried to prove to the Czar the impossibility of levying fresh troops, and even ventured to suggest the possibility of failure.

From this moment it was evident that the marshal was simply an obstacle to be got rid of. To avoid hurting his feelings too much a quite natural arrangement was hit upon; the power was gradually taken out of his hands and transferred to the Czar, as had been done at Austerlitz. To this end the staff was somewhat altered and that of Koutouzow was deprived of all influence. Toll, Konovnitzine and Yermolow had fresh appointments, and the marshal's shaken health was openly discussed; for the more was said about it the easier it would be to nominate his successor. Just as before, when Koutouzow had been quietly brought back from Turkey to organize the St. Petersburg militia and from thence sent to the army where he was indispensable, so now, his work being done, fresh wheels were set in motion.

The war of 1812 was no longer to maintain the strictly national character which endeared it to every Russian heart, and was to become of European importance.

And now the movement of the Western nations Eastwards gave place to a tide the other way. This new war needed a new main-spring, acting under different impulses from Koutouzow's. The man to fill this place was the Czar Alexander, who was as necessary to the restoration of nations and national frontiers as

Koutouzow had been to the safety and glory of Russia. Koutouzow had no comprehension of what was meant by Europe, by the balance of power, and by Napoleon's aggressions. To him, as the representative of the Russian people, a Russian himself to the backbone, the work seemed to be finished as soon as the foe was crushed, and his country delivered and placed on a pinnacle of glory. There was nothing left to the Champion of his country but to die — and he died.

CHAPTER XVII.

PIERRE — like most men under similar circumstances — did not feel the full effects of the physical privations and moral tension he had endured during his captivity till it was over. As soon as he was free he started for Orel, and two days after, when he was on the point of starting for Kïew, he was attacked by what the doctors called a bilious fever which detained him at Orel three months. In spite of their attentions — bleedings and every kind of physic — he recovered his health.

The days that elapsed between his rescue and the time that he fell ill left no trace on his memory, but of grey, dull, rainy weather, of physical prostration, of horrible pain in his feet and in his side, of an endless series of troubles and miseries, of impertinent curiosity in the officers who would cross-question him, of his

difficulty in finding carriages or horses, and above all of moral and mental torpor. On the day that had brought him freedom he saw Pétia carried by — dead; and he heard that Prince André had just died at Yaroslaw under the same roof with the Rostows. Denissow, who told him this, also alluded to Helen's death, of which he supposed him to be informed; Pierre was greatly surprised, but that was all; he was incapable of taking in all the bearings of this event on his own future. His only idea was to get away from this hell-on-earth where men did nothing but kill each other, to find a refuge somewhere — anywhere; to rest; to co-ordinate his ideas; to reflect in peace on all he had seen and gone through.

When he first completely recovered his wits after his illness he saw, at the foot of his bed, two of his old servants who had come from Moscow expressly to wait on him, and with them his eldest cousin, who had been living on one of his estates in the neighborhood of Orel.

The impressions to which he had become inured faded very gradually from his mind during the long process of convalescence; he even had some difficulty in accustoming himself to the idea, as each morning dawned, that he should not be driven forward with a flock in which he was an unit, that no one would take possession of his bed, and that he was certain to have dinner and supper each in due season. And when he fell asleep he constantly dreamed of the scenes and details of his life as a prisoner.

But the happy sense of liberty which is innate in man, and which he had felt keenly enough in the first hours after his rescue, came back to him and possessed him wholly during his convalescence. He could not understand how this merely mental liberty quite apart from external circumstances could be so intense a joy, and give him such exquisite pleasure; it was in fact only the result of his physical freedom. He was alone in a strange town, no one made any demands on him, he wanted for nothing, and the remembrance of his wife no longer haunted him as a perpetual humiliation.

From old habit he sometimes said to himself: "What is there for me to do next?" — and the answer was: "Nothing. — To live. — Great God! how good that is!" He had no aim in life, and this indifference, which had formerly been his bane, now gave him a sense of unlimited freedom. Why should he have any such aim now that he had faith — not faith in any set of rules or accepted dogmas, but in a living and ever-present God? Formerly he had sought Him in the duties he had set himself; then, suddenly, as a captive, he had discovered, not by force of logic but by a sort of personal revelation, that there was indeed a God, an omnipotent God; and that the God known to Platon Karataïew was greater and more supremely above human apprehension than the "Architect of the Universe" as acknowledged by the freemasons. Had he not been like a man who looks far away for an object that lies at his feet? Had he not spent his life in staring into vacancy over other men's heads, while he had

only to look close before him? In that past time nothing had revealed the Infinite to him; he had only felt that it must exist somewhere, and walked on, resolute to seek it; everything within his reach had been a mere medley of narrow and petty interests devoid of real meaning — such as the social life of Europe, politics, freemasonry, and philosophy. But now he understood the Infinite, he saw it in everything, and wholly admired the ever-changing and ever-glorious picture of life in its endless variety. The awful question which had been wont to confront him at every turn, which had undermined again and again the structures of his mind: "Why?" — no longer haunted him; his soul could reply in all honesty and simplicity that God is, and that not a hair of a man's head can fall without His Will.

Pierre had changed but little; absent-minded as ever, he only seemed to be under the influence of some constant fixed idea. What had formerly repelled acquaintance in spite of his kind face was his unhappy expression; but now the constant smile which the mere joy of living brought to his lips, and the sympathetic kindness of his eyes, made him everywhere a welcome presence. He had been wont to be argumentative, to fire up readily, and be an unwilling listener; now he was rarely to be tempted into a discussion, he was ready to let others talk and thus often learnt their most secret thoughts.

His cousin, who had never loved him, indeed, who had sincerely hated him when, after the old count's

death, he had laid her under obligations to him, could not get over her astonishment on discovering, after a short sojourn at Orel — whither she came to nurse him in spite of the ingratitude of which she chose to accuse him — that she felt a genuine liking for him. But he had done nothing to win her good graces; he had simply studied her character with some curiosity. Formerly, as she had always suspected him of indifference or of ironical meaning, she had shrunk into herself and put forth all her prickles; now, on the other hand, perceiving as she did, with distrust at first and then with gratitude, that he was endeavoring to read and understand her deepest feelings, she unconsciously learnt to show only the best side of her nature: "In fact he is a very excellent creature when he is not under the influence of evil-disposed persons but under that of people like myself," said the lady to herself.

The doctor, who called on him daily, though he felt it incumbent on him to explain that every minute of his time was precious to suffering humanity, would spend hours with Pierre, relating his favorite anecdotes and his observations on the characters of his patients — especially women.

Several French officers were residing as prisoners at Orel, and the doctor brought one to call on Pierre. He was an Italian, and soon fell into a habit of going often to see Pierre; and Princess Catherine laughed to herself at the fervent friendship he showed to her cousin. He enjoyed talking to him, relating his past

life and confiding to him all his love affairs, pouring forth, too, the venom of his hatred of the French, and especially of Napoleon.

"If all Russians are like you," he said one day to Pierre, "it is really a sacrilege to make war on such a nation. You, who have suffered so much at their hands, do not even hate them."

At Orel Pierre also found an old acquaintance, Count Villarsky, the freemason whom we met before in 1807. He had married a very rich Russian lady whose estates were in the government of Orel, and he was just now temporarily employed in the commissariat department. Though he had never been particularly intimate with Bésoukhow, he was pleased to meet him again; he was bored to death at Orel and only too glad to fall in with a man of his own society, taking it for granted that they must have some tastes in common. However, to his great surprise, he found that Pierre was remarkably behind the world in his ideas, that he had sunk into what Villarsky took for apathy and egoism.

"You are fossilizing, my dear fellow!" he constantly said to him; and yet he would return day after day, and Pierre, as he talked with him, wondered how he could ever have thought as this man did.

Villarsky, forced to attend to his duties, his business and his family, regarded all such personal cares as a hindrance to the real uses of life. Military affairs, administrative politics, and freemasonry were the objects of his interest. Pierre did not blame him for this, and never tried in any way to lead him to change his views;

but he studied the singular phenomenon with a mildly satirical smile.

A quite new feature in Pierre's character, and a generally attractive one, was his recognition of every man's right — as he believed — to think and judge for himself, and of the impossibility of convincing any one, be it who it might, by mere words. This right, which formerly had irritated him excessively, was now the chief source of his interest in his fellow men.

This new view of things had its influence too on the practical outcome of his life. Formerly all demands for gifts of money had worried and puzzled him. "The man wants it, no doubt," he would say to himself, "but such another wants it even more. — And how can I tell that they are not both deceiving me?" Finally, not knowing how to decide, he gave away money right and left, all he had at his disposal. But now, to his great surprise, he no longer felt this perplexity; an instinctive sense of justice, which he himself could not account for, guided him unfailingly as to the right decision in each case. Thus, one day a French prisoner, a colonel, after boasting for some time of his various exploits, ended by requesting, almost demanding a loan of 4,000 francs, to forward, as he said, to his wife and children. Pierre refused without an instant's hesitation, surprising himself by the readiness with which he answered in the negative; and instead of handing the sum to the colonel, he persuaded the Italian, who needed it sorely, to accept it.

He acted in the same spirit with regard to his wife's

debts and the reconstruction of his houses in the town and in the country. His head steward, in laying before him a schedule of his losses by the burning of Moscow — which were estimated at about two millions of roubles, advised him to recoup himself by ignoring the Countess's debts, and by not restoring his houses which cost about 80,000 roubles a year to keep up. At the first moment Pierre agreed; but when, towards the end of January, the architect at Moscow sent him an estimate for the works needed to restore the ruined buildings, Pierre once more read through the letters he had received from Prince Basil and some of his friends in reference to his wife's liabilities, and did not hesitate to reverse his decision. He made up his mind to rebuild his houses, and to go to St. Petersburg to pay off the Countess's debts. This, it was true, would diminish his income by about three-quarters, but as soon as he saw that it was just and necessary, he immediately proceeded to carry it out.

Villarsky having occasion to make a journey to Moscow he arranged to travel with him, and all the way he went his feeling was that of a schoolboy out for a holiday. Everything he saw on the road appeared in a new light, and his companion's frequently expressed regrets at the poor and backward condition of Russia as compared with western Europe could not diminish his enthusiasm; for where Villarsky saw only deplorable torpidity Pierre, on the contrary, discovered the source of that endurance, strength and vital energy which had supported the nation — a nation fundamen-

tally pure, and unique in its way — in a struggle fought out on snow-covered plains.

It would be as difficult to account for the motives which led the Russians, after the departure of the French, to congregate once more on the spot called Moscow, as to discern why and where the ants rush in such bewildered haste, when an ant-hill is upturned by accident. Some flee, carrying their eggs or minute fragments; others run back to the wreck; they meet, jostle and fight; but if we contemplate the ant-hill closely, we cannot but perceive, from the energy and persistent activity of the myriad inhabitants, that the essential element that gives it strength, has survived its utter ruin, and in the same way, by the end of October, notwithstanding the absence of all authority, of church services, of wealth, and even of houses, Moscow had the same general aspect as it had had in August. Everything had been destroyed excepting its indestructible and vigorous vitality.

The motives which brought back those who first returned were wholly savage; a week later and Moscow had already 15,000 inhabitants, then 25,000; and the number increased so rapidly, that by the autumn of 1813 the sum of the inhabitants was greater than in the preceding years.

The Cossacks of Wintzingerode's detachment, the peasants from the neighboring villages, and the fugitives hiding in the suburbs were the first to come back,

and devoted themselves to pillage — thus carrying on the work begun by the French. The peasants made their way home with carts loaded with objects they had found in the houses and in the streets; the Cossacks did the same, and the owners snatched all they could from each other, under pretence of recovering possession of their own. These plunderers were followed by a crowd of others; as their numbers swelled, the business became more difficult and robbery took a more organized aspect.

Though the French had found Moscow deserted, a semblance of administration had been kept up; but towards the end of their sojourn this mockery of vital energy died out, giving way to a state of unchecked pillage. The plundering which marked the return of the Russians to their capital brought about the reverse process, for people of all classes, tradesmen, artisans and peasants — some out of curiosity and some out of self-interest or in the interest of their masters — flowed back as the blood flows back to the heart, and brought with them wealth and regular habits of life. The peasants who came in with empty waggons hoping to fill them with booty were caught by the authorities and forced to cart away the dead; others, warned in time of their companions' miscalculation, brought in corn, hay and oats, and by natural competition brought prices up to the same level as they had stood at before the catastrophe; carpenters came in crowds, expecting to find work; the burnt-out houses were repaired and rose from their ruins; tradesmen began business; inns and

taverns took possession of abandoned premises; the priests reopened the churches that had been spared by the fire; officials set their tables and presses in order in such little rooms as they could find; the superior authorities and the police devoted themselves to distributing the baggage left behind by the French — which gave an opportunity, as usual, for abusing and for buying over the police; petitions for pecuniary assistance poured in from every quarter, and at the same time came the monstrous estimates of the tenders for restoring the buildings belonging to the crown; and once again Count Rostoptchine's 'posters' were to be seen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Pierre came to Moscow at the end of January and settled himself in one wing of his house, which had escaped injury. He intended to start within two days for St. Petersburg, and he went to call on Count Rostoptchine and some other old acquaintances who, in the elation of a final and complete victory, received him with joy and questioned him as to all he had seen. Though he met with great sympathy, he was reserved in his communications and answered very vaguely when he was questioned as to his future plans. He learnt, among other things, that the Rostows were at Kostroma; but his memory of Natacha was now no more than a sweet reminiscence of a very remote past.

He was so happy to be independent of all the ties of life that it was an additional pleasure to feel free from an influence to which, at the time however, he had yielded with his own full consent.

The Droubetzkoïs told him that Princess Marie was in Moscow, and he went to call on her that same evening. As he went his mind dwelt on Prince André, on his sufferings, on his death, on their friendship, and above all on their last meeting, the evening before Borodino.

"Did he die in the irritation he was then feeling?" said he to himself. "Or was the enigma of life revealed to him in the hour of death, I wonder?" Then he thought of Karataïew, involuntarily comparing these two men — so unlike each other, and yet, to him brought so near by his love for them both.

He was grave and sad as he went into the Bolkonsky's house; though it had recovered its characteristic aspect it still bore traces of the disaster. An old man-servant with a stern face, as much as to say that the Prince's death had made no change in the rules of the establishment, told him that the Princess was in her own rooms, and received company only on Sundays.

"Give her my name; perhaps she will see me."

"In that case take the trouble to walk into the portrait-gallery."

In a few minutes the man returned with Dessalles, to say that the Princess would be very happy to see Pierre, and to beg him to go up-stairs to her. He found her in an up-stairs room — a small, low room,

lighted by a single candle. She was in black, and another person, also in mourning, was with her. Pierre supposed at first that this was one of the lady companions whom Princess Marie was always glad to have about her but of whom he had never taken any heed. The Princess rose eagerly and held out her hand.

"Yes," said she, as he kissed it, noting the alteration in his appearance, "this is how we meet again. *He* often spoke of you towards the end—" and she glanced at the lady in black with a hesitancy that did not escape Pierre.

"The news of your rescue was a great happiness to me," she went on, "the only joy we have known for very long." Again she glanced uneasily at her companion.

"Only fancy, I knew nothing about him," said Pierre. "I thought he was killed, and I only heard indirectly through a third person — I know he found the Rostows — What a strange coincidence!" Pierre spoke eagerly. He too glanced at the stranger, and catching her expression of kindly interest, concluded instinctively that this lady in mourning was charming and amiable and would not be any check on his frank effusiveness to Princess Marie. She, on her part, was very visibly confused when he alluded to the Rostows, and she looked once more from Pierre to the lady in black.

"Do not you recognize her?" she said.

Pierre now looked with some attention at the pale, delicate face, the lips so strangely pinched, and the

large black eyes of this stranger. Suddenly he found in them that soft radiance so dear to his heart, from which he had so long been shut out.

"Impossible!" he thought. "Can that be she? pale, thin, so much older, with that austere expression — It must be a delusion!" But the Princess spoke Natacha's name, and the pallid face, with its solemn, mournful eyes, changed, as a rusty door yields to pressure from without. The lips smiled, and that smile shed a perfume of happiness on Pierre, which seemed to float round him and penetrate his being. There could be no doubt after that smile: it was Natacha, and he loved her more than ever! The violence of the impression was so great that it betrayed at once to Natacha, to Marie, and to himself the certainty of a passion which he still found it difficult to confess to himself. His agitation was a mixture of joy and pain; the more he tried to mask it the more it betrayed itself without the help of words by a deepening blush: "It is only surprise," said he to himself; but when he tried to resume the conversation, and again looked at Natacha, his heart was full of happiness and shyness. He got confused in his sentence and broke off short. It was not alone because she was pale and thin that he had failed to recognize her, but because her eyes, that had formerly been bright with the light of life, now expressed nothing but sympathy, kindness and restless melancholy. Pierre's embarrassment roused no response in Natacha; her face shone only with gentle satisfaction.

"She has come to stay with me for some little time," said Princess Marie. "The count and countess are to join us before long. The poor countess is sad to see. — Natacha needs medical advice, so I brought her away by force."

"Ah! which of us had not been tried?" said Pierre. "You know, of course, that it happened on the day when we were rescued — I saw him. — What a delightful boy he was!"

Natacha did not speak, but her eyes dilated and glittered with tears that did not fall.

"There can be no consolation," Pierre went on. "None! Why — one cannot help asking — Why should he die? that bright young creature full of life and youth?"

"Yes, indeed; and that is what makes faith more necessary than ever in our time," said Princess Marie.

"Very true," assented Pierre.

"Why?" asked Natacha looking at him.

"Why?" repeated Marie. "The mere thought of that which awaits. . . ."

"Because," said Pierre interrupting her. "Only those who believe in the guiding power of God can endure such losses as you have suffered."

Natacha seemed to be about to speak, but checked herself, and Pierre turned to Princess Marie with an eager wish to know some details of his friend's last days. His embarrassment had vanished, but with it his feeling of absolute freedom had vanished too; he was conscious that each word he spoke and everything he

did lay open to a judge whose opinion was the most precious in the world to him. Even as he talked he quaked in his inmost soul as to the effect he was producing on Natacha, and was trying to judge himself from her point of view. Princess Marie made up her mind, though reluctantly, to give Pierre the details he wished for; his questions and the interest he took in them, his voice trembling with emotion persuaded her to retrace by degrees the scenes which she hardly dared call up for herself.

"And so he grew calmer and sweeter. — He had but one aim in life, towards which he strove with all the powers of his soul, and that was to be perfectly good.— What then had he to fear in death? His faults, if he had any, cannot be counted against him. — How happy it was for him that you should have met once more!" He added, turning to Natacha, and his eyes filled with tears. She shivered a little and bowed her head, unable to make up her mind whether she should speak of him or no.

"Yes," she said in a low, subdued tone. "It was a great happiness, to me at any rate; and he" — she tried to control her emotion — "he wished it too when I went to him."

Her voice failed her and she reddened, clasping her hands convulsively; then, suddenly raising her head with a visible effort she went on in choking tones:

"When we left Moscow I did not know, and I dared not ask after him when Sonia told me he was of our party. I could not eat — I could not think what

state he might be in; I only wanted one thing and that was to see him."

Then, tremulous and gasping she told them — what she had never before revealed to any one — all she had suffered during those three weeks of travelling and sojourn at Yaroslaw. Pierre, as he listened, was thinking neither of Prince André nor of death nor of what she was saying. He was conscious only of intense pity for the pain it must be to her to call up the grief of the past; but Natacha was impelled by an irresistible impulse. She mingled the most trivial details with the most sacred feelings, told the same scenes again and again, and did not seem to know how to stop, Just then, however, Dessalles asked from the next room whether the little boy might come in.

"And that is all — that is all. . . ." cried Natacha, rising hurriedly; and flying out of the door of which little Nicolas had just raised the heavy curtain, she hit her head against the side and gave a little cry of pain as she disappeared. Was it physical pain or mental suffering ?

Pierre, who had never taken his eyes off her, felt when she was gone that he was alone again in the world. Princess Marie roused him from a reverie by attracting his notice to the child. His resemblance to his father agitated Pierre so deeply in his pathetic excitement, that, after giving him a kiss, he had to turn away and wipe his eyes. He was about to take leave but Marie detained him.

"Pray stay," she said. "Natacha and I often sit

up till three in the morning. Supper must be ready; will you go down; we will be with you in a few minutes. — This is the first time, do you know," she added, "that she has spoken with any freedom."

A few minutes later Princess Marie and Natacha joined Pierre in the large dining-room. Natacha had recovered her composure and her face had a gravity that he had never before seen. All three were suffering under the awkwardness which commonly ensues after a serious and intimate conversation. They sat down to table without a word; Pierre unfolded his napkin, and making up his mind to put an end to a silence which, if it were allowed to last, must become painful to all, looked round at the two women who were bent on doing the same. Their eyes shone with some revived joy in living and an unconscious admission that grief is not eternal but may still give place to happiness.

"Will you have a little brandy, Count?" said Princess Marie; and these simple words sufficed to chase the shadows of the past. "And tell us how you managed to live; it is a perfect romance from what we have heard."

"Oh yes," he said with gentle irony. "Things have been invented about me that I never saw even in my dreams. I am quite amazed at it still; I find myself a person of interest, and I do not mind it at all. — My friends vie with each other in asking me to their houses and telling me all the details of my captivity as they have imagined it."

"They say that the burning of Moscow cost you two millions; is that true?"

"Very likely; but I am three times as rich as I was before nevertheless," replied Pierre, who was never tired of saying this to any one who would listen, in spite of the loss he must incur in paying his wife's debts and rebuilding his houses. "What I have gained for good is my liberty. . . ." But he stopped, not wishing to dwell on his merely personal concerns.

"And you mean to build?"

"Yes. Savélitch advises it."

"Where were you when you heard of the countess's death? Were you still at Moscow?" But the princess colored as she spoke, fearing lest Pierre should attribute a wrong sense to a question which seemed to give point to his observation on having recovered his liberty.

"No, I only had the news at Orel. You may suppose how astonished I was. We were not a model couple," he went on looking at Natacha and guessing that she would be curious to hear what he might say on such a subject; "but her death stunned me. When two people cannot agree there are generally faults on both sides, and one feels doubly guilty towards the dead . . . She died alone too, without friends or consolation. I felt the deepest pity for her. . . ." And he ceased, happy in a feeling that Natacha was approving.

"So now you are a bachelor on your promotion again," said Princess Marie.

Pierre blushed scarlet and looked down. When he

raised his eyes again, after a long silence, to look at Natacha he fancied her expression was cold and reserved, almost disdainful.

"And did you really see Napoleon, as we were told?" asked Marie.

"Never," and he burst out laughing. "You might fancy that to be a prisoner was synonymous with being Napoleon's guest. I never even heard him talked about; I was in far too humble company."

"Now confess," said Natacha, "that when you stayed in Moscow it was to kill him. I guessed as much when we met you there."

Pierre admitted that this had in fact been his intention; and allowing himself to be led on by their questions, he gave them a full account of all his adventures. He spoke at first with that light irony that tinged all his opinions of others and of himself; but by degrees the remembrance, still so vivid, of the sufferings he had gone through and the horrors he had witnessed gave his speech the genuine and reticent emotion that is natural in a man who goes back in memory to the scenes of acute interest in which he has taken part.

Princess Marie looked first at Natacha and then at Pierre, whose native and thorough goodness of heart was conspicuous throughout his story. Natacha, with her elbow on the table and her chin resting on her hand, followed every detail with varying expression. Her eyes, her exclamations, her brief questions, all showed that she fully entered into the real meaning of what he endeavored to make them understand; nay,

better still, the hidden sense of much that he could not utter in words. The episode of the rescue of the child and of the woman whom he had tried to defend — the immediate cause of his being taken prisoner — he related in these words:

"It was a horrible sight; children deserted or left to perish in the flames, — one was saved before my very eyes. — Then the women, and soldiers snatching away their dresses and even their ear-rings — " he colored and paused. "And just then a patrol came along and arrested the peasants and all who were not plundering; myself among them."

"You are not telling the whole story," said Natacha interrupting him. "You would certainly have.... have done some good action."

Pierre went on with his tale. When he came to the execution of his companions he tried to pass it over lightly, so as to spare her such shocking details; but she insisted on hearing everything. Then came the story of Karataïew. They had done supper and rose from table; he paced up and down the room, Natacha watching him.

"You could never guess half of what I learnt from that man, that guileless soul who could neither read nor write."

"And what became of him?" asked Natacha.

"They shot him, almost under my eyes!" And in a voice quavering with emotion, he told them of the hapless creature's illness and death.

He himself had never seen his adventures in the

light in which they now appeared. They bore a new meaning for him; and as he narrated them to Natacha he felt the keen pleasure of which comes of the sympathy, not of a clever woman whose sole object is to assimilate what she hears and to enrich the stores of her little brain, but of that of a true woman who possesses the faculty of bringing out and taking in all that is best in a man. Natacha, though unconsciously, was all attention. Not a word, not a shade of tone, not a glance, a thrill or a gesture escaped her; she caught his sentences half-spoken, as it were in the air, and treasured them in her heart, divining the mysterious travail that had taken place in his soul.

Princess Marie was interested by all he said, but another thought filled her mind: she had just begun to understand that Pierre and Natacha might love each other and be happy together, and it filled her with deep joy.

It was now three in the morning; the servants came in with long faces to bring fresh candles, but no one heeded them. Pierre brought his story to an end. His honest emotion, stamped with some embarrassment, responded to Natacha's gaze which seemed to be questioning his silence even; and without considering the lateness of the hour he tried to find a fresh subject of conversation.

"We talk of disaster and suffering," he said, "and yet if any one were to ask me: 'Would you rather be just what you were before your imprisonment or to go through all you have endured once more?' I should

answer: 'Sooner a thousand times a prisoner's life and horse-flesh!' We are prone to fancy that everything is wrecked if once we leave the beaten path; in fact it is then only that Truth and Goodness are revealed to us. While there is life there is happiness. We still have much to look forward to, — it is for you especially that I say it," he added, turning to Natacha.

"Very true," she said, but she was answering another thought that had flashed across her mind. "I, too, could ask for nothing better than to live my life over again."

Pierre looked at her enquiringly. "No, I could ask for nothing more!"

"Is it really possible?" cried Pierre. "And am I wrong in living and in wishing to live; and you too?"

Natacha bent her head and melted into tears.

"Natacha, what ails you?"

"Nothing, nothing," she said, smiling at Pierre through her tears.

"Good-night, it is bedtime," and Pierre rose and left them.

Princess Marie and Natacha talked for some time after in their own room, but neither of them mentioned Pierre's name.

"Do you know, Marie that I often fear, lest in never speaking of him, for fear of profaning our feelings, we should altogether forget him."

Princess Marie's sigh confirmed the accuracy of this observation which she never would have dared to utter.

"Do you think it is possible to forget?" she said.

"It did me so much good to talk it all over to-day; it was both a comfort and a pain. I felt that he had truly loved him, and so .... Was I wrong?" she asked coloring.

"Wrong to speak of him to Pierre? — Oh, no! He is so good."

"Did you notice, Marie," said Natacha presently, with a saucy smile that had not been seen on her features for many a day, — "did you notice how neat and well-dressed he was, and how fresh-colored and rosy? He looks as if he had just come out of a moral bath; I mean — but you understand, don't you?"

"Yes, he has altered very much to his advantage. It was that which made 'him' so fond of him," said Princess Marie.

"Yes. — And yet they were very unlike. However, they say that men's friendships are always between those who are contrasts; I suppose it is in the nature of things. — Well, good-night, good-night!" said Natacha, and the merry smile with which she had spoken faded, as it were regretfully, from her face which was bright once more.

It was long before Pierre got any sleep. He strode up and down his room with an anxious face, shrugging his shoulders, starting, and his lips parting as if to make some avowal. Six o'clock struck and he was still thinking of Prince André, of Natacha, of their mutual love, of which even now he was jealous. He went to bed, agitated but happy, having made up his mind to

do everything within the bounds of human possibility to marry her.

He had fixed Friday for his journey to St. Petersburg, and on the following morning Savélitch came to him for orders as to his start.

"St. Petersburg?" What, I am going to St. Petersburg? What for?" he asked himself in astonishment. "To be sure, I had settled it long since; before this had occurred. Yes, and perhaps I will really go. — What a good face old Savélitch has! — Well, Savélitch; would you not like to have your freedom?"

"What should I do with it, Excellency? We lived with the old count — God rest his soul! — And now we live with you, and have nothing to complain of."

"And your children?"

"My children will do as I have done, Excellency. With a master like you there is nothing to fear."

"That is all very well; but my heirs?" said Pierre. "If I were to marry for instance? That might happen yet you know," he added with an involuntary smile.

"And a very good thing, I make bold to say, Excellency."

"How lightly he treats it," thought Pierre. "He has no idea what a serious, what a terrible thing it is .... It is too soon, or too late."

"What orders, Excellency? Will you go to-morrow?"

"No; in a few days. — I will let you know when. — Forgive me for giving you so much trouble. — It is odd," said he to himself, "that he should not have

guessed that I have nothing to do at St. Petersburg, and that *this* must be decided first of all. I am sure that he does know it and only makes believe not to. — Shall I say anything to him about it? — No, it will do better another time."

At breakfast Pierre told his cousin Catherine that he had called on Princess Marie the evening before, and that there, to his great surprise, he had met Natacha Rostow. Princess Catherine saw nothing in it to be surprised at.

"Do you know her?" Pierre asked.

"I saw her once; there was some talk of her marrying young Rostow; it would have been a good thing for him, for they say that the Rostows are ruined."

"I was not speaking of Princess Marie, but of Natacha."

"To be sure; I heard her story — a very sad one."

"Evidently," thought Pierre, "she does not understand — or she does not choose to understand. I had better say no more."

He went to dine with Princess Marie. As he went along the streets, where the ruins of the burnt houses still remained standing, he could not help admiring them. The tall chimneys that towered up in the midst of the rubbish-heaps reminded him of the ruins on the banks of the Rhine, or of the Colosseum. The coach-drivers and riders, the carpenters squaring joists, the shopkeepers and dealers, all the men he met seemed to look at him with beaming glances and say to them-

selves: "Ah! here he is back again; now we shall see what he will do next."

When he reached the house he felt as though he had been the sport of a dream and had seen Natacha in his sleep; but he had scarcely entered her presence when he felt its influence in a thrill throughout his whole being. Though dressed in black, as she had been the day before, and with her hair done just the same, her face was different; if she had looked like this when they first met he must have recognized her: she had her childish face, her face of a girl-bride. Her eyes were bright with an enquiring gleam, and a saucy and particularly friendly smile parted her lips. Pierre dined with them, and would have spent the evening there but that the ladies were going to vespers, so he accompanied them.

The next day he called again and stayed so late that, notwithstanding their pleasure in his company and the absorbing interest he found in their society, the conversation flagged and turned on the most trivial subjects. Still, Pierre could not make up his mind to leave, though he felt that they were impatient for his departure. Princess Marie, seeing no issue to the dilemma, was the first to rise and bid him good-bye, excusing herself under the plea of a headache. "So you start for St. Petersburg to-morrow?"

"No, I am not going away," said Pierre hastily. — "At least I don't know; perhaps. — At any rate I will call before leaving in case you have any commissions." He was standing up and greatly embarrassed.

Natacha gave him her hand and left the room; then Princess Marie, dropping into an arm-chair and fixing him with her luminous gaze, watched him attentively. Her fatigue had suddenly vanished; it was evident that she was prepared for a long talk with him. Pierre's awkwardness and bashfulness had also disappeared as if by magic when Natacha went away. He hastily pulled a chair forward, and sat down by the Princess. "I have a confession to make to you" he began with controlled emotion. "I want your help, Princess, — what am I to do, what hope is there for me? I know only too well that I am not worthy of her, and this is an ill-chosen time for addressing her. But might I not be like a brother to her? No," he added quickly, "No. I cannot — I will not. — I do not know how long I have loved her," he went on after a pause and with a great effort to be coherent, "but I never loved any other woman, and I cannot conceive of life without her. Of course it is particularly difficult to ask her just now to give me her hand; but the thought that she might grant it and that I may be missing an opportunity is more than I can bear. Dear Princess, is there any hope for me?"

"You are right," said Princess Marie, "in thinking this an ill-chosen time for speaking of your . . . ." But she stopped; it struck her that the entire change in Natacha made her objections seem improbable; nay, she felt that she would not be offended by Pierre's declaration of love — that at the bottom of her heart she longed for it; still, she would not yield to a mere

impulse and she repeated: "You cannot possibly speak of it now, trust in me, I know . . . ."

"What?" said Pierre breathlessly with an enquiring gaze.

"I know that she loves you, — that she will love you!" The words were scarcely spoken when Pierre started to his feet, seized her hand and wrung it hard.

"You believe it — you say you really believe it?"

"Yes I do. Write to her parents. I will speak to her about it all in good time. I sincerely wish it, and my heart tells me it will certainly be so."

"It would be too great happiness, too great happiness!" said Pierre, kissing Princess Marie's hands.

"Make your journey to St. Petersburg, that will be best, and I will write to you, I promise."

"To St. Petersburg! Now? — Well, I will do your bidding. But I may come and see you again to-morrow?"

And Pierre went next day to take leave.

Natacha was quieter than she had been these last days; but he, as he looked at her, felt but one thing: the happiness that thrilled him and that increased with every word she spoke, every movement or gesture of her person. As he clasped her small, thin hand when they were saying good-bye, he involuntarily held it for a few seconds. "This hand, that face, that treasure of delight — are they really to be mine, mine for ever?"

"Au revoir, Count," she said. "I shall expect your return with impatience," she added in a lower voice.

These simple words and the look that had accompanied them were to Pierre an endless source of memories and exquisite dreams during his two months' absence. "She said she should expect me with impatience!" and at every hour of the day he kept saying to himself: "What happiness! What happiness!"

He felt nothing now of what he had experienced during his betrothal to Helen. He then had remembered with shame every time he had said to her: "I love you." Now, on the contrary, he thought over every detail of his interview with Natacha with exquisite and unmixed delight, repeating her last words to himself again and again. He did not think of asking himself whether he were doing right or wrong; no shadow of a doubt was possible. He dreaded only one thing: lest he should have been the sport of an illusion.—Was he not too presumptuous, too sure of his happiness? Was not Princess Marie perhaps mistaken? Might not Natacha say to her with a smile: "How very strange! How can he have failed to understand that he is no more than a man like any other man, while I am so far above him?"

The very folly of happiness, which he had believed himself incapable of ever feeling again, possessed him wholly. His own life and the whole world were summed up for him in his love for her, and his hope of being loved by her. He fancied he could discern in every face a sympathy which was only hindered from expressing itself by other interests. He often puzzled those he met by his radiant look and smile of happiness.

He pitied those who did not understand, and sometimes longed to explain to them that they were losing their time in commonplace futility. When it was proposed to him that he should take some office, or when the politics of the day were discussed in his presence as exerting some possible influence over the happiness of the human race, he listened pityingly, and astonished his listeners by the oddity of his remarks. But in spite of everything the radiance of his soul, throwing its light on all who came in his way, enabled him to detect at once what there was of good or kindness in each. As he read through his wife's papers no feeling but one of deep pity was roused in his heart; and in his eyes Prince Basil — so proud of some promotion at Court and a new order — was no more than a foolish old man.

At the same time the views he held as to men and events during this period of his life, remained in his mind incontrovertibly true and often helped him in after life to solve his doubts: "I was absurd and odd perhaps at that time," he would say, "but I was not such a fool as I looked. My mind was open and keen; I understood what things in life were really worth comprehending, because — because I was happy!"

As to Natacha, from the first evening she had spent in Pierre's company, she was greatly changed. Almost without her knowing it the sap of life had revived in her heart and had spread, unchecked, throughout her being. Her demeanor, her face, her look, her voice, all were metamorphosed. Her cravings for happiness

had come to the surface and clamored to be satisfied. From that day forth she seemed to have forgotten all antecedent events. Not a complaint ever escaped her lips, by no word did she allude to the vanished shades of the past, and sometimes she even smiled over plans for the future. Though she never mentioned Pierre's name, a flame, long since extinct, sparkled in her eyes when Princess Marie spoke of him, and she could scarcely control the quivering of her lips.

Princess Marie was struck by the change of which she could easily guess the cause; and it pained her. "Did she love my brother so little that she can forget him already?" But when she saw her she could feel no grudge, could find nothing to reproach her for. This reawakening to life was so sudden, so irresistible, so entirely unforseen by Natacha herself, that Princess Marie could not feel that she had any right to blame her, even in her most secret soul; and Natacha threw herself so entirely and so sincerely into this new vein of feeling, that she made no attempt to mask the fact that, for her, sorrow had given way to gladness.

When Princess Marie came to her soon after her interview with Pierre, Natacha met her at the door. "He has spoken, has he not — he has told you?" she said, with a look of pathos and joy that pleaded for forgiveness. "I longed to listen at the door; but I knew you would tell me everything."

Sincere and appealing as her eyes were, her words nevertheless wounded Princess Marie; she thought of her brother.

"But what is to be done!" said she to herself. "It cannot be otherwise . . ." and then, in a voice which was at once severe and gentle, she repeated her conversation with Pierre.

On hearing that he was leaving for St. Petersburg, Natacha exclaimed in surprise; then, guessing that she must have made a painful impression on her friend, she asked: "Marie, tell me what I ought to do; I am so afraid of being horrid: I will do whatever you advise."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"Then what have you to cry for?—I am glad . . ." said Princess Marie, but she could not check her tears.

"It will not be very soon, Marie . . . . Think how happy we shall all be.—I shall be his wife and you will marry Nicolas."

"Natacha, I begged you never to mention it. We need only speak of you." And they were both silent.

"But why need he go to St. Petersburg?" Natacha suddenly asked; but answering her own question she went on: "It is best so — it is best, no doubt. Don't you think so, Marie?"

EPILOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

SEVEN years had elapsed. The storm-tossed historical sea of Europe lay at peace within its shores; but, though it seemed quiet its mysterious forces — mysterious because the laws by which their movements are governed are unknown to us — continued their silent work. Humanity went on its way, as steadily as the unbroken march of Time, irrespective of the unmoved surface of the historical tide. Distinct groups of men came together and dispersed again; states evolved new organizations—new annexations, new dismemberments, new combinations of nationalities.

The sea of history no longer surged from shore to shore driven by uncertain squalls; it only raged deep down, in secret places. The great historic figures seemed now to revolve in certain spots instead of being tossed to and fro. Men who had once led armies and governed events by war, campaigns, battles, movements of masses, now kept the inextinguishable passions of humanity within bounds by diplomatic and political action, by laws, and treaties. This kind of activity among historical personages is known to historians as reaction.

In describing this form of action historians constantly condemn those men of that day who sank into what they call reaction. All the eminent figures of that time, from Alexander and Napoleon to Mme. de Staël,

Schelling, Fichte and Chateaubriand, come under the heavy fire of their criticism, and are acquitted or condemned according as they contributed to progress or to reaction. In Russia — so the historians tell us — in Russia, as in other countries at this period, reaction set in, and the man chiefly responsible for it was Alexander I.: that very Alexander who, by their own account, was the originator of those liberal movements which characterized his reign and did so much for the salvation of Russia.

In the literature of the time there is not a writer — whether a raw student or an accomplished master of history — who has not a stone to throw at Alexander for his conduct at this stage of his career: He ought to have done this or that; he did well here, he made a mistake there; he behaved nobly at the beginning of his reign and in 1812, but he committed a fatal error in giving a constitution to Poland, in joining the Holy Alliance, in giving power to Araktchéïew, in encouraging Golitzin's mysticism; he made a false step in engaging the van of the army; he ought not to have disbanded the Séménovsky regiment, etc., etc. Ten pages might be filled with the reproaches which they have heaped upon him in the name of the knowledge they claim to possess of the needs of humanity. But what do their accusations amount to? They blame him for actions identical and consistent with others which they fully approve: for instance his liberal enterprises, his war with Napoleon, his firmness in the campiagn of 1812–13, — as if the motives had not in every case had their source in the same conditions of race, education and habits of life, in all that went to make Alexander what he was.

What then is the upshot of these reproaches? Just this: That a historical personage like the Czar Alexander, standing on the very highest pedestal of human

power, in the very focus, as it were, of the blinding light and concentrated rays of history — a man, again, subjected to the strongest influence of intrigue, deceit, flattery, and self-aggrandizement which the world can produce, and which are inseperable from power — a man who felt himself responsible at every instant of his life for all that happened in Europe — a *man*, too, not a creature of imagination but a living and feeling being like the rest of us, with his own personality, habits, and passions, with aspirations towards goodness, beauty and truth — that such a man I say, living sixty years ago, lacked, not virtue — of that he is never accused — but those abstract views of human progress which a Professor of the present day can boast of having imbibed from his infancy, so far as reading and copying books and lectures can give them.

But even granting that Alexander I., sixty years since,* was retrograde in his views as to the true welfare of humanity we are forced to conclude that the historian who after a certain lapse of time criticises his conduct must in his turn be proved unsound; since, if we follow up the developments of history, we naturally perceive that every new year, and every new writer introduces some change of view as to what constitutes the welfare of humanity; so that what seems good today in a year or so turns out to be evil, and *vice versa*. And as though that fact were not enough we find in history diametrically contrary opinions as to the excellence or badness of the same action; some, for instance, regarding the Polish constitution and the Holy Alliance as boons to humanity while others think them evils.

As to the general influence of Alexander and Napoleon who can decide whether it was on the whole profitable or harmful — for who can say wherein the profit or harm lay. All that can be said of a man who disap-

* Alexander I. died in 1825.

proves of their career is that the expression of his disapprobation is a record of his personal dissent from their views of the common good. Whether or no certain facts commend themselves to me, for instance, as beneficial — such as the safety of my father's house in Moscow in 1812, the triumph of the Russian army, the flourishing state of the Universities at St. Petersburg and elsewhere, the freedom of Poland, the glory of Russia, the balance of power or the progress of civilization in Europe — I must still admit that the historical actors in these events had other and more general aims in view, which I am in no sense competent to fathom.

Supposing, however, that Science were able to measure all inconsistencies by an invariable standard of right and wrong for historical men and events. Supposing that Alexander could have done everything differently; that by warrant of his accusers — the men who profess to know the inevitable outcome of the general march of humanity — he could have acted in obedience to the programme they would have laid down of patriotism, freedom, equality and progress — then what is to be said of those men of the day who formed an opposition to the governmental policy: that hypothetical policy which they deem sound and useful? Why, there would have been no opposition, and no life anywhere. For if we allow that life ought to be ruled by the light of pure reason — well, life would be simply impossible.

If we grant, as historians assume that great men lead humanity towards certain ends, whether the aggrandizement of Russia or of France, the balance of European power, the dissemination of the revolutionary idea, or of general progress, or what not, then we cannot explain the phenomena of history without formulating the workings of Chance and of Genius. If the ob-

ject of the wars at the beginning of the century was the aggrandizement of Russia, that might have been achieved without invasion and fighting; if it was the glory of France, that might have been attained without the revolution and the empire; if it was simply the diffusion of the Idea, printer's ink would have done it better than soldiers; if it was the march of civilization, we may safely assert that this end could have been accomplished by more appropriate means than the waste of blood and treasure. Why did things happen thus and not otherwise?—Because, says History, Chance created a situation and Genius took advantage of it!

But what is Chance; and what is Genius?

The words denote nothing that has any real existence, and are therefore incapable of definition. They merely stand for a certain lack of apprehension of phenomena in the human mind. If I do not know why such or such a phenomenon exists I may think to myself this is more than I can account for, and since I cannot I will not care to account for it — I will ascribe it to "Chance." Or I see power producing some result out of all proportion to the ordinary effects of human powers, and failing to understand how the thing can have been accomplished I say: this is "Genius."

In the eyes of the flock a sheep which is turned into a separate feeding-pen every evening, and so grows twice as fat as the rest must seem a Genius. Nay, and the circumstance that the same sheep gets into a superior feeding-place, day after day, apart from the rest, and that that very sheep, fat as he grows, is killed for mutton furnishes a very remarkable combination of "Genius" with a series of fortuitous and unexpected "Chances." But the flock need only cease to believe that all the events that happen to him are intended solely for the fulfilment of his own sheepish ends to perceive at once the natural concatenation of events in the career of

their fatted friend. So, though the other sheep do not know for what purpose he was fattened, they may at any rate be sure what happened to him was not mere accident, and they need not puzzle their heads over "Chance" and "Genius." If we will only dismiss from our minds the immediate and *prima facie* end of present events, and recognize that their final end is beyond our ken we shall discern sequence and fitness in the lives of historical personages, we shall suspect ulterior reasons for actions and measures which elude the ordinary standards of human nature and forces; and we shall eliminate the words Chance and Genius.

When once we have recognized that we cannot fathom the reason and end of the great European travail; that all we know are the facts of bloodshed — first in France, then in Italy, Africa, Prussia, Austria, Spain and Russia — and that vast movements from West to East, and from East to West furnished the substance and cause of subsequent events, we shall not only cease to discern anything exceptional or of the nature of genius in the characters of Napoleon or Alexander, but we shall be unable to think of them as differing from other men; not only shall we cease to ascribe to Chance the minor events that made these men what they were but we shall perceive that they were inevitable and necessary. When we have thus dismissed from our minds all concepts of final ends, we shall easily understand that, as it is impossible to imagine any plant with flowers or seeds more fitted for it than its own, so it is here to conceive of two other men with past lives differing from these two; since their whole past in its minutest details conformed and conduced to the mission they were destined to fulfil.

The main and essential feature of the beginning of this century was the military movement of masses of men across Europe.

The first of these movements was from West to East. To the end that the nations of the West might carry out that movement, as they did, as far as Moscow, it was indispensable: First, that they should form a body of such warlike strength as would enable them to sustain a collision with a similar body from the East. Second, that they should sever themselves from ancient traditions and established habits. Third, that they should be led by a man who, while he kept up their martial enterprise, should have such an ascendancy as would serve to justify the wickedness, theft and bloodshed which it must entail. Looking back to the French revolution, we see that the old order of things had been found wanting and was vanishing away with old traditions and habits; by degrees a new order had come in, a new group of means, traditions and habits; then the man was evolved who was to lead the future movement and bring on his own head the whole responsibility for the facts to be accomplished.

This man, without convictions, traditions, or name, not even a Frenchman, by the most extraordinary concurrence of what looks like fortuitous circumstances thrusts himself in between the surging factions of France and without attaching himself to any one of them, places himself in a conspicuous position. The ignorances of his rivals, the weakness and incapacity of his enemies and his own transcendent and concentrated self-reliance carry him to the head of the army. Then the splendid material of the Army of Italy, the irresolution of his foes, his boyish audacity and self-confidence gain him military glory; innumerable strokes of Chance, so-called, attend and favor him. Even the disgrace into which he falls with the French government turns to his profit; his efforts to evade the mission that lies before him fail: — he is not accepted for service in Russia, he cannot get an appointment in Turkey. During the war

in Italy he is several times on the verge of ruin and saves himself by the most unlooked-for means. Those very Russian armies which are destined to wreck his glory are hindered, by various diplomatic combinations, from entering Europe till he is away.

On his return from Italy he finds the government in Paris at a stage of decomposition which must inevitably lead to the ruin and disappearance of every man who belongs to it; and then, for his benefit, a path is opened out of the dangerous position in which he has been placed, by the foolhardy Egyptian expedition. Here again "Chance," as we say, follows and befriends him. Malta, the impregnable, is taken without a shot; the wildest and most careless plans are crowned with success. The enemy's fleet, which afterwards never let a single boat pass, now lets a whole armament through. In Africa every kind of villainy is perpetrated among an almost unarmed population and the perpetrators — especially their leader—assure themselves that they are doing splendid work, that this indeed is Glory, that they may compare with Cæsar and Alexander of Macedon, that all they do is great and good; — their ideal of Greatness and Goodness consisting not merely in ignoring the evil of their deeds, but in glorying in their crimes and attributing to them an ineffable and incomprehensible significance.

That ideal is of course the guiding star both of the man himself and of his colleagues, and in Africa it has full scope. Everything he does succeeds. The plague does not touch him; his barbarity in murdering prisoners is not set down against him; his childish recklessness, his ungenerous and unreasonable departure, leaving his comrades behind him in distress, is counted to him as service; and again, twice the enemy's fleet lets him slip. And now, thoroughly vitiated by the invariable success of his crimes, he is ready for his part.

Coming back to Paris with no particular object, the Republican government — which a year ago might have annihilated him — having reached the last stage of dissolution, his presence in Paris at this juncture serves to lift him to a still higher pinnacle. He has no plans — he dares not have any, but the parties of state lay hold on him and contend for his coöperation. He alone — he with the ideal of Glory and Greatness which he had worked out in Italy and Egypt, with his ignorant self-worship, his audacity and crimes, his frankness in lying — he alone can do that which was to be done. He must fill the niche prepared for him. Almost without any will of his own, and in spite of his indecision, his utter aimlessness, his many blunders, he is drawn into the plot for the usurpation of power and the plot is crowned with success. He is pushed into the presence of the sitting cabinet, frightened and ready to run away; he believes he is lost, pretends to fall down in a swoon, and says a series of foolish things which ought to have been his ruin. But the rulers of France, once sagacious and proud, feeling that their part is played out and being even more abjectly confused than he is, pronounce themselves in words which can neither save their power nor crush him.

Chance, it is said, millions of chances, place him in power, and all men combine somehow or other to confirm him in that power. Then "Chance" forms the characters of the men who rule France under him; fashions the will of Paul I. who recognizes his sovereignty; and guides the conspiracy against him, which not only fails to touch him, but strengthens him in his position. Chance throws Enghien into his hands and compels him to kill him, proving to the people by the most cogent of all arguments that he must have the right because he has the might. Chance is made answerable for the fact that after collecting all his forces

for an expedition to England, where he would in all probability have been demolished, he never attempts it, but suddenly falls on Mack and the Austrians who succumb without a struggle. "Chance" — and "Genius" — give him the victory at Austerlitz, and Chance makes all men — all Europe excepting England, who holds aloof — come forward to recognize his power in spite of their horror of his crimes, to accept the name he adopts, and bow to his ideal of greatness and glory which now seems noble and wise!

Several times, as though in anticipation of the great tidal wave to follow, the forces of the west surged eastwards: in 1805, 6, 7 and 9, each time with greater force and firmness. Then, in 1811, a body of men, amassing itself in France poured in a huge flood down upon the nations. With the growth of this mass the justification of the Man, its leader, accumulated weight. During the ten antecedent years, as prefatory to the great invasion, the Man had made friends with all the crowned heads of Europe. These Masters of the world, whom he had stripped, were impotent to oppose the Napoleonic ideal with any other higher or grander ideal. One after the other they had hastened to prove to him what nonentities they were. The King of Prussia sent his wife to sue for the great man's good graces; the Emperor of Austria esteemed it a condescension on his part to accept the daughter of a Kaiser as his bed-fellow; the Pope, the guardian of the faith of Nations, pandered to the victor at the expense of Religion. Napoleon himself did not contribute so much to prepare for the part he was to play as the circumstances and the time did, while leading him to assume the responsibility of events present and to come. Not a crime, not a villainy, not the meanest and smallest action committed by this man but was instantly transfigured by the words of his myrmidons into a great

deed. The Germans, in their anxiety to do him honor, kept the anniversaries of Jena and Auerstedt as festivals. Nay, not only was he accepted as great, but his relations — his brothers, step-sons, brothers-in-law, were all great. Everything combined to bereave him of the last remnants of his intelligence and to fit him for his sinister part in history; and when he was ready the necessary conditions were ready too.

Invasion surged eastwards, and reached its goal: Moscow. The capital was taken, the Russian armies dispersed more effectually than any other hostile troops from Austerlitz to Wagram. But then, instead of the Chance and Genius, which had so unfailingly attended him, leading him along by uninterrupted successes to a pre-destined end, a long array of Chances acted just the other way, beginning with Borodino and culminating in the frosts and flames of Moscow; instead of "Genius" behold we find dastardly folly, without parallel and without bounds. The tide of invasion flowed, ebbed, and flowed again; and now all the chances were no longer for him but against him.

Then came a movement from East to West curiously analagous to that from West to East. The same sort of anticipatory surge was perceptible as had preceded the Eastward flood; the same gradual linking together of men and of measures; the same ferment of the central nations; the same hesitation midway; the same promptitude and vigor as the object came within reach. Paris, the ultimate goal was reached; Napoleon's government and armies were no more! Napoleon himself indeed lost his prominence; *now* his deeds were contemptible and wicked; again inexplicable "Chance" came in. Napoleon's allies detested him; he was the cause of all their miseries; he was shorn of his strength and of his power, convicted of villainy and meanness; why then did they not see him now as they had seen him ten years since

— as they were to see him one year later — a wretch outside the pale of the law? But by some mysterious Chance not one of them could see him! — his part was not yet played out. They sent him two days' journey from France, to an island, putting him in possession of it with guards and millions of money, paid to him actually as though it were the reward of service!

And then the troubled nations began to settle down.

The waves of the great ocean had rocked themselves to rest, and the surface was only broken by eddies in which diplomatists whirled busily and fancied that the calm was the result of their labors.

Suddenly the quiet sea heaves once more; the *diplomates* fancy that this new shock is caused by their inability to agree; they pause, expectant of wars between their sovereigns; the position seems to be crucial. But the coming wave of which they are aware rises not in the quarter where they look for it: It is the same surge once more starting from the same centre: Paris! The last billow of the western flood is about to break with a dash which will settle the insoluble problem and put an end to the military turmoil of that time. The Man who had devastated France comes back — alone, with no ready scheme, no soldiers; any street constable may arrest him. But, by strange Chance no one hales him into prison; and not only that, but he is received by all classes with rapture. — This man whom they were cursing but a day or two ago and will curse again a month hence! He is needed for the last act of the drama.

The drama at last was ended. The actor was bidden to take off his finery, to wipe the paint from his face; he was wanted no more. And still, for years, alone on an island, he would act a miserable farce for his own edification; intriguing and lying, trying to justify his deeds when no justification was needed, and

showing to the world what it was that they had believed in as his strength: — that it was an invisible hand urging him on. The Manager of the Great Drama having allowed him to end his part and stripped the Actor, displayed him as he truly was: "Look at him, see what you have been believing in all this while! Now do you not see that it was not he but I that moved the world?" — And still, blinded by the mighty movement, men were long before they understood this.

The career of Alexander I. furnishes a still more signal example of consistency and of the inevitable — the Man, he, who led the counter-movement from East to West. What, theoretically, would be essential to the man who, to the exclusion of all others, should stand at the head of such a movement? He must have the sense of justice; a genuine interest in the great concerns of Europe, but, as it were from a distance, untroubled by petty questions; a preponderance of moral insight over his peers, the other sovereigns of his time; a benign and attractive person; and a personal grievance against the enemy. Alexander had all these qualifications and they had been developed by innumerable "Chances," so-called, which went to make up his early life: by his education and his liberal schemes; by the advisers who surrounded him; and by Austerlitz, Tilsit, and Erfurt. In a time of merely national war such a personage is not needed and does not appear upon the scene, but as soon as a vast European conflagration seems inevitable the Man comes forth in the right place and at the right moment, and directing the nations, leads them to the attainment of the end. — The end was attained. After the last war in 1815 Alexander was at the height of human power. How did he use that power?

Alexander I., the Pacificator of Europe, was a monarch who from his earliest years cared only for the

good of his people, and the originator of many liberal measures in his empire. When, to all appearance, he wielded the greatest attainable power — the power therefor to bestow every needed benefit on his people — at the very time, too, when Napoleon, in his exile, was inventing childish programmes of the blessings he would confer on humanity if he had the power. — Alexander, fulfilling his destiny and sensible of the mighty hand of God, suddenly felt the nullity and emptiness of human power, turned from it with loathing, relinquished it to despicable men, and merely said: "Not unto us, not unto us, but only to Thy Name! — I am but a man as you all are; let me live like a man who needs all his thoughts for his soul's salvation, and for God!"

As the sun, and every atom in the universe, is a sphere complete in itself and at the same time is part of a whole which by reason of its infinity is incomprehensible by man, so does every individual bear his own secret purpose and part in existence, as his share of the great end of life — unfathomable by man. — A bee, sitting on a flower, has stung a child; that child now fears bees, and says the object of their existence is to sting. — A poet is fascinated by a bee sipping honey out of a flower; the poet says the end of its existence is to sip the fragrance of flowers. A bee-keeper noticing that the bee collects pollen to bring to the hive says that is what bees are created for; another, and more intelligent bee-keeper says that the bee gathers honey to feed its young and the Queen, that the object of the bee is to perpetuate its kind. The botanist observes that as it hovers over a flower with the pollen on its proboscis it fertilizes the blossom, and this, says the

botanist, is the use of bees. But all of these subordinate ends of its existence — finite ends, appreciable by man's intelligence — do not exhaust the question of the object of the bee's existence. The higher man's intellect carries him in the comprehension of these finite ends, the more apparent is his inability to fathom that which is their real purpose in the mystery of life. Man can only observe and note the relations of the bee to other manifestations of life. — And these too must end his apprehension of the purpose of the lives of historical persons and of Nations. *

CHAPTER II.

NATACHA'S marriage to Bésoukhow in 1813 was the last happy event in the lives of our old friends the Rostows. Count Ilia Andréïevitch died that year, and, as always happens, his family, as we have known it, went to ruin. The burning of Moscow, the death of Prince André, Natacha's grief, Pétia's premature end, and his wife's despair, coming one after another utterly crushed the poor count. He seemed not to have strength enough to understand the extent of his woes; he bowed his old head under the hand of God, and seemed only to wait and long for his last moment. Sometimes lost and scared, and sometimes in a state of feverish excitement, he rushed from one extreme to the other without any stage of transition.

When his daughter was to be married he thought only of the more material details of the arrangements, ordering dinners and suppers and doing all in his power to seem gay; but his cheerfulness was not con-

* These 15 pages of the Epilogue are not in the French edition of this work (*la Guerre et la Paix*) and have been translated from the Russian expressly for the publisher.

tagious as it was wont to be — on the contrary, it gave rise to a feeling of pity in those who knew and loved him. When the bridal couple had left he collapsed, complained of incurable weariness, fell ill, and finally took to his bed never to get out of it again. In spite of the illusory prognostications of the doctors he understood full well that his hour was come. The countess watched by his side for a fortnight without ever undressing; and each time she gave him his medicine he would sob quietly and kiss her hand.

On the day of his death he craved her pardon, and mentally begged that of his absent son for having managed their fortune so badly. His end was easy, and on the following day his friends came in crowds to pay the last respect to the old count. Many and many a time had they danced and dined at his expense while laughing at his eccentricities, and now they vied with each other in saying with a sincere pang of remorse and regret, as if to justify themselves: "He was a very excellent man after all — there are not many of that sort left. — Who of us has not his weak points?"

At his death his affairs were in such dire confusion that any patching up was out of the question. This news reached Nicolas in Paris, whither he had gone with the Russian army. He at once applied for leave to retire and started for home without waiting for further formalities. Within a month of the count's death his accounts were duly scheduled, and every one was amazed at the enormous mass of debts of which no one had had a suspicion even. The liabilities far outweighed the means of meeting them. Nicolas was advised by his friends and relatives to renounce the inheritance; but he regarded such a step as a slight on his father's memory which he held sacred, so he would not hear of it, and he took up the estate, and with it the duty of paying off the debts. The

creditors who had been kept quiet by the old count's free and extravagant liberality now began to press their claims. Mitenka and some others who held notes of hand were the most urgent, and gave Nicolas neither peace nor breathing-time. Those who had been patient during the old man's life-time were ruthless to the young heir who had, of his own free will, accepted such grave responsibility. All the schemes to which Nicolas had recourse proved unsuccessful; his lands were sold by auction for miserable prices, and still above half the debts remained unpaid. He then borrowed 30,000 roubles from his brother-in-law to settle those which he regarded as debts of honor; and to avoid imprisonment, which the remaining creditors threatened, he sought for some employment. It was impossible for him to return to the army, though he was certain of getting a command on the first vacancy, for his mother clung to him as to the last and only joy of her life. So, in spite of his distaste for Moscow under existing circumstances, and his extreme aversion for civil employment, he obtained an appointment in the civic administration, bid farewell to the uniform he so heartily loved, and settled in a modest apartment with his mother and Sonia.

Natacha and Pierre, who were living at St. Petersburg, had no idea of his difficulties, which indeed he had carefully concealed from them, and did not know that his salary of 1200 roubles had to suffice for them to live in such a way as that his mother should not guess how poor they were. The countess could not conceive of existence under any conditions than the ease she had been accustomed to from her childhood; she expected her lightest wishes to be immediately and constantly gratified, never suspecting how it pinched her son. Now it was a carriage to be hired to send for a friend, and now a dainty she had a fancy to eat, or

some choice wine for her son, or money to buy presents for Natacha or Sonia, or for Nicolas himself. Sonia kept house, waited on her aunt, read to her, endured all her whims and her ill-diguised hostility, helping Nicolas to conceal their pecuniary difficulties. He felt that his gratitude to her was in itself a debt he could never pay; but though he admired her infinite patience and devotion, he avoided all familiarity. He was vexed with her for her resigned submission, for being a combination of perfections and yet lacking the indescribable something which would have forced him to love her; and the more he appreciated her the more impossible he felt it. When she had released him from his pledge he had eagerly taken her at her word, and he now kept at a careful distance as if to make her fully understand that the past could never return.

His money difficulties meanwhile increased. He not only could not save out of his salary but he had to incur small debts to satisfy his mother's habitual whims. How was he to escape from this dilemma. He did not know, for the idea of marrying a rich heiress, as the old friends of the family suggested, was intolerably odious to him. At the bottom of his heart he felt a certain gloomy and bitter satisfaction in enduring this crushing burden without a murmur. He avoided all amusements out of his home, and could not bring himself indoors to any other occupation than that of laying out "Patiences" for his mother, or smoking his pipe as he walked up and down his own room. It was as though he wished to preserve this dismal frame of mind in which he found strength to bear a life of privation, untouched by any external influences.

Princess Marie came to Moscow again early in the winter; she soon heard rumors of the sad plight the Rostows were in. The son, it was said, was sacrificing himself to his mother.

"Just what I expected!" said Princess Marie to herself, seeing in Nicolas's devotion a fresh and delightful justification of her love for him. Her intimate connection with the Rostows — so near being relationship—made it incumbent on her to call on the countess; but her reminiscences of Nicolas' stay at Voronége made the visit a painful one, and she allowed some weeks to pass before she paid it. Nicolas received her, for the only way to his mother's sitting-room was through his. When he saw who it was his face, instead of expressing such joy as she had expected, was cold, haughty and repellent. He enquired after her health, took her to his mother and soon left them together. When she left he escorted her to the door with extreme reserve of manner and hardly answered her questions as to the countess's health. "What do you care?" his look seemed to say. "Leave me in peace."

"I cannot endure these fine ladies and their civilities!" he said to Sonia when the princess had driven away. "What do they want to come here for?"

"You ought not to say such things," replied Sonia, who could hardly conceal her satisfaction. "She is so good, and Mamma is so fond of her."

Nicolas said no more and would have forgotten the visit if he could; but the countess constantly recurred to it; she was never tired of singing Princess Marie's praises, and insisted on her son returning the civility, only wishing she could see her oftener. She was visibly annoyed by Nicolas's persistent silence on the subject.

"You really must go to call. She is a charming girl. And any rate you will see some living being, — you must be bored to death with no one but us."

"Indeed I do not care about it, Mamma."

"I do not understand you, my dear boy; sometimes you wish you could see people and sometimes you refuse."

"But I never said that I was bored," replied Nicolas.

"What! Did you not say just now that you did not want to see her? She is an exceedingly good girl and you always used to like her, and now for some reason or other — but I am never told anything!"

"Not at all, Mamma, I assure you. . . ."

"If I had asked you to do something disagreeable I could have understood; but all I request is that you should pay a call which politeness requires of you. — Well, I will interfere no further since there is some mystery from me!"

"I will go if you wish it."

"Oh! it is all the same to me; it is for your sake that I wish it."

Nicolas sighed, gnawed his moustache, laid out the cards, and tried to divert his mother's thoughts; but next day and the day after she returned to the charge.

His cold reception had hurt Princess Marie's pride; she said to herself: "I was quite right in not wishing to pay that visit. — But after all, I expected as much; and I only went to see the poor old lady who was always kind to me." But all these reflections failed to soothe her regret as she remembered the manner of Nicolas' greeting. Though she had quite made up her mind not to go again to the Rostows and to forget the past she involuntarily felt herself in a false position; and when she examined the matter, she was obliged to confess that her position with regard to Nicolas had a great deal to do with it. His tone of cold politeness was not the genuine expression of his feelings; it must cover some undercurrent of emotion which she would have given anything to understand so as to recover her peace of mind.

One day in mid-winter when she was sitting with her nephew at his lessons the servant announced Count

Rostow. Being fully determined neither to betray her secret or show any embarrassment, she begged Mlle. Bourrienne to accompany her to the drawing-room. At the first glance she saw that Nicolas had only come to do his duty as a matter of politeness, and she at once made up her mind to be perfectly reserved on her part. So at the end of the ten minutes required by good manners, and spent in commonplace remarks as to the countess's health and the gossip of the day, Nicolas rose to take leave. Thanks to Mlle. Bourrienne's presence Princess Marie had till now kept up the conversation with a very good grace, but at this moment, weary of talking of things that did not interest her, and recalled by a swift chain of thought to the sense of her own loneliness and the few joys she had in the world, she had unconsciously fallen into a silent reverie with her eyes fixed on the ground, so that she did not observe her visitor's movement. He at first tried not to notice her absence of mind and spoke a few words to Mlle. Bourrienne; but then, as the princess sat motionless and dreaming, he could not help looking at her, and the look of pain on her small features struck him at once. A vague suspicion came over him that he was the cause of it, and he did not know how he could manage to convey some sympathy. "Good-bye Princess," he said.

She seemed to wake up, and sighed and colored.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured. "Are you going already? Good-bye."

"And the cushion you made for the Countess? — I will fetch it," said Mlle. Bourrienne. As she left the room an awkward silence fell.

"Yes," said Nicolas presently with a melancholy smile, "Could you not believe, Princess, that we had met only yesterday for the first time, at Bogoutcharovo; and yet how much has happened since! — We thought

we were very miserable then; but what would I not give to go back to that point once more! But what is past can never return."

Princess Marie was looking at him with her gentle keen eyes, trying to discover the hidden cause under these words.

"That is true," she replied. "Still, you have nothing to regret in the past, and if I know anything of your present life you are laying up memories for the future of devotion and self-sacrifice . . . ."

"I cannot allow you to praise me," he hastily put in, "for I constantly blame myself and — but forgive me, the subject can have no interest for you," he added; and as he spoke he resumed the, old, calm manner he had worn on entering.

But Princess Marie now only saw the man she had once known and loved, and it was with him that she went on talking.

"I thought you would perhaps allow me to tell you . . . ." she began timidly. "Our intimacy had reached a point which made me fancy that an expression of sympathy from me might not offend you. But I was mistaken it would seem," and her voice shook. "I do not know — you used to be so different, and I . . . ."

"Ah! there are a hundred reasons for that," said Nicolas, emphasizing the last word. "Thank you, Princess," he added in an undertone. "Believe me, it is sometimes very hard to bear!"

"Ah! That is what it is!" thought Princess Marie with a thrill of gladness. "Then it was not merely his frank and loyal face, his charming person, that made me love him; I really felt all the goodness of his soul.— It is because he is poor and I am rich. — It must be that,—otherwise . . . . " And remembering that she had already allowed him to perceive her tender sympathy,

as she looked at his gentle, melancholy face she understood beyond the possibility of a doubt the reason of his assumed coldness.

"Why is it, Count. Why?" she exclaimed, involuntarily going nearer to him. "Why? — You ought to tell me."

Nicolas was silent. "I do not know, Count, I cannot know your reasons; but I do know that I too am unhappy, and I own it to you frankly .... Why, then, deprive me of the comfort of your friendship?" And tears sparkled in her eyes. "I have so little joy in my life that I feel every loss most keenly.—But forgive me; good-bye." The tears fell and she turned to leave the room.

"Princess, for Heaven's sake! one minute!" and he stopped her. She turned and their eyes met in silence. The ice was broken, and what a moment since had seemed impossible was now an inevitable and immediate reality.

CHAPTER III.

Nicolas and Princess Marie were married soon after, and settled at Lissy-Gory with the old countess and Sonia. During the four succeeding years, without selling an inch of land, he paid off all his debts including the money he had borrowed from Pierre, and in 1820 his affairs were so prosperous that he had added a small estate adjoining Lissy-Gory and was in treaty for the purchase of Otradnoë: to recover that was his favorite dream. Nicolas having thus been obliged to become gentleman-farmer, had conceived a perfect passion for agriculture, and gave up almost all his time to it. He did not like innovations, more especially English innovations which were then coming into fashion. He laughed at all mere theoretical works

and would neither build factories nor sow foreign and costly varieties of grain. As he did not devote his exclusive care to any one branch of the business to the neglect of others, he always had his eye on the whole of his property and not on one part only. In his opinion the really essential element was not the oxygen or the nitrogen contained in the air or in the soil, not the kind of plough or of manure used, but the laborer putting forth all his strength.

His first care was directed to the peasant, regarding him as something better than a tool — as a judge. He studied the race carefully, tried to understand their needs, to find out what they considered good or bad; and thus the orders he gave became a source of valuable training. It was not till he had mastered their tastes and wishes, not till he had learnt to speak with their tongue and read their thoughts that he felt himself really knit to them and able to rule them with a firm and steady hand — that is to say to render them the service they had a right to look for from him. His management in consequence bore splendid fruit. With singular clear-sightedness he appointed in the first instance the very men the peasants themselves would have chosen, if they had had the right, to the offices of Burgomaster, Starosta or Delegate. Instead of analyzing the chemical constituents of manures, of plunging into the mysteries of debit and credit as he said in jest, he made enquiries as to the number of beasts owned by the serfs and tried by every means in his power to increase it. He would not allow any families to settle away from the village but kept them together round a centre. He showed no mercy on the idle or depraved, but even expelled them if necessary from the community. During field work at sowing-time, haymaking and harvest, he gave the same watchful care to his own fields and to those of his peasants; few land-

owners could boast of any in as good condition or equally productive. He could not bear to have anything to do with the house-serfs* whom he regarded as parasites. At the same time he was blamed for not keeping them in strict order; whenever he had to punish one his hesitancy was so great that he would consult all the family before deciding, and was only too glad if the opportunity offered to send him off as a soldier instead of a field-hand. But in all that concerned the peasants he was so confident of having the majority with him, that he never hesitated as to what measures to take in anything that concerned them. He never allowed himself to overwork them, or to punish or reward them from personal motives. Very likely he could not have said by what rule of conduct he acted thus, but he felt it in his soul, stern and inflexible.

Nevertheless he was sometimes tempted under the provocation of a disturbance or a failure to exclaim indignantly: "What is to be done with these Russians?" and he fancied he hated the peasant race; but in his heart he loved 'these Russians' and the spirit of the people. That was the reason he had so well understood them and had been guided into the only path which could with certainty lead to good results.

These occupations absorbed him so much that his wife felt a kind of jealousy; she was grieved that she could not enter into the pleasures and cares of a world apart from her own. Why was he so content and gay when he came into tea, after rising at daybreak and spending the whole morning in the fields or the threshing-floor? Why this enthusiasm when he spoke of some wealthy peasant who had passed the whole night, with his family, in carrying his sheaves and making his ricks? Why that blissful smile when he saw the fine, soft rain falling on the thirsty green oats, or watched

* *Dvorovie* the serfs attached to the household and not to the soil.

the wind clear off a threatening cloud in haymaking-time or harvest, or when he came home, his hair fragrant with wild mint and wormwood, and rubbed his hands as he exclaimed: "One more day like this and our crops and the peasants' will all be carried?" She was constantly astonished too that, so kind-hearted as he was and so eager to meet her every wish, he was always in despair when she took upon herself to lay before him any petition from the peasants praying for exemption from certain works. He invariably refused and grew quite red with annoyance, begging her for the future not to interfere in what was his business.

When she tried to get at his inmost thoughts by speaking of the good he did to his serfs he fired up at once. "That is the last thing I trouble my head about," he said. "I am not working to make them happy: Your neighbors' welfare is a mere poetic fiction, a dream for women. — I do not want our children to be beggars, and I look to swelling our fortune during my lifetime; but I have no other end in view, and to attain it order, severity, and justice are indispensable. For if a serf is naked and hungry, or if he has but one horse, he will work neither for himself nor for me."

Was Nicolas indeed so wholly irresponsible for the good he did to his fellow-men and the prosperity of all that came under his control? In point of fact his wealth grew daily and visibly; the serfs from neighboring estates came and begged him to buy them, and long after his death the people remembered his rule with gratitude: "He knew what he was about," they would say. "He thought first of the peasants' welfare and then of his own. He did not spoil us — in short he was a really good manager."

The thing which frequently caused Nicolas some anxiety was his hasty temper and his too ready use of his hands — a habit retained from his experience as a

hussar. In the early days of his married life he had never thought of this as wrong, but an incident that occurred one day in the second year suddenly wrought a change in his views. He had sent for the *Starosta* of Bogoutcharovo, the successor of old Drone who was dead. This man was accused of fraud. Nicolas received him on the steps, and at the first words he spoke retorted with a storm of abuse and blows. When, a few minutes later, he went in to breakfast, he sat down by his wife who was working at her embroidery frame with her head bent low over it, and gave her, as was his wont, an account of all he had done that morning, including the affair with the *Starosta*.

Countess Marie changed color from red to white and then to red again, but she did not look up nor speak.

"The impudent rascal!" he exclaimed, growing hot over the recollection of it, "if only he had confessed that he was drunk, but .... But what is the matter Marie?"

She looked up at him, tried in vain to speak, and again bent her head.

"What is it my darling?" Tears always added to Countess Marie's charm, for as she never shed them but for pity or sorrow, and never for anger or pain, they lent irresistible beauty to her fine bright eyes. At her husband's repeated questions she melted altogether.

"Nicolas, I saw it all. — He is guilty, I know, but why did you ....?" And she covered her face with her hands.

Nicolas said nothing but turned away coloring violently, and walked up and down the room. He guessed the reason of her tears, but seeing no harm in what was to him the habit of years, he thought her in the wrong and said to himself: "It is only a little feminine

weakness! — Or is she right after all?" In his indecision he glanced at the beloved face which was full of pain for him, and understood that she was right, and that he was guilty towards himself.

"Marie," he said gently, "it shall not occur again; I promise you. — Never!" he repeated in an agitated voice like a child begging pardon.

The countess's tears flowed faster than before; she took her husband's hand and kissed it.

"When did you break your cameo?" she asked to change the subject, as she looked at a ring Nicolas always wore with a head of Laocoon.

"This morning, Marie; and that broken ring shall serve to remind me for the future of the promise I have given you."

Ever after, when he felt his temper rising and his fists clenching, he would turn the ring round and round on his finger, and look down before the man he was addressing. Now and then, however, he would forget himself, and then he would confess to his wife and renew his promise. "You must have a great contempt for me, Marie?" he would say.

"Why do not you walk away when you feel it is getting too much for you?" she would say to console him.

Among the nobility of the district Nicolas was respected, but he was not popular; he cared very little for the interests of his class, and while some thought him proud, others thought him stupid. All through the summer he gave his whole time to the management of his estates; in the autumn he was hunting from morning till night; the winter he spent in a regular inspection of the remoter villages, and in reading works on history, of which he annually purchased a certain quantity. He was collecting a library of solid literature, and he made it a rule to read through every book he

bought. At first he found it an irksome task, but by degrees it became a habit of occupation in which he at last took the keenest interest. As he was almost always at home in the winter, he entered into all the details of domestic life, and growing daily into closer communion with his wife, constantly discovered in her fresh treasures of intelligence and sweetness. Before their marriage Nicolas, honestly accusing himself and doing all justice to Sonia's conduct, had told the whole story to Princess Marie and begged her to be kind and affectionate to his cousin. The wife understood her husband's fault, fancying that her fortune had influenced his choice, and feeling ill at ease with Sonia while she had nothing to reproach her with, she did all she could to love her; but she could not, and sometimes even found herself thinking unkindly of her. She confessed as much one day to Natacha, reproaching herself for her injustice.

"Do you remember," she said, "a passage in the Gospel which so exactly describes Sonia's position?"

"Which?" said Marie surprised.

"This: 'To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath.' She is the one that hath not, and from whom all hath been taken. Why? I do not know — perhaps because she has not the faintest shade of selfishness. The fact remains that she has been deprived of everything, and I must confess that she distresses me deeply. I used once to wish very much that she should marry Nicolas, but I foresaw that it would never happen. She is the 'barren land' of scripture; but sometimes I think she does not feel as you or I should have felt it."

Although Marie pointed out to her sister-in-law that the words in the Gospel had a different meaning she could not help thinking Natacha was right as she studied Sonia. Sonia seemed quite resigned to her fate

and hardly to understand all that was painful in her position. She was more attached to the family than to any individual, and clung to the hearth as a cat does. She attended on the countess, petted the children, and was always ready to do any and every service; and her devotion was accepted, it must be owned, very much as a matter of course and without any special gratitude.

The estate of Lissy-Gory had been brought into good order again, but it was not kept up on the same footing as in the old prince's time. The new buildings, erected before money was very plentiful again, were in a plainer style; the dwelling-house was of timber on the old stone foundations, but spacious and convenient. The stained flooring and simple furniture — ill-padded couches, sofas and chairs and birch-wood tables — were all the work of native carpenters. There was no lack of spare rooms, and all the relations of the Rostows and of the Bolkonskys frequently met under this roof, spending months there with their children and servants; on the birthdays and name days of the master and mistress, a hundred or so of visitors would crowd in for a day or two. For the rest of the year the regular round of daily life slipped calmly away in monotonous occupation, broken only by breakfast, dinner and supper, all supplied from the resources of the estate.

CHAPTER IV.

Natacha had married in the spring of 1813. In 1820 she had three daughters and a boy, her youngest born. She had grown fatter, and it would have been difficult to recognize, in the young matron, the slender, lively Natacha of past years. Her features had become more marked, and gained softness and roundness

of outline, but that exuberance of life with which she had formerly seemed to be overflowing was rarely to be seen in her now; and only under the influence of some powerful impression, such as her husband's return after an absence, the recovery of a sick child or when talking to her sister-in-law of Prince André and the past. This was a subject she never alluded to in Pierre's presence for fear of rousing a sort of retrospective jealousy. She warmed up to the old life too when by some rare chance she could be induced to sing; then the flame blazed up, and brought back to her sweet face all the witchery of youth, with added and maturer charm.

During all her early married life she had lived at Moscow, and St. Petersburg, as well as in the country. Society took very little notice of her and did not fall in love with her: she was neither affable nor eager to please. Natacha could hardly have said whether she liked solitude; she sometimes fancied that she did not, but she was entirely taken up by her duties as a mother and her interest in the smallest details of her husband's life, and found that she could not respond to all these calls excepting by withdrawing from the world. Those who had known her as a girl were amazed at the extraordinary change. No one but the old countess, with her own maternal instinct, had understood that Natacha's wildfire would burn low when she had a husband and children to devote herself to — as she had unconsciously betrayed at Otradnoë. Had she not always declared that Natacha would be an exemplary wife and mother? "Only," the countess would add, "she carries her devotion to an absurd height!"

Natacha did not, in fact, adopt the golden rule laid down by superior persons, and especially by the French, for the guidance of young ladies: namely, that when they marry they should not neglect themselves, but cul-

tivate their talents and adorn their person, so as to charm their husbands as much after marriage as before. On the contrary, she had given up all her accomplishments, among them her greatest,—her gift of song. To think of dress, manners, and elegance of speech, to give herself airs and graces which should show off her beauty to the best advantage before Pierre would have seemed as absurd to her as to the husband to whom she had given herself, body and soul, without any attempt to disguise even her most secret thoughts. She felt that the real bond of their union was not the poetic charm which had attracted him, but something indefinable and indissoluble like the union of body and soul. She might perhaps have found pleasure in pleasing others, but she had no chance of trying; for the reason she no longer sang, or took pains with her speech, and dress was simply that she had not time. The care of her household, of her husband whom she watched with tender solicitude to keep him always at her side, and of the children to be born, nursed and reared, absorbed her entirely. The more she threw herself into this mode of life the more interest she took in it, and the more she threw into it all her strength and energy. Though she did not care for society she liked the companionship of her particular friends, of her mother, brother, and Sonia — of those in short to whom she would go in the morning, in her dressing-gown with her hair all tumbled, to show them the children's little clothes and to be told that baby was looking much better.

In fact she neglected herself to such an extent that her manner of dressing and doing her hair, and above all her jealousy — for she was jealous of Sonia, of the governess, of every woman, pretty or ugly — were the theme of constant joking. Her people all said without disguise that Pierre was under his wife's thumb.

It was quite true. From the first day of their mar-

ried life Natacha had expressed herself quite plainly as to what she considered her rights: every minute of his existence was to be given up to his wife and family. Pierre, though a good deal surprised by this unexpected declaration, was at the same time so much flattered that he submitted without any demur. He consequently found himself forbidden, not merely to be more or less attentive to any other woman, but even to talk with her too vivaciously, to go to a club to kill the time and dine, to spend any money on his own fancies, to stay away for any length of time unless for business or scientific purposes — which Natacha thought very important though she understood nothing about them. In return Pierre, within his own four walls, might dispose not only of his wife but of all his household. Natacha was his slave, and if Pierre were reading or writing every one had to walk on tiptoe. Natacha was the first to guess his tastes and to supply them; she anticipated all his wishes. Their mode of life, their intercourse with society, their daily occupations, the education of the children, all were carried out in accordance with Pierre's ideas which she tried to discover from his slightest observation. When she had ascertained them she submitted without flinching, and would even contend with him, using his own weapons if he ever took it into his head to change his mind. This was what occurred after the birth of their first child, which was so weakly and delicate that three times its wet nurse was changed. This distressed Natacha so much that she fell ill. On this occasion Pierre explained to her the views held by Rousseau, and having proved to her by all the arguments of the sage of Geneva, with whom he agreed, that it was unnatural and injurious to a child to be suckled by a strange nurse, the result was that when the second was born she insisted on nursing it herself in spite of her mother, her doctors and her

husband himself; and she did the same with all the others.

It occasionally happened that the husband and wife differed in opinion and fell out vehemently but then Pierre would be surprised to notice that long after the quarrel Natacha would act on the opinion she had argued against in the first instance, while clearing it of the alloy he had mixed with it in the heat of the discussion. After seven years of married life he could admit with joy that of the mixture of good and evil of which he was conscious in himself, only the good was mirrored and purified in his wife; and that this reflection was the result not of a logical process of thought but of a close and mysterious infusion of feeling.

Pierre had been for two months on a visit to the Rostows when he received a letter from a friend in St. Petersburg begging him, as member of a certain society he had founded, to arrive there as soon as possible for the discussion of some serious questions. His wife on reading the letter — she read all his letters — was the foremost in urging him to start in spite of her grief at parting with him; for she was always anxious not to interfere with his more abstract occupations. She answered his look of timid interrogation by unreserved assent, and only begged him to fix the length of his absence, granting him leave for four weeks.

But now Pierre had been gone six weeks, and Natacha's mood varied from irritation to melancholy and even anxiety as her husband still did not return. Denissow, who now was a general and had retired from active service, ill-content with the progress of affairs, had also been at Lissy-Gory for some few days, and he watched her with surprise and grief, as we look

at a portrait which by some vague resemblance recalls a face we once loved. Dull and weary looks, trivial remarks, and perpetual talk about the children — these were all that was left of the enchantress he had known.

It was the eve of St. Nicolas' day, the 5th December 1820; Pierre was expected at any moment. Nicolas knew that the morrow, his name day, would bring a host of neighbors to call, and that he would be obliged to throw aside his comfortable Eastern dress, to put on a tailor-made coat and a pair of tight boots, to go to a newly-restored church, to receive congratulations and then offer "Zakouska" to his guests while talking over the elections, the nobility, the crops, etc., etc. So, on the eve of this high day he was enjoying the ease of every-day peace with double zest. He looked over the accounts of a burgomaster who had just come in from the Riazan estate belonging to his nephew; then he wrote two business letters, and went to inspect the granary, the stables, and the cow houses, making various arrangements in anticipation of the universal drunkenness which must ensue on the orgies of the morrow. All this kept him late and prevented his seeing his wife alone before they sat down to the family dinner party of twenty. It consisted of his mother and her old attendant, Countess Marie and the three children, their tutor and governess, his nephew with M. Dessalles, Sonia, Natacha and her three little girls with their governess, with the old architect Michel Ivanovitch, who was ending his days in peace at Lissy-Gory.

Marie was seated opposite her husband; as she saw him roughly unfold his napkin and push away the glasses standing in front of his plate, she understood that he was in a bad temper, as sometimes occurred when he came in straight to dinner. She knew this

frame of mind, and she generally waited quietly till he finished soup before addressing him, leaving him to find out by degrees that his fractiousness was unreasonable. This time, however, she forgot her usual tact, thinking only of the worry of seeing him annoyed with her, she asked him where he had been and whether he had found everything in good order. He only made a face and answered her shortly and drily. — "Then I was not mistaken. But what can I have done to vex him?" thought Marie. She at once perceived that he wished the conversation to drop, but thanks to Denissow, it was soon started afresh.

When they rose from table, and had all thanked the old countess,* Marie went up to her husband and asked him with a kiss why he was cross with her.

"You always have such strange fancies, — why, I had no thought of such a thing ...."

But the word 'always' contradicted the end of the sentence and plainly said to Countess Marie's ear: "Yes I am cross, but I do not mean to tell you why."

The husband and wife were on such perfectly good terms that the old countess, and even Sonia — and each of them, from her own point of view, might have felt a jealous wish to see clouds arise — could never find any plausible moment for interfering between them. Still there were times when they were at cross-purposes, and these commonly occurred after an interval when they had been particularly happy, or when Countess Marie was ailing before the birth of an infant — which happened just now to be the case.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," Nicolas suddenly exclaimed — and his wife fancied that his defiant tone was especially intended to hurt her — "I have been on my feet ever since six this morning, and to-morrow I

* A custom observed in many parts of northern Europe.

shall have to be out and about all day: so to-day I mean to rest."

And without another word he went into the little drawing-room, and stretched himself on a sofa.

"It is always so," said his wife to herself, "he speaks to any one rather than to me. He is disgusted, weary of me, particularly now—" and she glanced sadly at the glass which reflected her clumsy figure and pale, thin face, in which the eyes were more conspicuous than ever. The children's shouts. Denissow's laugh, Natacha's chatter, and above all Sonia's stolen glances at her crazed her with irritation; Sonia was always at hand to receive the first thrust.

In a few minutes she went to see the children in their own room; they were perched on chairs, playing at travelling to Moscow, and begged her to join them. She was quite willing to please them but she could not shake off the painful impression of her husband's ill-humor, so she presently rose and stole awkwardly on tiptoe into the little drawing-room: "Perhaps he may not be asleep and I can talk it over with him," thought she.

André, her eldest boy, had followed her without her observing him.

"Dear Marie, he is asleep, I think; he is so tired," said a voice suddenly—it was Sonia, and Marie felt as if she met her at every turn—"André might wake him."

Marie looked round, and seeing the little boy, felt that Sonia was right and checked the sharp reply that was on her very lips. Affecting, however, not to have heard her, she signed to the child to make no noise as she went on into the little drawing-room, while Sonia walked away by an opposite door. She stopped on the threshold, listening to the sleeper's regular breathing of which every variety was so familiar, picturing to herself the smooth forehead, the soft moustache, the whole

dear and handsome face on which she had so often gazed in the still watches of the night. Nicolas moved a little, and André, who had slipped into the room, cried out: "Papa, Mamma, is outside the door!"

Countess Marie turned pale with terror and signed vehemently to the child who said no more. In a few minutes there was silence, ominous of a storm. She knew he could not bear to be waked, and his angry tones gave her fresh evidence of the fact.

"Can I never be left in peace for a minute? — Marie, is that you? Why did you let him come in?"

"I only came to see — I did not know he was there. — I beg your pardon."

Nicolas growled a few words, and Marie led her little son away. Hardly five minutes later, little Natacha who was just three years old and her father's pet, having heard from André that he was asleep ran off without her mother's noticing it, boldly pushed open the door which creaked on its hinges, and toddled resolutely up to the sofa on which Nicolas was lying with his back towards her; then, standing on the very tips of her toes, she kissed his hand on which his head was propped. He turned over and smiled at her fondly.

"Natacha, Natacha," whispered her mother through the half-open door.

"Come here; leave Papa to his nap."

"No, no, Mamma, Papa does not want to nap — he is laughing," said the child confidently.

Nicolas set his feet on the ground and took the little girl in his arms.

"Come in Marie," he said to his wife. She came in and sat down by him.

"I did not see her run off," she said timidly.

Nicolas, holding Natacha with one arm looked at his wife, and seeing her beseeching eyes he put the other round her waist, and kissed her hair.

"Am I allowed to kiss Mamma?" he asked the little one, who smiled knowingly and signified by an imperious gesture that he was to do it again.

"What makes you think that I am out of temper?" said Nicolas, conscious of her secret thought.

"You cannot think how outcast I feel when I see you like this; I always fancy...."

"Come, Marie, what nonsense! Are you not ashamed?...."

"I fancy you cannot possibly love me, I am so ugly — particularly...."

"Hush, don't talk nonsense; you do not know what you are saying. No one is ugly that one really loves. It is only 'Malvina' and the like of her that men fall in love with for their beauty. — Is a man in love with his wife? I am not in love with you, and yet — How can I explain it? — If a black cat comes between us or if I am alone, without you, I am lost; good for nothing. — Am I in love with my little finger? That is absurd — but if it is to be cut off! —"

"That is not at all like me, however, I understand you all the same. — You are not vexed with me, are you?"

"Far from it," he replied with a smile, and peace being concluded he began walking up and down the room and thinking aloud, as was his custom in his wife's presence. It never even occurred to him to ask her whether she were inclined to listen, for in his opinion they ought to have the same thought, spontaneously. So he told her that he intended to invite Pierre and his family to remain with them till the spring. Countess Marie listened, made her comments, and then began to talk about the children.

"How you trace the woman in her already!" she said in French, alluding to Natacha, who was gazing at them with wide, black eyes. "You are fond of accus-

ing us women of having no logic. Well, this is our logic: I say to her 'Papa wants to sleep.' — 'Not at all,' she says, 'he is laughing.' — And she was right," added Countess Marie, smiling happily. "But you know Nicolas, you are partial, you are a little too fond of her," she murmured softly in French.

"How can I help it? I do my best to conceal the fact."

At this moment they heard a sound of steps and voices, and the opening and shutting of doors.

"Some one has come!" cried Nicolas.

"It is Pierre, I feel sure; I will go and see," said Marie, leaving the room. While she was away Nicolas indulged in the pleasure of giving his little daughter a ride on his back; then breathless and tired he lifted down the laughing child and clasped her to his breast. This unwonted exercise had reminded him of the dances in his father's house, and as he gazed with rapture into the baby face, radiant with delight, he pictured himself introducing her to the gay world and taking her for a round of the Mazourka, just as his father had once upon a time performed the famous 'Daniel Cooper' with his daughter.

"Yes, it is Pierre," said Countess Marie returning. "You should see Natacha, she is like another creature now. But he has had his avalanche. God knows how she scolded him for being later than he promised!— Go and see him at once."

Nicolas went, taking the little girl with him. Marie, left to herself, could not help exclaiming in an undertone: "I never, never could have believed that I could possibly be so happy!"

Her face was full of exquisite contentment, but nevertheless she sighed, and her expression changed to one of deep melancholy. It was as though the thought of another happiness — a happiness not to be known

in this world, cast a veil over that which this hour had brought her.

Round every hearth, as a rule, certain groups segregate which, while they differ essentially among themselves, all gravitate side by side to a common centre, are prepared to make mutual concessions, and succeed in combining in a harmonious whole without losing their individuality. The most trifling event is sad, happy, or serious to each and all alike; but the motives which cause their joy or sorrow are peculiar to each. Pierre's return to Lissy-Gory was one of these happy and important incidents, and at once affected the whole household. The servants were glad because they foresaw that now their master would look after them less, that he would be less strict in his daily inspection, more indulgent and in better spirits, and that Christmas-tide would bring them plentiful gifts. The children and their governesses rejoiced because no one 'kept things going' so well as Pierre. He alone could play the Scotch jig, and to that single tune they danced every conceivable dance, — and they calculated too, on their part, that they would not be forgotten at the end of the year.

Nicolas Bolkonsky was now fifteen — an intelligent and lively lad though delicate and fragile, who had not lost his fine large eyes or his curling golden hair. He, like the rest, could not contain himself for gladness, for Uncle Pierre, as he called him, was the object of his fondest adoration. Countess Marie, who superintended his education had not succeeded in rousing him to an equal affection for her husband; in fact, the boy seemed to feel a slightly contemptuous indifference towards him. His uncle Rostow's hussar's uniform and cross of St. George did not seem to rouse his ambitions,

Pierre was his idol, and he longed for nothing more than to be as good and as learned as he was. When he saw him his face brightened, and if he spoke to him his heart throbbed and he colored with pleasure. He remembered everything he ever heard him say, and would repeat it afterwards to himself, or discuss it with Dessalles.

Pierre's past history, his misfortunes even before the war, his imprisonment, and the poetical romance the boy had built up on it from chance words he had heard, Pierre's love for Natacha — whom Nicolas adored with boyish enthusiasm, and above all Pierre's friendship for his father made him a hero and a sacred being in the little lad's eyes. The emotional respect with which Pierre and Natacha always mentioned his dead father led the boy — to whom love was a dawning light — to suspect that his father must have loved Natacha, and that he had bequeathed her, so to speak, to his friend, and he positively worshipped the memory of the father, whose features he could never perfectly recall, but of whom he constantly thought with tears of tenderness.

That evening when the hour was come for the children to say good-night to their parents, and for the tutors and governesses to disappear with their charges, little Nicolas whispered to Dessalles that he had a great mind to ask his aunt's leave to stay.

"Aunt Marie, will you keep me with you a little longer?" he asked. Marie looked at the tremulous face — the very image of entreaty.

"When you are by he cannot tear himself away," she said addressing Pierre, who smiled.

"I will bring him to you presently, Monsieur Dessalles. Let me keep him a little while — I have hardly seen him. — Good-night," and he held out his hand to the tutor. — "He is growing like his father; do not you think so, Marie?"

"Like my father!" cried the boy coloring to the roots of his hair, and giving Pierre a brilliant and enthusiastic look. Pierre bowed in affirmation and resumed the conversation that had been interrupted by the departure of the little ones.

Countess Marie took up her worsted work. As for Natacha she sat with her eyes fixed on her husband, and listening to Rostow and Denissow as they questioned him about his journey, while they smoked their pipes and sipped the tea poured out for them by Sonia who sat behind the samovar, looking rather melancholy. Nicolas, curled up in a corner, his face turned towards Pierre, from time to time gave a little start and talked softly to himself, as some new idea flashed upon his mind. The conversation turned on what was going forward at this time in the higher circles of government. Denissow, whose personal disappointments had made him malcontent, was listening with keen satisfaction to all the follies which were being committed — in his opinion — at St. Petersburg, and expressed his views with trenchant vehemence.

"Once upon a time you had to be a German to get on at all; nowadays you must belong to Tatarinow's or Krüdner's set! Oh! If only I could let our dear Bonaparte loose on them, he would cure them of their folly! Is there any common-sense, I ask you, in appointing that man Schwarz to the command of the Séménovsky regiment?"

Rostow, though no partisan, thought it due to his own dignity and importance to take part in the discussion, to show some interest in the recent appointments and to question Pierre, in his turn, as to these grave affairs; so that the talk did not get beyond the hearsay and gossip of the day as to the big-wigs in office. Natacha, who was always aware of the course of her husband's thoughts, guessed that at this moment, in

spite of his wish to give another turn to the conversation he could not succeed in doing so or in bringing forward the subject which was uppermost in his mind: the matter, namely, which had necessitated his journey to St. Petersburg in order to take council of his new friend, Prince Theodore. She therefore came to the rescue by asking him how his business was prospering.

"What business?" asked Rostow.

"Just the same as ever," said Pierre. "Every one feels that everything is all wrong and that the first duty of all honest men is reaction."

"Honest men!" exclaimed Rostow frowning. "What can they do?"

"They can. . . ."

"Come into my study," said Rostow hastily.

Natacha rose and went to see the children, her sister-in-law following her; while the men went into the study, and little Nicolas slipped in after them and found a seat in the darkest corner, close to his uncle's desk.

"Now, tell us what you propose doing," said Denissow, with his pipe between his teeth.

"Chimeras — always Chimeras!" muttered Rostow.

"This is how matters stand — the state of things now at St. Petersburg," Pierre went on eagerly and with vehement gesticulation. "The Czar interferes in nothing; he has sold himself to mysticism, he only asks for peace at any price, and he cannot gain that peace excepting by employing men devoid of faith or law, who persecute and oppress the people, each worse than the other. In the law-courts robbery is the order of the day; the army is ruled by the rod; the populace are driven by tyranny; civilization is crushed; and honest youth is persecuted. The rope is strained to the last

degree of tension and must break! — It is inevitable, every one feels it."

Pierre spoke with conviction, as men in our day speak — as men at all times have spoken — who have looked closely into the acts and deeds of any government that ever ruled. "I told them so at St. Petersburg. . . ."

"Told whom?"

"Why, you know: Prince Theodore and the rest. Civilization and charity may vie with each other — nothing can be better; but it is not enough; existing circumstances require something more than that!"

Rostow felt a fierce impulse of annoyance, and was about to reply when his eye fell on the boy whose presence he had forgotten.

"What are you doing here?" he asked wrathfully.

"Let him be," said Pierre taking the little lad's hand and going on with his speech: "Yes, and I told them more than that. When every one expects to see the cord break, when all are aware that a catastrophe is imminent, men congregate, cling together, and act in union to avoid the general overthrow. All the youth and vigor of the nation have gathered there under a thousand different excuses, and are fast going to ruin: one falls a prey to women; another is spoilt by favoritism; a third by vanity; a fourth is corrupted by the love of money, and they all join the opposition camp. There will soon be no independent folks left like you and me. 'Widen your circle,' I said to them: 'Take not Virtue only for your watchword, but independence and energy as well!'"

"And what is to be the aim and end of this energy?" asked Rostow, who was sitting buried in an arm-chair and listening with growing ill-temper. "What position will it give you with regard to the government?"

"The position of helpers—advisers; and an associa-

tion founded on that basis need not be secret if there is any reason to the contrary. If the government would only recognize it, the conservative party who would compose it would not be its enemies but true and loyal gentlemen in the widest sense of the word. We should be there to prevent Pougatchew from cutting our throats and Araktchéïew from exiling us to military settlements; our league would exist for no other purpose than to watch over the prosperity of the people and the safety of individuals."

"Nothing can be better; but if the society is a secret one it must be injurious and can only produce evil."

"Why? One might suppose, to hear you, that the *Tugend-bund*, which was the salvation of Europe — Russia could not at that date be credited with belonging to it* — produced evil? Was it not, on the contrary, an alliance of virtue, love and mutual help; the embodiment in action of Christ's words from the Cross?"

During the discussion Natacha had followed them into Rostow's study and she beamed as she gazed at her husband's excited face, even without having heard his speech which, indeed, she knew beforehand as she did everything that could find utterance from Pierre's soul. Little Nicolas, with his thin throat craning from his turn-down collar — and who had been quite forgotten again — was as happy as she was. Every word Pierre spoke was like fire to his heart, and he was unconsciously twisting and breaking the pens and sealing-wax that lay on his uncle's desk.

"Come, come, my dear fellow," cried Denissow in a loud decided voice. "The *Tugend-bund* is all very well for the sausage eaters; but for my part I do not

* *Tugend-bund.* Band of Virtue. A secret society organized by the Germans in 1813-15 for the expulsion of the French.

understand it. Everything is going to the deuce no doubt, but the *Tugend-bund* is beyond me. You are dissatisfied? Well and good; stir up a rebellion * and I am your man. That is quite another thing!"

Pierre and Natacha smiled; but Rostow, who was really angry, tried to prove that there was no danger, and that only Pierre's imagination was to blame. Pierre defended his case with some warmth, and his acuter and more cultivated intelligence, better skilled in argument than that of his adversary, soon drove Nicolas into a corner; Rostow's annoyance increasing as he felt convinced at the bottom of his heart that, in spite of all conceivable logic, his opinion was the only right and true one.

"This is all I have to say," he exclaimed, rising and angrily flinging his pipe into a corner: "By your account everything is going wrong, and you predict a catastrophe; now I believe neither one nor the other, though I cannot prove my opinions. But when you tell me that an oath of secrecy is an understood thing my answer is ready. — You are the best friend I have I suppose? Well, if you organize a secret society, if you set to work to plot against the government, and if Araktchéïew orders me to lead a squadron out against you and strike, I shall not hesitate for an instant — I march and I strike! — So now you may argue as much as you please."

This burst was followed by an uneasy silence, which Natacha was the first to break by trying to take her husband's part and remonstrating with her brother. Unskilful and weak as her rhetoric was she gained her purpose by restoring a friendly tone among the disputants.

* There is an untranslateable pun in the original on the German word *Bund*, and the Russian *boont* (pronounced alike) meaning a revolt.

When they all rose to go to supper the boy went up to Pierre.

"Uncle Pierre," said he, pale with excitement which sparkled in his eyes, "you — you did not .... If Papa were alive would he think as you do?"

Pierre looked down at him, and it dawned on his mind that the boy's brain must have gone through a strangely complicated and painful travail while listening to their talk; recalling what had been said he regretted having had him for his audience.

"I believe so," he said reluctantly, and he left the room.

Nicolas went to the desk and stood there, crimson with alarm; he only now understood what mischief he had been guilty of.

"Oh! Uncle, I beg your pardon, I did not do it on purpose!" he exclaimed, addressing Rostow and pointing to the littered fragments of pens and sealing-wax.

"Very well, very well!" said Rostow controlling his anger with difficulty. "You ought not to have been there; it was no place for you," and flinging the remnants under the table, he followed Pierre.

During supper there was no further talk about secret societies. Recollections of 1812, Rostow's favorite theme, was the principal subject, and Denissow and Pierre joined in the conversation with so much cordiality and animation that by the time they separated for the night they were the best friends in the world again.

"I wish," said Rostow to his wife, when they were alone together, "that you could have been present just now at our discussion with Pierre. They have been plotting something or other at St. Petersburg and he has been doing all he can to convince me that the first duty of every honest man is to rebel against the government, while my oath, and my duty .... They fell

upon me tooth and nail, Denissow as well as Natacha. Natacha really is most amusing; she has her husband completely in leading-strings, but no sooner is there any discussion than she has neither an idea or a phrase of her own; it is just Pierre speaking through her mouth. When I told her that I held my oath of allegiance and duty above everything, she tried to show me that I was wrong! What would you have said?"

"You are perfectly right, in my opinion, and I have told her so. Pierre declares that everybody is oppressed and growing depraved, and that our first duty is to help our neighbor. That is true, of course; but he forgets that we have other duties laid upon us by God himself, and even closer to us. We may sacrifice ourselves if we please, but certainly not our children."

"That is just what I told him," exclaimed Rostow, fully persuaded that he had. "But Pierre would always work back to our love for our neighbor and Christian duty; and little Nicolas listened in rapture . . . ."

"That child causes me great anxiety," said Countess Marie. "He is not like the others, and I am always afraid of neglecting him while thinking only of my own; he is very lonely — too lonely, and too much left to his own thoughts."

"I am sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with on that score; you are as good to him as the tenderest mother, and I am glad of it for he is a dear boy. — So perfectly candid — never the smallest fib! A dear boy!" repeated Rostow, who was not particularly fond of his nephew but who for that very reason never omitted praising him whenever the occasion offered.

"You may say what you will, but I feel that I am not a mother to him, and it weighs on my mind," said Marie with a sigh. "And solitude is not good for him; he wants society and companionship."

"Well, he will have some soon since I am to take him to St. Petersburg next summer," replied Rostow.

Meanwhile, on the ground-floor, the boy himself was lost in uneasy slumbers. A night-light shed a dim glimmer in the room, for it had been impossible ever to accustom him to darkness. He presently started wide awake, bathed in cold sweat, and sat up in bed, his eyes staring at vacancy, straight before him. A horrible nightmare had haunted his dreams: he was out with his Uncle Pierre, and they both had helmets like those worn by the great men in Plutarch's lives; they were being followed by a great army, only instead of men it was composed of an endless mass of fine white threads, like the gossamer that waves and floats in the air in autumn and which Dessalles always called "the Virgin's threads."* In front of them marched Glory — also a body of aerial texture, but rather more substantial. He and Uncle Pierre were gliding on happily and lightly, nearer and nearer to their goal, when suddenly the threads that floated about them caught them in a tangle, — they were miserably oppressed — and then Uncle Nicolas Rostow stood before them, looking fiercely threatening. — "It was you who did that," he said, showing them the remains of the pens and sealing-wax. "I loved you once, but Araktchéïew has given me his orders and I will kill the first of you that stirs. Yes, I will!" Little Nicolas turned to Pierre, but Pierre was gone. — This was his father, Prince André. He could not see any distinct form there to be sure, but it was he — he felt it was by the passion of his love which made him feel quite bereft of strength. Then his father caressed him and pitied him, but Uncle Rostow was coming nearer and nearer. — Under an impression of wild terror he woke, rigid with horror.

* *Fils de la vierge.*

"It was my father!" said he to himself, "my father that kissed me. It was he who came to see me, and he said I was right and so was Uncle Pierre! — Yes, they may say what they like but I will do it. Mucius Scevola burnt his hand; why should not I do as much some day? — They say I must learn! Very good; I will learn; but a time will come when I shall have done learning and then — then I will do it! I ask nothing of God Almighty but that he will put into me what there was in Plutarch's great men! And I will do better than that: People shall hear of me, and love me, and speak in praise of me, and . . . ." His breast heaved with sobs and he burst into tears.

"Are you in pain?" asked Dessalles who woke suddenly at hearing him weep.

"No," said the lad, laying his head on the pillow again. "How good and kind he is too, and I love him!" he murmured, "and Uncle Pierre is just perfection! And my father! — Oh! yes, I will do it! He himself would think it right."

THE END.

EPILOGUE.*

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER I.**

THE object and matter of History is the life of Nations and of Humanity. It is impossible to seize and clothe in words the secret of the life of humanity; — not only is this impossible, with regard to Mankind in general, it is equally so when we consider any one Nation in particular.

All ancient Historians have employed the same process to describe the inner life of a Nation, — or in other words to catch what is not to be caught. — They have described the work of individual men, — leaders and directors of the Nation in question, — and in their narrative of the deeds or work of these individuals they imagined that they reflected the progress and life of the Nation as a whole. To the questions: 1. How did these individuals influence whole nations to act in accordance with their own private will? And: 2. What force directed the will of these individuals? The ancient historians replied as follows: To the first question they answered that a nation, recognizing the Will of God,

* These two volumes — the third part of this work — have been revised and corrected by Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell.

** The remaining portion of this volume has been translated from the original Russian expressly for this edition.

submitted its Will to that of an individual, chosen by itself; — and to the second question, that the chosen person — in full recognition of the same Divine Will, acted as the instrument of that Will towards a predestined object.

For the ancient Historians these questions were easily determined by their faith in the immediate participation of the Divinity in the affairs of Humanity.

Recent History has in theory rejected both of the above replies to my questions. It would appear that, having rejected the belief of older historians in the Submission of Peoples to the Divine Will, and in predestined objects — towards the fulfilment of which Mankind is unconsciously borne, — modern history ought surely to study and investigate, not so much the fact and manifestation of Power, as the reasons which dominate its existence.

But modern History has not done this.

Rejecting theoretically the opinion of the ancients, — it has followed in their track in practice!

In place of men gifted with power from above, and acting out the Will of a God, new historians have set up heroes, — gifted with unusual and unnatural qualifications of mind and body, or simply men of every variety of position — from Monarchs to Journalists, — who act as lights or leaders of their own times. In place of the ancient objects appointed by divine foresight to nations of the earth: to the Jews, Greeks, Romans, — and which were recognized by those ancients in the working out of the Supreme Ends of Humanity, — modern history has set up as its ends, the welfare of France, or Germany, or England, or, in its highest development, the progress of Civilization, by which is to be understood generally that of those Nations which occupy a little northwestern corner of a large Continent!

Modern history, while rejecting the belief of the ancients, has substituted no opinion whatever of its own! and the logic of the situation compels those historians who have repudiated — as they suppose, — the divine power of Kings and the *Destiny* of the Ancients, to come by another road to one and the same conclusion, namely that: 1. Nations are handled and guided by individuals; and 2. That there *does* exist a known end towards the fulfilment of which Nations and all Humanity are continually moving. In all the works of the most modern historians, — from Gibbon to Buckle, notwithstanding their apparent unanimity and the apparent novelty of their opinions, these two old and inevitable facts lie at their very basis.

In the first place, a historian chooses his era and proceeds to describe the work of individuals who — in his opinion — were the guides of Mankind at that period. — One historian considers such guides to be only the kings, generals and ministers; a second thinks that besides kings and orators, men of education, reformers, philosophers, and poets are to be included in the list of Humanity's leaders. In the second place, the End, to which Man is continually advancing, is known to the historian. One historian considers this End to be the aggrandizement of the Roman, or the Spanish, or the French State; another thinks that the one Aim of Mankind is *freedom*, — or Equality, — or a certain kind of Civilization as received in a little corner of the Earth known as Europe! In the year 1789 a disturbance comes to birth in Paris. The fermentation increases, develops, and bursts in a great movement of Nations, from West to East. Several times this movement surges towards the East, presently encounters and collides with an opposing movement from East to West, and at last, in 1812, reaches its utmost limit — Moscow, — and then, with remarkable symmetry, develops

a similar movement in the opposite direction — East to West, — dragging with it, just as in the first instance, the nations which it finds on its route. This last movement pours along until it reaches the starting point of the first flood, — Paris, — and subsides.

During these twenty years fields innumerable remained unploughed and untilled; houses were burned; trade ran into new channels; millions of men became impoverished, millions grew rich, emigrated, and millions of Christian men, — men who professed the law of brotherly love, — killed each other!

What does all this mean? What was the cause of it all? What was it that drove these men to burn the houses and mutilate the bodies of their fellow-men? What reason was there for this state of things? What power could have so influenced men to act in a manner so unusual? These are the natural, simple, and perfectly legitimate questions which Humanity puts to itself when it comes across the monuments and traditions of this past time of activity. For a solution of these problems the common sense of Mankind turns to the Science of History, — which has for its object the teaching of Nations and of Mankind, so that these may know themselves.

If History subscribed to the opinion of the ancients, it would answer: God, for the rewarding or for the punishment of His people, gave power to Napoleon, and through his will acted towards the attainment of His own Divine objects. And this answer would have been both full and clear. It would have been open to any one to believe or not to believe in the divine acceptation of Napoleon as an instrument; but to the believer in this view of the matter, in the whole of this period of history, every detail would be comprehensible and coherent — there would not be a single inconsistency. But modern history cannot reply in this way. Science

does not recognize what was once believed to be an existing fact, — namely the direct interference of a God in the affairs of Mankind; and therefore Science has to look out for some other way of answering the questions.

Modern History says: You want to know what this great movement of men meant, why it occurred, and what forces led to such a state of things? Very well, — listen!

DESC. Louis XIV. was a very proud and self-reliant man; he had such and such ministers, and such and such mistresses, and he governed France very badly. Louis XIV's heroes were also particularly weak personages, and made a great mess of ruling France; they, too, had such and such favorites, and such and such mistresses. Then, — certain people wrote books at this period; and again, towards the end of the 18th century, a body of a couple of dozen or so of men got together and began to talk about all men being equal and all men being free. Thanks to this idea people began cutting each other's throats and destroying each other generally, all over France. These people murdered the king and many others besides. At this time, however, there existed in France a man of genius, — Napoleon. This man overcame everybody, everywhere; that is he killed a great many people. — How and why? By force of Genius! Among others he went away to slaughter the Africans for some reason or other, and he was so successful in murdering the Africans and proved himself such a cunning and clever gentleman, that when he came back to France he had only to tell everybody that they must obey him, and they did obey him! Having made himself Emperor, he went off again to kill men, in Italy, Austria and Prussia, — and there, too, he slaughtered quantities of men. At this time Alexander was Emperor of Russia, and he, deciding that order must be kept in Europe, went to war

with Napoleon. But in 1807, for some reason or other, the two made friends; in 1811, however, they fell out again, and once more the slaughter of mankind commenced! Then Napoleon brought six hundred thousand men to Russia and conquered Moscow, after which he suddenly fled; and then the Emperor Alexander, with the help of the counsel of Stein and others, convened Europe for the purpose of forming an armament to oppose the destroyer of Europe's peace. All the allies of Napoleon suddenly became his foes, and the armament went out against the new forces collected by Napoleon.

The allies overcame Napoleon, penetrated to Paris, compelled Napoleon to come down from his high throne and sent him off to the Island of Elba, — not depriving him of the dignity of an emperor, and showing him every kind of deference, notwithstanding the fact that five years before, and a year after again, every one of them considered the man a scoundrel beyond the pale of the law!

But Louis the XVIII. began to reign now, — a man whom both the allies and the French too had laughed at up to this time; while Napoleon, shedding tears in the presence of his old guard, went off to his place of exile. Then experts, — statesmen and diplomats (notably Talleyrand, who was the first to take precedence) got together at Vienna and talked things over; the result of their conversations being the future happiness or misery of Nations. But suddenly these diplomats and monarchs very nearly fell out; they were ready at a moment's notice to give orders to their respective armies to recommence cutting each other's throats. Napoleon reappeared in France with a battalion of soldiers, and the French, who hated him thoroughly, submitted themselves to him once more. But the allied sovereigns were angry at this new develop-

ment, and again went out to fight the French. They overcame Napoleon the genius and took him off to St. Helena, suddenly finding out that the man was a scoundrel. And there the exile died, on his rock, — parted from his dear French and his beloved France, — a very ordinary death; and gave over his great deeds to Posterity; while a reaction set in in Europe, and once again all the sovereigns began to bully their subjects.

Nobody must suppose that the above is a jest, — a caricature of Historical Narratives! On the contrary, — it is a modified resumé of all those contradictions, and inconsistent and unsatisfactory replies which all history gives to the questions I have formulated — from the compilers of memoirs and of the history of separate states, to the writers of universal history, and to that new development — the history of Culture.

The strange and comical part of all these replies is that modern history is like a deaf man, who answers a lot of questions which nobody put to him!

If the object of history be the narrative of the movements of Humanity in general, and of particular Nations, then the first question, — without a reply to which all the rest are incomprehensible, is the following: What is the Force that moves a People?

To this question modern history hastens to reply,— either that Napoleon was a great genius, — or that Louis XIV. was a very proud man, or that certain writers published certain books. All this may be perfectly true, and Humanity in general is glad to subscribe to it; but, — nobody asked anything about those good people!

All this might be of the highest interest, too, if we were to recognize a Divine power, self-existant, ever the same, and always working with and directing its people against the Napoleons, and Louis, and writers; but we

do not recognize the direct existence of this active power, and therefore — before we talk about Napoleon, and Louis and writers — we ought to show some connection between these individuals and the movements of Nations. If, instead of Divine power, some other force has supervened — surely we ought to make it clear what the other force consists in, because in this force must lie the whole interest of history.

History seems to assume that such a Force exists as a matter of course, and that everybody knows all about it. Now, in spite of his desire to recognize this new motive force as known and accepted by all, any one who reads a great number of historical works must, whether he like it or no, be led to doubt whether this Force, — is differently interpreted by Historians themselves, — be in reality a fact, and to be accepted as such!

What is the Power which draws Humanity?

Biographers and historians of particular Nations interested in this Power as one which belongs to and is an integral attribute of Heroes and Sovereigns. According to the narratives, all events are brought about exclusively by the wills of Napoleons, and Alexanders, or, in fact of any of those individuals with whose biographies the historian fills his pages. The answers given by this sort of Historians to questions as to the nature of the Motive Force which brings about events are satisfactory, only so long as each Historian has an event to himself,— to chronicle according to his own interpretation. But no sooner do Historians of different ways of thinking, or of different nationalities, get to recording the same event, than the answers given by them promptly lose all meaning, — because the Force in question is understood by each and every one of them not only differently, but absolutely contradictorily. One historian has it that a certain event is attributable to the

power of Napoleon. — another insists that it is directly traceable to the hand of Alexander, — a third thinks that somebody else was its author. Besides this, historians of this kind contradict one another even as to the manifestation of that very force which is supposed to be the foundation of the power of one and the same man. Thiers, a Bonapartist, says that Napoleon's power lay in his Virtue and Genius; Lanfrey, a republican, declares that the same power was attributable to his deceitful nature, and swindling of the populace. So that the historians of this class, eventually destroying each other's position, at the same time destroy all comprehension of the Motive Force which brings events about, and give no answer whatever to the essential questions of History!

General historians, — dealing with all nations, — seem to recognize the incongruity of the opinions of biographers as to the Force which brings about events. They do not look upon this Force as a Power, the attribute of Heroes and Sovereigns, but as the result of many other Forces variously applied.

In chronicling a war, or the conquering of a nation, the general historian seeks the basis of the event, not in the power or authority of any one individual, but in the working together and mutual action of a number of individuals. According to this view, the power of historical personages, being merely representative of the product of a host of other forces, cannot be looked upon as the Motive Force, which of itself wields events. And yet, the historians in the majority of cases, *do* accept that interpretation of Force which looks upon it as the power which governs events, and argue from it as their first cause. According to this explanation of the matter, an historical personage is the outcome or product of his time, — and his authority is the outcome or product of various forces finding expression in him; so

that his Power is the Force which brings about historical events.

Hervinus and Schlusser, for instance, and others, show that Napoleon was the product of the revolution and of the ideas of 1784; that is, they say outright that the campaign of 1812, and other events which they do not approve of, were the essence of the outcome of Napoleon's will, wickedly applied; while those very ideas of 1784 were checked in their growth by the pleasure of Napoleon. The ideas of Revolution, and the general frame of mind of the period brought into existence the power of Napoleon, and then the power of Napoleon demolished the ideas of revolution and overcame the frame of mind of the nation! This strange inconsistency is not accidental. It not only appears at every step, but out of a continuous series of such inconsistencies is made up all the record of general history. This inconsistency is attributable to the fact that historians start off into the region of analysis, but stop before they have gone over half the ground.

In order to find the product of the Motive forces equal to their result when applied, component factors of the motives must equal the outcome of those motives. This is a rule which is never observed by general historians. The Biographer, recording the campaign of 1813, or the reaccession of the Bourbons, will tell you that the will of Alexander brought about these events. But a general historian like Hervinus, rejecting this view of the private historian, endeavors to prove that the campaign of 1813 and the restoration of the Bourbons were (besides the will of Alexander) the work and result of the combined influences of Stein, Metternich, Mme. de Staël, Talleyrand, Fichte, Chateaubriand and others. The historian resolves the power of Alexander, apparently, into its component factors: Talleyrand, etc; but the sum of these factors — that is the action, with its

results and influences, of these factors on one another — is *not* apparently, equal to the whole product: that is to the fact that millions of Frenchmen submitted to the Bourbons. The outcome of a few words spoken to each other by Mme. de Staël, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, etc., was an agreement on certain matters among themselves, — but not the submission of millions. — To make that event clear the historian ought to explain why the submission of millions was the result of the agreement of these men; he ought to make the component parts equal to the result. The historian must then admit the existence of a Force which manifests itself in Authority, though he rejected it before, and recognize it from its results; he must acknowledge the existence of an obscure Force which acts upon the component parts to make them equal to the whole. Historians do in fact admit this, thus contradicting not only biographers, but themselves into the bargain!

A farmer who judges by his own desire for rain or fair weather, and who has no clear conception of the cause of rain, says: "the wind has driven off the clouds" or "the wind has brought off the clouds." So it is with general historians; sometimes, when it fits in with their own theory, they say that Power is the result of Events; and at other times, when they require to prove something else, they state that Events are brought about by individual Power!

A third class of historians, those who call themselves the Historians of Culture, following in the track laid out for them by the general historians, and recognizing like them the influence of writers and of women, in some cases, as Forces governing Events, — yet understand this Force in a diametrically different sense. They find it in so-called "Culture," — in intellectual activity!

The historians of "Culture" are in perfect accord

with their brethren the general historians; because, if historical events may be explained by the fact that such and such people had such and such an effect upon one another, acting in such and such a manner towards one another, why should not the same events be attributed to the fact that certain men wrote such and such books? These men, having a huge number of phenomena to choose from, which are the accompaniment to every manifestation of life, have chosen that of the intellectual activity, and insist that this intellectual activity is the source and fountain of all events.

And yet, notwithstanding all their endeavors to prove that the origin of events lay in this intellectual activity, it is only with the greatest reserve that we can accept the theory that the movements of nations and the intellectual progress of the times have anything to do with each other. In no case can it be granted for a moment that culture was at work in the activity of the masses, because such manifestations of the work of the people as the dreadful murders of the French Revolution, — which were the result of the preaching of the doctrine of equality — or the most wicked wars and robberies — which were the result of the preaching of fraternal love — certainly fail to support the theory.

But even if we grant that all the ingenious explanations and deductions with which historians fill their pages are the right explanations and bear the stamp of truth, — if we allow that nations are led by a certain indefinable influence, called the Idea, — still the essential question of history would require to be answered; or else, to the old kingly power and to the influence which all historians agree in ascribing to councillors and others, must be added this new force: Idea, — the connection of which with the masses needs to be accounted for. We can understand that Napoleon had enormous power in his hands, and that therefore events came

about; we can even understand that Napoleon's power, *together* with the influence of others, was the source of events. But how are we to bring ourselves to see that a book called "Contrat Social" was the fountain whence sprung the fact that the French began to cut each other's throats; this is a theory which cannot be accepted, unless, with it, there come an explanation as to how this new Force is connected with events. Undoubtedly there is a connection of some sort between all men who live at the same period of time; and for this reason it is just possible to find some sort of connection between the intellectual progress of nations and their historical movements; just as it is within the bounds of possibility to find a connecting link between the movements of humanity and trade, or handicraft, or horticulture, or anything you like! But why should the intellectual activity of men present itself to the historians of culture as the basis, or the expression, of every historical movement? — that is what is so difficult to understand! To come to this conclusion historians can only make use of the following considerations: 1. That history is written by educated men, and therefore it is natural and pleasant for the historians to think that to the work of this guild are attributable the movements of all humanity, — (just as a merchant, or a soldier, or an agriculturist, might naturally and agreeably harbor the same delusion — but the delusion of these latter does not find expression, simply because merchants and soldiers do not write history) and 2, that spiritual activity, civilization, culture, idea, etc., are all very uncertain terms, very difficult to define, under cover of which it is very easy to use words with even less certainty as to signification, and which are therefore often lugged in to do duty for any kind of theory.

But apart from the inner value of this class of his-

tory (who knows? it may be of use to somebody for some unknown purpose!) — apart from its possible value, then, the history of culture — and general history is tending more and more to the same ideas, — is very remarkable for this reason: that, while carefully and seriously going through the various religions, philosophical and political thoughts of the times for evidence of their claim to be regarded as the sources of events, whenever it has to deal with a bona fide historical event, — such as the campaign of 1812 for instance, — it falls back upon describing it, quite involuntarily, as the result of individual power, and tells us that this campaign is to be set down as the result of the Will of Napoleon!

When they talk like this the historians of culture unconsciously contradict themselves; — or else they prove that this new Force which they have evolved out of their own brains does not work as the Cause of historical events, but that the one and only way to understand history is by means of the acceptance of the existence of that Power which they pretend to repudiate and reject as non-existent!

A locomotive is moving along. Some one asks, what is causing it to move along? A peasant answers — the devil is in it, and makes it run. Another says, — the wheels are going round, and that is what causes it to go on! A third thinks that the wind catching the smoke is the force which pushes the engine!

The first moojik is unanswerable, for in order to prove to him that he is wrong, you must either make it perfectly certain to him that there is *not* a devil in the engine, or else some other moojik may convince him that it is not a devil but a German engineer who is forcing the locomotive to go on; but even then the inconsistency of the thing will show them that neither theory is the right one.

But the man who answers that the cause lies in the movement of the wheels overthrows his own basis, because if he once goes into the region of analysis he must go further and further, — he would have to explain why the wheels go round! and until he arrived by deduction at the primary reason for the engine's motion, — the pressure of steam, — he would have no right to stop in his investigations of the truth.

The third, who explained the locomotive's motion by the fact that the smoke was carried back by the wind, simply saw that the reason of the last man, the movement of the wheels, was unsatisfactory, and therefore took refuge in the first idea he could seize hold of and gave it out as his interpretation of the source of the engine's motion! The only way to understand why the engine goes on is, by recognizing the existence of some force equal to the result, — viz.: the motion which we see in the locomotive.

And just so the clue to the understanding and explanation of the Movement of Nations is in the recognition of a force equal to its result, *i. e.*, that movement of Nations. Meanwhile different historians have very different interpretations of this Force, and their Force is never equal to its resulting motion. Some interpret the Force as a power belonging abnormally, to Heroes, — just as the moojik saw the devil in the locomotive. Others interpret Force as a power proceeding out of some other combination of powers; — just as the motion of the wheels was set forth as the explanation of the engine's progress. — Others say, "intellectual influence," — just as the third man explained it by the wind carrying the smoke back.

So long as history is written about individuals, — whether they be Cæsars, or Alexanders, or Luthers, or Voltaires, — and does not include all — without a single exception, — *all* people who have any share in the

events chronicled, it must remain impossible to describe the movements of Humanity without the recognition of some force which compels men to use their individual strength to one end. And the only interpretation of such force known to historians is to call it Power, — Authority.

This interpretation is the one and only handle by means of which a man may master the materials of history, — and whosoever breaks this handle — as Buckle did, yet knowing no other means by which he could seize and deal with the materials of history — does but deprive himself of his only chance of mastering the materials at his disposal. The inevitable nature of this interpretation of Power, which we must accept in order to clear up the manifestations of History, is best proved by these very men themselves,—the general historians and the historians of culture, who, while refusing to accept the interpretation of Power, yet cannot help making use of it themselves, at every step!

Historical Science up to this time, in its dealings with questions of general Humanity, is very like the two kinds of money now in use, — notes and metal coin. Biographers and historians of particular nations are like the Notes. They can circulate and be made use of, answering their purpose very well and even profitably to any person using them, until the moment comes when a question arises as to how are they guaranteed? All we have to do is to forget to ask the question as to *how* the wills of heroes bring about events, and the histories of Thiers & Co., will prove most interesting, — quite instructive too, and will even seem to have a spice of poetry in them! But just as suspicion of the real value of the paper money arises from the fact that the notes are easily made and that therefore many people learn to forge them, — or else from the fact that everybody comes at once and asks

for gold for their notes, — exactly so does the suspicion as to the real worth of these histories spring into being; either because too many people write them, or because somebody in the simplicity of his soul happens to ask the question: by what sort of Force was Napoleon enabled to do all this? — that is, the simple gentleman wishes to change his bank-notes into metal coin whose value is evident and real!

General historians, and historians of culture, are like men who, recognizing the inconvenience of notes, would fain make some kind of hard cash out of a metal which has not the valuable qualities of gold. And certainly their coins would turn out metal coins, and perhaps would have a ring in them, too, — but that is all. Now, a paper note might easily deceive any one who knew no better, but a coin which was metal, but not good metal — would deceive no one. And just as gold is only really gold when it can be used both for money and for other purposes, so also the general historians can only be considered "gold" — the real article, — when they can give a satisfactory reply to the essential question of all history: What is Power?

General historians answer this question inconsistently, and contradictorily; — while historians of culture avoid it altogether, and answer something else which nobody asked them! And just as tokens, made like gold, can only be used among men who have agreed to regard them as representing gold, or among such simple people as do not understand the nature of gold, so the general historians and historians of culture, who for some purposes of their own do not answer the questions of humanity, pass as good money among the universities and the general crowd of readers — the readers who look out for "serious" books, as they are pleased to call these!

CHAPTER II.

HAVING rejected the theory of the Ancients in the resignation of the will of a people into the hands of a chosen representative, and of the submission of this one man's will to the Divinity, history cannot take a single step without contradicting itself, unless it chooses one of the two courses: either it must return to the old belief in the direct interference of a God in the affairs of man, or it must accurately explain and make clear the meaning of that Force which brings about historical events, and which is known as Power. To return to the old belief is impossible, because the old belief is worn out; it is therefore absolutely necessary to turn to the duty of explaining what Power means!

Napoleon gave orders that an army should be got together and that that army should engage in war. This statement is so very ordinary a one to us, — and we have reached such pitch of habit in looking such a statement in the face without winking, that the question: why did six hundred thousand human beings go out to war just because Napoleon used certain words? seems to us senseless! Why, he had *power*, and therefore his orders were obeyed!

This answer is sufficient and satisfactory so long as we believe that God gave Napoleon this power; but as soon as we refuse to accept this theory we are bound, inevitably, to specify wherein such power of one man over many others lies!

This power cannot be that direct power of the physical ascendancy of a strong being over a weak one, — an ascendancy which is founded on the exhibition of physical strength, like that of Hercules. Nor can it be founded on the ascendancy of moral strength or virtue, — as, in their simplicity of mind, some historians

think, who say that historical personages are heroes, that is, people endowed with a special strength of soul and intellect, known as genius. This power cannot be founded on the ascendancy of moral strength, because — not to speak of men like Napoleon and others, as to whose moral worth opinions are absolutely contradictory — because history proves to us that neither the Louis the Elevenths, nor the Metternichs — men who also guided millions — had any particular natural moral strength, but on the contrary were in the majority of instances morally weaker than any one person of all the millions whose guides they became.

If the secret of Power lies neither in the physical nor in the moral nature of the man who exercises it, then, evidently, the secret must lie outside the individual, that is, in the relations between the individual who exercises the power and the masses over whom the power is exercised. And thus does the science of Truth understand Power, — acting as the "bank" of history, and undertaking to exchange the historical interpretations of Power into the real article. Power is the accumulated Will of the Masses, transferred by tacit or expressed agreement to a leader chosen by the masses.

On this theory it is easy to understand how a state and power should be built up, if this could be done at all; but for its application to history this specification of the meaning of Power requires a little explanation:— This science looks upon a State and upon Power as the Ancients used to regard fire, as something absolute and self-existent. For history, on the other hand, the State and Power are simply manifestations, — just as for the natural scientist of our time fire is not a thing of substantial existence, but a manifestation.

It follows from this fundamental divergence of opinion between History and the Science of law that

the Science of law, or "fitness of things" can place on record clearly how, in its own opinion, Power may be *created*, and what Power is, — existing independently of time; but to the questions of history as to any interpretation of power, which can change its view as to the possessor of such power, with *time*, it can give no answer at all. If power be the accumulated will of a people transferred to the shoulders of their ruler, then was Pougacheff the representative of the will of the masses? If not, why is Napoleon I. to be considered such a representative? And why was Napoleon III. a criminal when he was caught at Boulogne; and afterwards not he, but the men whom he caught? In Palace revolutions, — in which sometimes two or three men participate, does the will of the masses transfer itself from one representative to another who displaces the first? In international relations does the will of the masses of the people pass over into the hands of the ally? In 1808 was the will of the Rhine convention transferred to Napoleon; — were the wills of the masses of the Russian people handed over to Napoleon, during 1809, when our armies, in alliance with the French, went out against the Austrians?

These questions can be answered in three ways, either, 1st, by recognizing that the will of the masses is always and unconditionally handed over to the ruler whom those masses have chosen, and that therefore every manifestation of a new Power, every threat against the once transmitted power, must be looked upon as a plot against the real essential power. Or, 2d, by recognizing that the will of the people is given over to their ruler conditionally, and under distinct and specified terms, — and by showing that any difficulty, or collision with rival power, or destruction of the power so given and accepted, must have proceeded from the non-fulfilment of the conditions under which

the holder originally accepted it. Or, 3d, by recognizing that the will of the masses is transferred to the keeping of a ruler conditionally, but under conditions which are not specified and are uncertain, or that the apparition of other Powers, — their collisions or their destruction — depend solely upon the more or less complete fulfilment of those unspecified conditions under which the rulers received the transfer of the will of the masses.

In these three ways historians explain the relations of the ruler to the people. Some historians, not comprehending, in the simplicity of their souls, the question as to the signification of Power — those same private historians and biographers of whom we have spoken above — seem to believe that the will of the masses is handed over unconditionally to the administration of historical personages; therefore, in recovering some particular and individual power, these historians assume that it is the one absolute and authentic Power, and that any other force which enters into competition with it is not power, but the destroyer of power — violence.

This theory therefore, which might do well enough for the earlier or for peaceful periods of history, when applied to the complicated and stormy stages of the life of Nations — during which various Powers, or wielders of Power come into collision — is seen to have this disadvantage: that the legitimist historian will prove that the Convention, the Directorate, and Napoleon were but destroyers of that real power; while Republican and Bonapartist historians will contend, the one that the Convention, and the other that the Empire was the true Power, and that everything else seeming to wear Power was but the destroyer of Power. Evidently, contradicting one another in this way, such definitions of power on the part of these historians are fitted only for children of the tenderest years!

Recognizing the fallacy of this view of history, historians of another type say that power is founded on the conditional transfer to the rulers of the combined will of the people, and that historical personages are the recipients of this power only conditionally upon their performance of the programme which, by tacit consent, the will of the masses has indicated to them. But as to the nature of these conditions, they tell us nothing; — or, when they do tell us anything, they invariably contradict one another!

To such a writer, — according to the view he happens to take as to the aim and object of the progress of a nation, — these conditions represent themselves as being the aggrandizement, or the wealth, or the freedom, or the enlightenment of the people of France, (or of any other nation). But, not to speak of the inconsistent and contradictory views taken by historians as to the nature of the conditions of power, — in fact allowing, for the sake of argument, that there is but one general programme for all, of these conditions, — still historical facts almost always contradict this theory.

If the conditions under which the masses transfer their will to individuals as Power, be indeed the increase of the wealth, or enlightenment, or freedom of the people, then why were the Louis XIV's and the John IV's allowed to live out their reigns in peace, and the Louis XVI's and the Charles I's punished by their subjects?

To this question our friends reply that the work of Louis XIV., in disobedience to the people's programme, was visited on Louis XVI. But why should it be visited on Louis XVI.? Why not upon Louis XIV. or XV.? And what is the term of such visitation? To these questions the historians vouchsafe no reply; — and indeed there is no reply to be given.

Nor is there any explanation, by this doctrine, of

the fact that the will of the people after it has gone on accumulating for several centuries, does not transmit itself any longer to its acknowledged rulers, and their heirs, but suddenly — and all during a period of about fifty years — is handed over to the Convention, to the Directorate, to Napoleon, to Alexander, to Louis XVIII., — again to Napoleon, to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, to the Republican government and then to Napoleon III.?

In their explanations of these sudden transfers of will from one personage to another, especially in international relations, — in conquests and alliances,—these historians must involuntarily recognize the fact that a great part of these manifestations are not legitimate transfers of will, but accidental; depending upon the cunning, or the blundering, or the craft, or the weakness of some diplomat or sovereign or leader of a party. So that the greater part of the phenomena of History, — civil wars, revolutions, conquests, etc., are represented by these historians not as the products of the transfer of free will, but as the product of the wrongly directed will of one or many persons, — *i. e.*, destroyers of real Power. And thus the historical facts of this class of historians represent no less, defections from the theory. These historians are like some botanist who, having observed that certain plants come up from seed as dicotyledons, would argue from this fact that every vegetable must grow in this bifoliate form, and that the palm and the mushroom and the oak which attain to their full growth and yet do not develop the distinctive features of the dicotyledons, must therefore be regarded as defections from the theory.

A third class of historians recognize that the will of the masses is handed over to the keeping of historical personages *conditionally*, — but that the conditions are not defined with any certainty; they argue that histori-

cal personages have the Power solely because they carry out the will of the people as confided to them. But under these circumstances, and if the Force which impels nations to act lies not in the personality of historical individuals but in the masses themselves,—then, what are these historical individuals? Who are they? And what are they there for?

Historical personages, say these historians, are the expression, in themselves, of the will of the people; and the activity, or work, of these historical personages is representative of the activity or work of the masses.

But if this be so, the question arises, does *all* the work of these historical individuals serve as the expression of the will of the people, or only *one side* of their activity?

If the whole of the work of historical personages is to be considered as representing the working of the will of the people, as some of them hold, the biographies of the Napoleons and the Catharines with all the details of their court tittle-tattle must be regarded as representing the expression of the life of the nations under them,—which is evidently nonsense. But if only one side of the work of a historical personage serves as the expression of the life of a nation, as some of these so-called philosopher-historians declare, then, before we can specify what side of the historical personage's work expresses the life of a nation, we must know what the life of a nation consists of!

Having fallen foul of this difficulty the historians of this class take to inventing the most obscure, impalpable, and comprehensive abstract ideas, under cover of which the greatest number of historical events can be collected, and declare that in this or that abstract idea lies the object and aim of all the movements of humanity. The most usual, and the most generally accepted by all historians, of these abstract ideas are: freedom,

equality, enlightenment, progress, civilization, and culture. Having thus set up some abstract idea as the Aim of the work of humanity, the historian proceeds to study these personages who have left behind them the greatest monumental renown — sovereigns, ministers, generals, inventors, priest-reformers, journalists — and to enquire how all these personages, according to their judgment, may have contributed to the justification or the reverse of the particular abstract idea which they have set up.

But, as it has not been proved that the Aim and object of humanity consists in freedom, equality, enlightenment or civilization, — and as the connection of the masses with the rulers and the enlighteners of humanity is founded on what is simply an arbitrary assumption, — *i. e.* that the accumulated will of the masses is always handed over to those persons whom we single out as remarkable, the activity of whole millions of men — imigrating, burning houses, leaving the untilled land to look after itself, and exterminating one another — finds no expression whatever in their description of the work of a dozen or so of individuals who do not burn any houses, have nothing to do with agriculture, and do not cut their fellow-creatures' throats!

History shows this at every page! Does the fermentation of the nations of the West at the end of last century, and their outpour towards the East find an explanation in the activity of Louis XIV, XV or XVI, or of their mistresses and ministers? in the lifes of Napoleon, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais and others? Is the movement of the Russian people to the East, to Kazan and Siberia, expressed in the details of the feeble characters of John IV, and of his correspondence with Courbsky?

Does the movement of nations in the crusades find expression in the studies of the Godfreys and the Louis

and their dames? To us this movement of nations from West to East remains quite incomprehensible, — this movement without aim, without orders, — by a crowd of knights-errant, with Peter the Hermit. And it is still more incomprehensible for us to think of the end of this movement, when the object, the holy and wise aim of the crusades was clearly set forth by historical personages, — the liberation of Jerusalem! Popes, kings, and knights incited the people to procure the deliverance of the holy ground; but the people would not go; the influence — the unknown force — which had impelled them before, was no longer in action. The history of the Godfreys and of the Minnesingers cannot, evidently, contain within itself that of the life of nations. And the history of these personages remains their history alone; while the history of the life of the nations and of their arousing remains hidden in the veil of obscurity.

Still less is the secret of the life of the nations revealed to us by the history of authors and reformers.

The history of culture explains to us the awakening of man to the conditions of life, and the thoughts of writers and reformers. We learn that Luther was a man of passionate character and uttered such and such sayings; that Rousseau was an infidel and wrote such and such books; — but we do not learn why after the Reformation peoples cut each others throats, or why, in the time of the French Revolution, they executed one another! Even if we amalgamate these two classes of history, as certain of the most modern historians do, we shall have, not the history of the life of nations, but the history of monarchs and writers!

The life of nations is not comprised in the life of a few individuals, because the connection between these individuals and the nations to which they belong is not discoverable. The theory that this connection is

founded upon the transfer of the accumulated will of the people to the hands of historical personages is a hypothesis which is not confirmed by the experience of History!

The theory of the transfer of the aggregate will of the people to historical personages does perhaps explain a great deal in the domain of the Science of Right, and is perhaps essential to its own ends, but in its application to history, no sooner do we have to deal with revolutions, conquests, civil wars, — in fact as soon as history really begins, — this theory explains nothing!

The theory seems irrefutable simply for this reason, that the fact of the transfer of the will of the people cannot be examined, because as an act it never took place.

Whatever be the Event that has taken place, whoever be the prime actor in such an event, — advocates of the theory can always say that such a man was the prime mover in such an event because the aggregate will of the masses was handed over to him for fulfilment. The replies of this theory to the questions of history are like the answers of a man who, watching the movements of a herd of cattle and taking no account of the different quality of the pasturage in various parts of the common, or of the driving of the cow-herd, should judge of the reasons for the direction which the animals were taking, — to right or left, — by the question as to which particular beast were leading the herd: "The herd is making in this direction because the beast who is ahead of the others is guiding them, and the accumulated will of the other animals is transferred to this one as their guide." — So answers the first class of historians, — those who accept the fact of an unconditionous transfer of power.

"If the animals going at the head of the herd presently change, that shows that the accumulated will of

all the animals is transferred from one guide to another, this change depending on whether the guide executes the wishes of the whole herd, as to the direction they will take." — This is how those historians answer who believe that the aggregate of the will of the masses is transferred to their rulers conditionally, but under conditions which in their opinion are undefined. (From this point of observation it often happens that the observer agreeing with the chosen leader as to the direction he is taking, considers as the true leaders those who, by reason of the change of the direction of the masses, are no longer in the front, but the side rank, or even in the rear!)

"If the animals acting as leaders of the herd be continually changing, and the direction of the herd's progress be also continually changing, this is due to the fact that in order to take some particular direction the herd gives over its will to those beasts which we observed as leaders, — and if we want to study the movements of the herd we must watch all those animals which we have observed as they come out of the herd at all points." So say the historians of the third class, — those who accept as the outcome of their own times *all* historical personages, from sovereigns to journalists!

The theory of the transfer of the will of the people to the hands of historical personages is but a paraphrase, — it is only expressing in other words the gist of our question.

What is the basis or reason of historical events? Power. What is Power? Power is the accumulation of many wills transferred to one person. Under what conditions are the wills of many transferred to the keeping of one? Under the condition of the fulfilment by the one of the wills of the many. That is, Power is Power. That is, Power is a word, the true meaning of which is to us incomprehensible.

CHAPTER III.

If the domain of human knowledge were bounded by or limited to abstract thought alone, then, having exposed that explanation of the nature of Power which Science gives, to the test of criticism, humanity would have to come to the conclusion that Power is but an expression and has no actual signification as an acting force. But for the better research into such phenomena man besides his abstract thoughts has the instrument of experience with which to test the results of his thought. And experience teaches him that Power is not a mere name, but a phenomenon of actual working force.

Even if we set aside the fact that without a clear understanding of what Power is no aggregate work of a people can possibly be properly recorded by history, the working existence of Power is proved not only by history but even by an observation of contemporary events. Invariably, whenever an event is brought about, some Man or Men appear on the scene by the action of whose will the event is represented to have been brought about. Napoleon III. gives the order and the French go to Mexico. The Prussian King and Bismarck give an order, and off go the troops to Bohemia. Napoleon I. speaks the word, and his armies start for Russia. Alexander I. gives the order, and the French submit to the Bourbons.

Experience shows us that, — whatever be the event brought to a conclusion — it is always connected with the will of some person or persons who have said the word which has caused the event to take place!

Historians, following the old custom of recognizing the divine interference in human affairs, wish to find the reason for the event in the expression of the will of the

individual invested with power;—but this conclusion does not find confirmation either in reason or in experience.

On one hand reason shows that the expression of the will of a man, *i. e.*, his words,—are but a part of the general movement which expresses itself in an event,—for instance, in war or revolution—and therefore, unless we admit the incomprehensible and supernatural force called Miracle, it is impossible to admit that mere words can be the *direct* cause of the movement of millions! On the other hand, if we admit for the sake of argument that words can be the first cause of events,—history proves that the expression of the will of historical personages, in the majority of cases does not bring about any sort of actions;—that is, that not only are the commands of these persons very often left unfulfilled, but that very frequently their words give rise to actions diametrically opposed to the orders which they have issued.

Hence, if we do not admit the fact of Divine interference in the affairs of the world we cannot accept Power as the basis of Events.

Power, from the point of view of experience, is only a connection existing between the expression of the Will of one person and the carrying out of the Will by other persons. In order to explain to ourselves clearly the conditions of this connection we must first establish the meaning of "expression of the Will" applying the phrase to Man and not to the Divinity.

When the Divinity commands,—or expresses its Will,—as the history of the ancients shows us, that expression of Will is independent of the time and is not evoked by anything particular, because the Divinity is not directly connected with any event. But when we come to speak of the orders—or expressions of

will — of human beings, acting within a fixed period of Time and connected one with another, if we want to understand clearly the connection of the Commands with the Events, we must first establish A, the conditions of each Event worked out; the contemporaneous existence of the circumstance and of the giver of the command, and B, the conditions of the necessary tie between the giver of the order and the persons who are to execute it.

Only the expression of *Divine* Will — independent of time, — can have any relations to a long list of events which are to take place within a number of years or even centuries; and only the Divinity, — invoked by none, can, of itself, by the exercise of pure Will, dictate the direction of the movements of Humanity. A man, on the contrary, works within limits of time, and himself participates in Events.

Having established the first noted condition, the condition of time, we perceive that no order can be executed unless some other order shall have been issued previously which renders the second possible of execution. No single command is ever issued spontaneously without bearing within itself as consequences a whole series of Events; but every single command proceeds from and is the successor of another; and has no relations with the sequence of events, but only with the single moment of action to which it has reference.

When we say, for instance, that Napoleon ordered his armies to go out to war, we combine in one simultaneous expression "order" a whole sequence of orders depending one upon another. Napoleon never could have given orders for the campaign against Russia, and in fact never did so. He gave certain orders—one day say, that such and such letters should be written to Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg; next day he issued decrees and orders to the army, to the fleet,

commissariat, etc., and so on and so on — millions of orders, out of which proceeded quantities of other orders, corresponding to a sequence of events which resulted in the French armies proceeding to Russia.

If Napoleon, during the whole period of his reign, continues to give orders for an expedition to England, and if not one of all his enterprises wastes so much of his time and energy as this scheme; and if in spite of that, he never once during his whole term of power so much as tries to effect this pet project of his but sends an expedition against Russia, with whom he had always considered it profitable to live at peace, — even in alliance, as he repeatedly proved, — then it must be assumed that, not the original orders of Napoleon, but these second thoughts of his — the orders for the Russian campaign, — were those which corresponded to the sequence of events.

In order that a decree may be executed it is necessary that it should be such an order as *can* be obeyed. But it is impossible to foresee what can be executed and what cannot; not only with reference to vast enterprises, like the Napoleonic campaign against Russia in which millions participated, but even in quite unimportant circumstances, — because in the execution both of the greater and of the minor behests a thousand difficulties may very probably be encountered. Every executed order is invariably one out of a large number of unexecuted commands. All impossible orders remain unexecuted and therefore have no connection with events. Only those which are possible of execution become linked with the consecutive line of commands which correspond with the sequence of events, and are executed.

The false argument that the command which precedes an event is the cause of the event, is founded on the fact that when an event is brought about, out of

thousands of orders only those which have direct connection with the events have been executed, and we forget all about those others which were not executed because they could not be! Besides this, the principal source of our error in this way of thinking springs from the fact that in historical narrative a whole sequence of innumerable, diverse, and quite minor events, — as for instance all the details of what the Russian army did in Russia, — are merged in one event by the result to which this sequence of events has led; and corresponding with this merging of events into one, the whole sequence of commands is also merged into one expression of Will.

We say Napoleon wished to make, and *did* make war against Russia. But in point of fact we never should find in all Napoleon's career such an expression of his will; though we may find, if we like, whole sequences of decrees, or expressions of his will, of every conceivable tendency and of the most various description of detail. Out of the innumerable series of Napoleonic devices which were never executed, proceeded that series of decrees for the Russian campaign of 1812 which were executed, — not because this sequence of commands were in any respect different from the others which remained unperformed, but because this sequence of commands fell in with that particular line of events which resulted in the French armies coming to Russia; just as a man covering a stencil plate with color smears the whole of its surface with paint, but only that portion of the plate which has been engraved can leave an impression of the color.

So that if we examine the simultaneous relation of decree to event we shall find that in no case can the order given be considered as the direct cause of the event accomplished; though there is between the one and the other a distinct and definite connection.

In order to understand wherein this connection consists, we are forced to re-establish another condition which has been lost sight of, — another condition of Command when coming not from Divinity but from humanity, and which is that the personage who issues the command be a participator or actor in the event accomplished.

That relation which exists between the giver of the orders and the receiver is exactly the something which is known as power; and the said relationship is of a nature which I will proceed to describe: For the furtherance of mutual work men invariably group themselves into definite companies, in which — irrespective of the various aims which prompt them to united action — the relations between individuals participating in the united action remain ever the same. Arranging themselves into groups, the individuals forming them invariably establish such relations among themselves as that the greater number always take the greater direct share, and the lesser number the lesser share in the united action for whose furtherance they fell into groups.

Of all those groups which form themselves for the carrying forward of any united action, one of the most distinct and definite is an Army. Every army consists of ranks beginning from the lowest, — privates, in military parlance, — of which rank there are always the largest number, — then come corporals, rather higher in military rank, then sergeants, who are fewer still, the higher ranks — always growing smaller as to numbers, until the highest military rank is reached, and the power is centred in one individual. The military establishment may be very accurately expressed by the figure of a cone, in which the base, — the largest part of the figure, having the greatest diameter, will represent the privates, — the higher and smaller portions towards the apex represent the higher grades of the

army, and so on until the tip of the cone is reached, which may be taken as the commander-in-chief.

The private soldiers, who are the greatest number are represented by the base of the cone and are its foundation. The private soldier does the killing, burning and pillaging, and always has orders for these acts from a superior; he himself has not the right to order any one. The sergeants, — who are fewer, — very rarely take part personally in any of the acts which the soldier has to perform, but they have the right to command him occasionally. The officer does still less of the dirty work, and more commanding. The general does but give orders to the army to move, showing what is to be done, and very rarely bears arms. The commander-in-chief never can take any personal part in the united action of the army; all he can do is to arrange the campaign and the movements of the masses under him.

The same sort of relationship of individuals among each other exists in every kind of group formed for the carrying forward of united action, — whether it be of agriculturists or of traders or of any other class. And so, whether in the ranks of the army (which we have likened to the formation of a cone) or in any sort of administration or group collected for united action, — from lowest to highest it is a recognized law that individuals bound together for the performance of united work are in such relation to each other, that the directness of any individual's participation in the actual work to be done is in inverse proportion to his right to command others; while such individuals are the most numerous; and as it goes on, mounting from the lowest ranks to the one supreme head, who takes the smallest direct part in the carrying out of the Event, and who, more than any other, directs his whole energy to the task of issuing commands.

This relation of the individuals who command to the individuals commanded constitute the essence of the meaning of what is called Power!

Having then established the temporary conditions under which all events are brought to an issue, we have found that orders are only executed when they conform to or fall in with the sequence of events; and having established the inevitable condition of a link connecting the giver and receiver of orders, we have found that the givers of orders, — or commanders, by their very nature, take the least important direct share in the events themselves, and that their energy is without exception devoted to the issuing of commands.

While an Event is being brought about men express their ideas — their wishes with reference to the Event in question; and, as the Event develops out of the united action of many persons, *one* of the expressed ideas or wishes is sure to be fulfilled, if only approximately and not to the letter. Hence, when one out of all these expressions of opinion is fulfilled, this particular opinion becomes linked to the Event brought about and accepted as the order which has directly led to and caused the Event. A company of laborers are dragging a tree-trunk along. Every one of them gives his opinion as to how and in which direction the gang ought to pull together. The tree-trunk is dragged to its destination, and it then turns out that the gang got hold of it and pulled it along just as one of the laborers had suggested. This man then was the giver of the order. Here we have Command and Power in their original and primary form. The laborer, or individual who has worked hardest with his hands has had the less facility for meditation as to what he has

been doing and for consideration as to what will come of the united labor of the gang, — and for giving orders. The individual who busied himself most with issuing orders to the others, in consequence of his hard verbal work, evidently has had less time for manual labor.

In a large concourse of men, all united to one common end, that fraction which takes the less direct share in the general work in proportion to its energy in issuing commands, is still more clearly defined.

A man when he is acting alone, always bears within himself a certain set of considerations which have guided — as he thinks — his past work, which act as a justification to himself of what he may be at the moment engaged in, and which direct him in his intentions as to his future undertakings.

Concourses of men do exactly the same, appointing those who do not take a share of the dirty work, to think out their considerations, justifications, and to map out the future for the welfare of their united enterprise.

For reasons which may be definite or indefinite to us, the French suddenly begin to murder and cut each others' throats; and parallel with this fact there marches its justification in the expression of the will of the people that this is all-essential to the well-being of France, — to freedom, and to equality! People stop cutting each others' throats, and parallel with this event comes the justification of the necessity of unity of Power, of resistance to Europe and so forth. Men rush from the West into the East, killing their fellow-creatures, and corresponding with this last event come words about the glory of France and of the humiliation of England, and so on. History shows us that these justifications of events have no general meaning and contradict one another,— like the murder of a man just

after acknowledging his right to live, — and like the murdering of millions in Russia for the humiliation of England! Yet these justifications have an indispensable signification to contemporary judgment.

These justifications shift the moral responsibility from the shoulders of those persons who brought the events to pass. Temporary objects are like the sweepers in front of trains which clear the road before the engine, — for they clear the road of the moral responsibility of individuals. Without these justifications the very simple question which confronts us in the examination of every event would have to remain unanswered, namely: How is it that millions of men come to commit accumulated crimes, such as wars, mutual slaughter, etc.!

In the present conditions of state and social life in Europe, would it be possible to imagine any event which had not been counted upon, prescribed and brought about by emperors, ministers, parliaments, or newspapers? Could any united action exist which could not justify itself either by the plea of the unity of the state, of nationality, of the balance of power in Europe, or of civilization? So that every event accomplished must inevitably fall in with some already expressed hope, and being thereby apparently justified, it figures as the fulfilment of the will of one or more individuals.

A ship moving through the waters, whatever the direction of its course, will always have a current of the cleft waves visible in front of it. To the passengers on board this ship the motion of these parted waves will be the only movement observable. Only by watching this motion of the current very closely, and by comparing it with the motion of the ship are we convinced that every motion of the wave-current is determined by the motion of the ship and that we were led into error by the fact that we ourselves are slowly moving forward.

And in the same way we observe a similar fact if we watch closely the movements, hour by hour, of historical personages (that is if we first grant the condition, which is a *sine quâ non*, of each event, *i. e.*, the uninterruptedness of its progress, in time) and if we keep strictly in view the necessary connection between our historical personages and the masses. So long as a ship proceeds in one direction, there is but one current — one and the same, flowing steadily away from the bow; when the ship continually changes her course, the current changes, as frequently. But wherever the ship may go to, or in whatever direction she may turn, there will always be this current going before her as she sails along.

Whatever happens it invariably seems that this very occurrence has been foreseen and ordered. Let the ship go where she please, the current — although it has nothing to do with the guidance of the ship and cannot affect her motion — seethes beneath her bow; and to us who watch from afar, this current will appear to be not only flowing spontaneously and voluntarily, but will ever seem to be directing the movement of the vessel.

Historians, examining only those expressions of the will of historical personages which had that relation to events which takes the form of *decrees*, have considered that events are therefore dependent upon decrees. We, on the other hand, examining the events themselves and that connection with the masses which the historical personages have held, have found that historical personages and their commands are dependent on the events. As an undoubted proof of the correctness of this deduction we may point out that men may command and decree as much as they please, and yet, un-

less there be other reasons for the accomplishment of an event, that event will remain unfulfilled. But no sooner is an event accomplished, — whatsoever it be — than, out of the number of continuously expressed wills of various persons, there will be found some which reasonably and appropriately connect themselves with the event enacted or orders given for its accomplishment.

Having arrived at this conclusion we can now directly and positively reply to those two essential questions of history.

1. What is power?

2. What is the force which causes the movement of Nations?

1. Power is that relation which an eminent person bears to other persons, by which, in proportion to the smallness of his share in the actual working department, he has the greater share of expression of his opinion, his judgment and his justification of the united work which he and the others have in hand.

2. The movement of Nations is brought about neither by Power nor intellectual activity, — not even by a combination of the two as historians have supposed. The real cause is the activity of all who have taken part in the event considered, and who invariably group themselves together in such a manner that those who take the greatest direct working-share in the carrying forward of the event take upon themselves the smallest proportion of responsiblity, and vice-versa.

Power is the moral basis or cause of event; the physical cause lies in those who submit to Power. But as moral energy is of no use without physical, so the actual cause of events is neither to be found in the one nor in the other, but in a combination of both. Or, in other words, the concept of a cause is inapplicable to the phenomenon which we are examining.

Thus in our final analysis we come to that circle of eternity, — that last limit to which the intellect of man must come, in every department of thought, unless he is playing with his subject. Electricity causes heat. Heat causes electricity. Atoms attract one another, and Atoms repel each other. — In speaking of the mutual action of Heat and Electricity, or the action of Atoms, we cannot say why these phenomena are so or what is the cause of their reciprocal action; we can only say that these things are so because they cannot be otherwise, because they must be so, because such is the Law of Nature.

The same must be said of historical phenomena: Why does war break out, or a revolution? We do not know! all we do know is that to bring about this or that Fact men group themselves into certain assemblies and that each member of the group takes a share in the work. And we say that this is so because it cannot be otherwise, — because it is a Law of Nature!

If history had only to deal with exterior phenomena, the establishment of this simple and manifest law would suffice for us, and we should conclude our investigations there. But the law of history has to do with man. A particle of matter cannot tell us that it does not feel the force of attraction and repulsion, and that those theories are false; but a man, — and Man is the subject-matter of history — will tell us: "I am free, therefore I am not subject to these laws!"

The question of the freedom of the will of man — although not put into words, — makes itself felt at every page of history!

All serious and thoughtful historians have involuntarily come to this question. All the contradictions, all the mists and uncertainties, all that false road by which this science so often takes, are founded solely on the non-deciding of this question.

If every man's will were quite free — that is, if each man were able to act exactly as he pleased — then all history would be but a list of disconnected chances.

Even if one man, out of all the millions of men in a period of a thousand years, were to have the power to act as he pleased, to do just whatever he wished, then evidently a single free act of this man, contrary to the existing laws, would destroy the possibility of the preëminence of any laws whatever for all humanity. And if there were but a single law governing the actions of men, there could be no free will; because the wills of men would have to submit to this law!

In this contradiction lies the whole question of the freedom of will — a question which from old days has exercised the best intellect of humanity, and of which the immense significance has been acknowledged in every age.

The question at issue is in this: That looking at Man as the subject for observation by Man, from any outside point of view we please — theological, historical, ethnical, philosophical — we find the same law of the Inevitable, to which he and all other living things are subordinate. Still, looking at it from within, as something which we admit, we feel that we are free.

This consciousness is distinct, and a source of self-knowledge quite independent of the intellect. The intellect, or reason, helps a man to study himself and to take observations; but he can only know himself by the exercise of Conscience! Without conscience he deceives himself as to himself, and the observations of the intellect cannot be applied.

In order to understand, observe, deduce, a man must first of all recognize himself as a living being. As a living being he knows that he cannot be otherwise than a *wishing* being, — that is he admits the existence of his *will*. This same will, which is the very essence

of his existence, the man admits — and cannot help admitting — to be free.

If, submitting himself to observation, the man discovers that his will is ever guiding itself by one and the same law (whether he happens to observe the necessity of taking food, or the working of the brain, or whatsoever he may direct his attention to) he cannot do otherwise than see in this undeviating direction of his will's action, evidence of its limited nature, its susceptibility to restraint. That which has not been free could not be liable to restraint. The will of man therefore represents itself to him as being restricted simply because he does recognize it as free.

You say "I am not free, — and yet I raised and dropped my hand!" Every one understands that this illogical answer is an indisputable proof of your freedom. It is the expression of a consciousness which is not subordinate to reason. If the consciousness of freedom were not a distinct and independent source of self-knowledge, having nothing to do with reason, it would be subordinate and accessible to judgment and experiment; but in point of fact such accessibility to Reason never is or was a part of the consciousness of freedom, and never could be.

A whole line of experience and logic both show conclusively to any enquirer that Man, as the subject of consideration, is subject to certain laws, — and that man does subject himself to the laws of gravitation, etc., for instance, without resistance. But that same line of argument and experiment proves to him that the perfect freedom which he is conscious of within himself, is impossible; that every one of his actions is dependent upon his organization, on his character, and on the motives which operate upon him; yet man never yields to the deductions from such experience and arguments.

Having mastered the fact — as the result of reason

and experiment — that a stone falls downwards, man believes it unquestioningly, and in all circumstances expects to see this law, as known to him, fulfilled. But though he has learnt no less conclusively that his will is subordinate to certain laws, he does not and cannot believe it.

Let experience and deduction prove to a man never so often that placed under the same conditions and given the same character, he will act in the same way again as he has done before, still, under the same sequence of circumstances as he has experienced a thousand times, with the same personal character brought to bear upon the case in point, — nay, actually doing to the end exactly as he has done each of the thousand times, he will nevertheless undoubtedly feel himself as fully convinced as ever that he has the power, if he likes, to act as he likes, — and he feels this just as much after the last as he did before the first experience. Every natural and thinking man, conclusively as experience and deduction may prove to him that it is impossible for him to imagine two separate courses of action under identical circumstances and with the same natural characteristics brought to bear upon them, nevertheless feels that without this power of illogical misrepresentation of himself to himself (which constitutes the very essence of freedom) — he could not imagine life as life; he feels that, however impossible this theory of his consciousness may seem, still it is so; because without this property of freedom not only he could not imagine life; but he simply could not support life for a single moment!

He could not live, because all the aspirations of mankind, all the motives for life, are simply yearnings for the ascendancy of Freedom!

Glory—obscurity, wealth—poverty, power—feebleness, strength—weakness, health—sickness, enlighten-

ment — ignorance, work — leisure, affluence — hunger, virtue — vice, — these are all nothing but the higher or the lower rungs on the ladder of freedom! To represent a man as being devoid of freedom is impossible — unless we think of him as destitute of life!

If this view of the nature of freedom appears to the Reason as an absurd contradiction, like the possibility of doing two things at the same moment of time, or like acting without motive, — this simply proves that our consciousness of freedom is not subordinate to the power of Reason.

This unshakeable, irrefutable consciousness of freedom, inaccessible to the results of experiment and argument, recognized by all thinkers and felt by all men without exception, is a consciousness without which every representation of Man is senseless and untrue; nay, moreover, it constitutes another side of the question altogether.

Man is the creature of the Almighty, — of the all-glorious, all-seeing God. What then is Sin, the conception or idea of which proceeds from man's consciousness of freedom? That is the question of theology.

The acts of men are subordinate to certain unchangeable laws, as expressed by statistics. Of what then consists that responsibility of man before society, the conception of which proceed from the consciousness of the freedom of the Man? Here we have the question of the law. A man's acts proceed from his natural characteristics and from the motives which prompt him. What then is *conscience*, and the consciousness of good and evil actions, which proceed from the consciousness of freedom? Here we have the question of ethics!

A man, in connection with the general life of humanity is subject to certain laws which govern that life. And yet that man,—independently of that connection,—

is to be considered a free agent. How then is the past life of humanity and of nations to be regarded as the outcome either of the untrammelled or of the trammelled activity of individuals? Here we have the question of history.

Only in these self-confident times of the popularization of knowledge (thanks to that powerful instrument of ignorance — the increase of book-writing) the question of the freedom of the will has been brought to such a point that there *can* be no such question at all! In our times the majority of the so-called *foremost men* — that is, a crowd of ignoramuses, — has taken up the work of natural history and has studied one side of the question in order to decide upon the whole!

There are no such things as the Soul and freedom, because the life of a man is expressed by his muscular movements, and his muscular movements are dependent upon his nervous activity! There are no such things as the Soul and freedom, because at some indefinite period of time we men were developed from apes, — so they say, write, and print, — not suspecting for a moment that a thousand years ago this same law of inevitableness was recognized — and not only recognized but never even doubted, by every religion and every thinking man in the world; this very law which they are now so eager to prove by philosophy and comparative zoology. They cannot, or do not, see that the function of natural science in this question is merely to serve as an instrument for the enlightenment of one side of it! Though from their point of view, *reason* and *will* are but secretions of the brain, and man, following the law of nature, may have developed at some indefinite time from the lowest forms of life, this merely proves, from another side, the truth which a thousand years ago all religions and all philosophical theories had agreed upon; namely: that from the point of view of

pure Reason, Man is subject to the laws of the inevitable; — but it does not conduce by a hairsbreadth to the settlement of the whole question, of which the reverse-side is based upon man's consciousness of freedom! If men, at an indefinite period, developed from apes, this is exactly as comprehensible to us as the theory that men were made out of a handful of earth at a *definite* period of time (in the first case let X be the *time*, and in the second case the origin) and the question as to how the consciousness of freedom in a man is to be made consistent with the law of the inevitable to which he is subordinate, cannot be decided by comparative physiology and zoology; because in frogs and rabbits and monkeys we can discover nothing but the musculo-nervous movements, whereas in man, besides this musculo-nervous activity, is to be observed Consciousness or Conscience!

The Naturalists and their followers, who think they have decided this question are like a plasterer who has had orders to stucco one side of the wall of a church, and who — while his foreman is absent, — in an excess of zeal plasters over the windows and images, and scaffolding, and the other unfinished walls, and is delighted to see how nice and smooth, from his plasterer's view of the matter, the whole thing looks!

CHAPTER IV.

The decision of the question as to Freedom and the Inevitable — for historians above all other sons of knowledge among whom this question is decided, — has this advantage, that for history this question has reference not to the actual nature of men's Will, but to the preservation of the evidence of this Will in the past and under definite circumstances.

History, in its consideration of this question presents itself to other sciences as a science experienced in speculative philosophy.

History has as its subject not actually the will of man, but our representation of it. And therefore history has nothing to do with the impenetrable mystery of the connection between the two irreconcilables, Freedom and the Inevitable, — as have theology, ethics, and philosophy. History has to examine those manifestations of human life, wherein the reconciliation between these two inconsistencies has been effected.

In actual life every historical event, every action of man, is understood clearly and definitely, without the slightest feeling of inconsistency, in spite of the fact that every such action must be regarded as partly free and partly under the law of the inevitable.

In deciding the question as to how freedom and the inevitable are connected and as to what constitutes the essence of these two conceptions, the philosophy of history both can and must go by a different road to that taken by the other sciences. Instead of first defining these concepts of Freedom and the Inevitable and then bringing its evidences of real life under these definitions, history, out of the huge mass of evidence at her disposal — all of which affords proof of the connection between these two factors — has to deduce these same concepts of Freedom and the Inevitable.

From whichever side we examine history, — as the presentment of the work of a number or of an individual, — we shall see in it partly man's will, and partly the law of the inevitable. Whether we speak of the emigration of Peoples, or the invasions of barbarians, or of the work of Napoleon III., or of an action performed only an hour ago, — consisting, if you like, in the fact that out of several directions which a man might have taken in *his* morning walk he *did*

choose one — we do not perceive the slightest inconsistency or contradiction. The comparative work of freedom and of the inevitable, influencing the actions of all men, is quite clearly defined to us.

Very frequently the exhibition of *more* or *less* freedom varies with the difference in the point of view from which we regard the evidence; but every action of man is presented to us without variety or exception as performed under the definite coöperation of freedom and the inevitable. In every action which we take for consideration we recognize a definite share as the work of freedom and a definite share as the work of the inevitable. And the more we detect as being the result of free agency, the less is the result of the inevitable; and the more there is of the inevitable the less has Freedom to do with it.

The relations between freedom and the inevitable are more or less intimate according to the point of view from which we consider the action. But the balance of the connection between the two will always adjust itself to the level of equality. The drowning man seizing hold of another man and pulling him down; or the starving mother exhausted by suckling her child, who steals a little food; or the disciplined soldier in the front rank, who slaughters a defenseless man by order of a superior — these persons are least guilty by reason of the circumstances, — that is they are more subordinate to the law of the inevitable and so less free — in the eyes of one who knows the circumstances under which they were placed; — and most free (and guilty) in the eyes of one who knows nothing about the first man having been on the point of drowning, or the starving condition of the mother, or that the soldier was in the front line, — and so on.

In the same way, a man who committed a murder twenty years ago and has since taken his place in so-

ciety peacefully and harmlessly seems to us less guilty — his act seeming more subordinate by the law of the inevitable in the eyes of one who considers it twenty years after its commission, — than he did in the eyes of any one examining the same act a day after its consummation. Thus, too, every action of a lunatic, or a drunkard, or of any one under the influence of strong provocation will appear less free and more inevitable to one who knows the state of mind of its performer, and more free and less inevitable to one who does not know the mental condition of the actor. In all these cases the conception of freedom is greater or less, and corresponding to this, the conception of the inevitable is proportionately less or greater, — in accordance with the point of view from which we have examined the action. So that the greater the share of freedom, the less is that of the inevitable, and vice versa.

Religion, the common-sense of humanity, the science of law, and history itself, all take the same view of this relationship between freedom and the inevitable. All cases, without exception, in which we perceive the greater or smaller proportion of freedom and the inevitable respectively, are attributable to these three sources: 1. The relationship to the exterior world of the individual who consummates the act examined; 2, to the time; and 3, to the reasons which brought about the act. The first of these, is the more or less visible connection of the individual with the external world,— the more or less clear perception of the exact place which every individual occupies in his relations to all that goes on around him. This is subject to the same fundamental argument as that by which it is evident that the drowning man is a less free agent, and more subservient to the inevitable than another man who should have acted similarly, but standing himself on dry land. Again, it is fundamentally the same argu-

ment as this: that the actions of a man closely connected in daily life with other persons, living in a densely populated part of the world,— the actions of a man bound by ties of family, service, and engagements — are undoubtedly less free and more under the influence of the law of the inevitable, than the actions of a single man, living in solitude.

If we examine a man and his actions as individual, without reference to his surroundings, every action of such a man will appear to us to be free. But if we observe in him, be it the most trivial connection with his surroundings, the slenderest tie or link with any one, — with a man who speaks to him, with a book which he reads, with the work which occupies him, even with the atmosphere about him, and with the light which falls on things around him — we perceive that every one of these conditions must affect him, and govern at least one side of his actions. And in proportion as these circumstances affect him, by so much does our perception of his freedom diminish, and by so much does our perception of the inevitable, to which he is in subjection, increase.

2. The second fundamental stand-point is the greater or less visible temporal relationship between the individual and the world: the more or less clear perception of the place which the act of the individual occupies in *time*. This is the basis of the argument by which the fall of the first man, which led to the development of the human race, is regarded by us as evidently less of a free act than is the marriage of a man of our own times; again, it is the basis of the argument by which the life and work of persons who lived a century or so ago, connected with myself by the tie of *time*, cannot appear to me to be so free as contemporary life,— the consequences of which are so yet hidden in the mists of futurity. The scale of our conception as to greater

or lesser freedom or inevitableness in this connection depends upon the longer or shorter interval of time which has elapsed between the consummation of an Act, and our judgment upon it. If I take into consideration an action of my own which I performed a minute or so before under, as nearly as possible, exactly the same conditions as I am under now, my action appears to me as being distinctly free. But if I pass a judgment on an act of mine which was accomplished a month ago, then, being under a different set of circumstances, I involuntarily recognize the fact, that if this action of mine had not been performed, much that is profitable to me,— pleasant, nay inevitable and indispensable,— would have been left undone. Now, if I send my memory back to some action of mine which was performed still longer ago, say ten years or more since, then the consequences of my action appear to me to be still more definite, and it is difficult for me to imagine what would have happened if I had not acted as I did. And the further back I cast my memory, or, which is the same thing, the longer I postpone my judgment of any act of mine consummated in the past, the more do I doubt the freedom of that act.

We find in history exactly the same progression of conclusiveness as to the action of free will on the general affairs of humanity. An event which has been brought about in our time seems to us to be indisputably the act and deed of the eminent men of the day; but, in an event further from us in time, we perceive its inevitable consequences. And the further back we go for our events, the less shall we be inclined to consider them voluntary or spontaneous.

The Austrian-Prussian war appears to us to be the inevitable consequence of the actions of the crafty Bismarck, and so on. The Napoleonic wars,— though rather doubtfully, still present themselves to us as the

outcome of the Will of heroes; but in the crusades we see an event which takes its definite place and without which the modern history of Europe would be senseless, — although to the chroniclers of the Crusades, it appeared as clearly the result of the Wills of certain individuals.

Concerning the migration of Nations, the idea certainly never entered the head of any person of our day that it depended on the Will of Attila to re-constitute the European world! The further we carry back the subject of consideration into the heart of history, the more doubtful appears the freedom of the individuals who worked out events, and the more evident is the working of the law of the inevitable.

3. The third basis of the argument is the greater or lesser accessibility to us of that endless Connection of reasons, which constitute the inevitable demand of the Intellect, and in which every comprehensible evidence, — and therefore every action of humanity, — must have its definite place, as the result of past actions, and as the Source of future actions. This is that logical basis by which we are led to regard our own actions and those of others, from one side, as free and independent of the inevitable in proportion as we are familiar with the deduction of experimental physiologists and those psychological and historical laws to which man is subject; and, from the other side, in proportion as the particular action under review is simple and not complicated by the personal characteristics or intelligence of the person performing it.

When we do not understand the reasons for any action, — whether on account of its wickedness or virtue, or even of its indifference to good or evil, — we recognize in this particular instance a greater share of the work of freedom of will. In the case of the wickedness of such an action, we insist on the

need of punishment following the crime, and that is the essence of our judgment; in the case of the special virtue of an action, the essence of our judgment lies in the fact that we value that virtue. In the case where we cannot distinguish the motives of the man, whether good or evil, we recognize the presence of greater individuality, originality, — freedom. But if only one of all the man's countless motives be known to us, we must recognize the definite presence of the work of the inevitable, and we insist less upon the necessity for retribution if the action be evil, and we appreciate the virtue of the action, in a lesser degree, if it be a good one,—and we see that there was less freedom of will than we supposed in the original act of the man, as we thought it.

The fact that a criminal had been brought up amid crime and vice, mitigates his offence. The self-denial of a father or of a mother, prompted by the possibility of ultimate benefit, is more comprehensible than self-denial without any apparent reason, or motive; it is therefore presented to our minds as less subservient to the action of sympathy, — less free. The founder of a sect or of a party, or an inventor, appears to us much less wonderful if we are cognizant of all that led up to and prepared the way for his work of discovery, etc.

If we make a long list of experiences, if our examinations of such things are always directed towards searching out and arranging the mutual relationship existing between the motives of the actions of men, and their results, every action of every individual will appear to us to be subservient to the law of the inevitable, and out of the range of action of free will in direct ratio to the correctness with which we are able to connect the results with the motives of each action. If the actions under consideration are of a simple nature, and if we have a large collection of such actions laid out

before us for examination, their own conviction as to their inevitableness will be even more complete.

The dishonest action of the son of a dishonest father; — the bad conduct of a woman who has fallen into a certain wicked circle, — the return of a drunkard to the ways of drunkenness, and so on, are all actions which have in our eyes less of the stamp of freedom of will upon them in proportion to the accuracy of our knowledge of the antecedent circumstances which led to their perpetration. Again, if the individual himself, whose deeds we have under our consideration, is on the very lowest grade of intellectual enlightenment, — a child, a lunatic, or a simpleton,—in such a case knowing the motives of the action, and the feebleness of character and brain of the individual, we recognize so large a share of the inevitable, so minute a proportion of the action of freedom of will, that so soon as we know the antecedents of any act of such a person, we can use them as data and deduce the inevitable action which followed them.

On these three fundamental bases alone are built the irresponsibility for crime in all legislation, and the privilege of circumstances to qualify the guilt of criminals. Responsibility for crime appears to us greater or less according to our more or less accurate knowledge of the circumstances and conditions under the grasp of which the individual lies whose act is before us for judgment; according to the longer or shorter interval of time which has elapsed between the consummation of the act and our judgment of it; and according to our more or less accurate comprehension of the motives which led to such an act.

So that our idea of Freedom of will and of the Inevitable is modified by the greater or less connection with the external world, the greater or less interval of time since their exercise, and the greater or less dependence upon

motive of those manifestations of the life of man which we have before us for examination. And so, if we consider such a set of conditions operating upon one man, as that the individual has the very closest connections with the external world, that the interval of time between the consummation of his act and our judgment of it is the very longest, and that the motives leading up to his act are the most accessible to us, — then it appears to us as typical of the very highest form of the inevitable and the lowest form of the exercise of freedom of will. So also, when we consider the case of an individual having the least possible connection with external conditions, whose action has been performed at the nearest possible moment to the present, and whose motives are quite out of our ken and unfathomable, — there we get the most perfect presentment of the lowest development of the inevitable and of the most consummate exercise of free will. And yet, neither in the one case nor in the other, — however we may change our point of view, — however clear the tie may seem, which exists between the agent and the world around him, or however incomprehensible the existence of such connection may be; however near be the moment of time when the act was consummated, or however remote from our own day; however clear the man's motives to us, or however inscrutable, — we still could never conceive of such a thing as absolute freedom, nor yet of such a thing as the absolute inevitable.

1. We may imagine, if we like, a man as completely independent of any connection with the external world; still, we do not get a perfect understanding of Freedom in the abstract. Every action of a man is subservient to this condition, among others: that he has a man's body to act with! I lift up my hand, and I let it fall again,—and my action seems to me to be absolutely free; but when I ask myself whether I could have lifted my

arm in *any* and every direction, I perceive that I lifted my arm in that direction in which I saw there were fewest obstacles to such an action, — obstacles both in the shape of other peoples' bodies surrounding me, and of the construction of my own body. If among all the directions I chose one, I chose that one because of the fact that in that one particular direction there were the fewest obstacles to the movement. In order that my action should be quite free, it is essential that it should meet no obstacles to its performance. In order to present to our imagination a man absolutely free, we must represent him as being outside of space, — which is evidently impossible.

2. Let us draw the periods of time of the action and of the judgment upon that action never so closely together,— yet we shall never have a perfect comprehension of freedom as to time. Because if I examine an action performed a second or so ago, I must still recognize the imperfect freedom of such action, since it was and is inseparable from that moment of time in which it was performed. Can I raise my hand ? I raise it. But I ask myself the question, " could I have helped raising my hand at that (now past) moment of time ?" To convince myself of this, the next moment I refrain from raising my hand ;— but that proves nothing, because when I refrained my hand now, it was not at the same moment of time as that, as to which I asked myself the question respecting my freedom of action. Time has elapsed, time which I had not the power to restrain, and the hand which I raised, and the air surrounding me and in which I made the movement of raising my hand, were not the same air which is now lambent about me, and not the same hand which I am now able to restrain from movement. That instant of time in which I made the first movement is irrevocable, and in that moment I could make but one movement; and

whatever movement I might have made, the movement must in any case have been one, and only one. The fact that in the next moment I did *not* move or raise my hand does not prove that in that first moment I could have avoided raising it, had I pleased to do so. And as my movement could only have been one in one moment of time; therefore it could not have been any other movement except that one. In order to represent the movement to ourselves as absolutely a free movement, we must present the action to ourselves as having occurred at the present instant, at the boundary of the past and future — that is: outside of time, which is impossible.

3. Let the difficulty of access to the motives of an action be never so great, we can never arrive at a conception of the working of absolute freedom of will,— that is, the utter absence of motive or reason. However inscrutable the motive for the expression of will as manifested in an action, the first claim of the intellect is the assumption of the existence of, and a search for the presence of motive, without which no action is comprehensible. I raise my hand in order to effect some action which is absolutely independent of any motive; but the fact that I wish to do something or other for which there is no motive, *is* the motive for my action.

But even if we represent to ourselves some individual absolutely independent of all external influence, regarding his momentary action as devoid of all motive, and admitting the proportion of the inevitable to be infinitesimal, and equal to nothing, we still have not arrived at the concept of the absolute freedom of will of *man*; because a being who is utterly independent of all motive, who is outside of time, and without the pale of the influence of the external world is, in point of fact, *not* a man. And in the same manner we could not possibly imagine the action of a man who is

entirely subservient to the law of the inevitable, and who has no share of the action of free will. 1. Let our knowledge of those outer conditions to which the individual is subject, be never so active, it can never be perfect, because the number of such conditions is immeasurably great — as infinite as space! And so soon as *all* the conditions are not definitely known to us,— those conditions which influence a man's actions,— the action is not entirely subservient to the inevitable, and a share of the working of freedom of will is apparent. 2. Let us lengthen out the distance of time between the manifestation which we are considering and our judgment upon it, still the period of time intervening, however long, must be finite, while time is infinite; therefore, in this connection, again there can be no such thing as the absolutely inevitable. 3. Let the chain of motives for any action be never so accessible, still we shall not master the whole of it; because a chain of motives is infinite; so again we fail to come within touch of the Inevitable.

But besides all this, were we to admit that the presence of free will, in any given case, were reduced to the minutest quantity, practically to Nothing, — say in the case of a dying man, or unborn child, or of an idiot, — if we admitted the absolute absence of free will in such a case, we should but annihilate our own conception of Man; because, as soon as freedom is proved to be absent in man, that man is *not* a man. And therefore any presentment of the acts of a man who is subordinate to the law of the inevitable only, without the smallest leaven of freedom of will, is as impossible as that of an individual acting with absolute freedom of Will!

So that, in order to represent to ourselves the actions of a man subservient to the law of the inevitable alone, and destitute altogether of freedom of will, we must admit the knowledge of an *infinite* number of external

conditions, the comprehension of an *infinite* period of time, and of an illimitable chain of motives. And by parity of reasoning, if we want to represent an individual as absolutely free, without any subservience to the law of the inevitable, we must represent him as one who is outside of space, outside of time, and without the pale of dependence upon motives!

In the first case, and if the inevitable could possibly exist apart from free will, we should have arrived by the laws of the inevitable at the definition of the inevitable, — that is at a mere empty form without substance.

In the second case, and if freedom could exist without the presence of the inevitable, or should arrive at unconditional freedom, outside the pale of time and motive, which, for the very reason that it *was* unconditional and illimitable would of necessity be Nonentity, — or substance without form.

In fact, we should have arrived at the two fundamental stand-points whence starts the whole of the world — contemplation in which man's intellect busies itself: namely — the intangible essence of Life, and the laws which govern that essence.

Reason says: 1. "Space, with all the forms by which matter makes it visible, is infinite; and is only comprehensible as being infinite." 2. "Time is infinite and perpetual motion, without a moment of pause; and only as such is time comprehensible." 3. "The connection of Motive and Result has no beginning and can have no end."

Consciousness says: 1, "I am one, and all that is is only I; — therefore Space is included in me. 2, I measure time into the motionless moments of Present Time, in which alone I am conscious of myself as living;—therefore I must be outside of time! and 3, I act independently of motives; because I perceive within myself the motive of every manifestation of my life."

Reason expresses the laws of the inevitable, — Consciousness expresses the essence of Freedom. Freedom, the illimitable, is the essence of life as man is conscious of it.

The inevitable, unrestricted, is the Reason of man, in its three forms.

Freedom is the object of examination; the inevitable is that which examines.

Freedom is the substance; the inevitable is Form.

Only in the disuniting of two springs of knowledge, which are related to one another as substance is to form, are to be found the separated, mutually repellent, and inscrutable concepts of Freedom and the Inevitable. Only in the uniting of these springs is to be found the true and distinct manifestation of human life.

Without these two concepts, mutually defining each other in union, — as form and substance do, — no manifestation of human life is possible.

All that we know of the life of men can only be measured according to the definiteness of the relations which freedom and the inevitable have borne one to another: — that is, an acknowledgment of the laws of Reason.

All that we know of the outer world of birth is no more than the definite relations of the force of birth to the inevitable — or of the essence of life to the laws of Reason.

The inceptive forces of life-birth lie outside our comprehension, and are not within our consciousness; though we call them gravitation, energy, electricity, animal strength, and so on; but we *are* conscious of the force of human life, and we call it Freedom.

But, just as the force of gravitation is incomprehensible and inscrutable in itself, though felt by every man, and is only understood by us in proportion to our experience of the laws of the inevitable, to which it is

subservient (from the first gleam of consciousness that bodies are heavy up to the laws of Newton) — just so is the force of freedom incomprehensible in itself, though all are conscious of it; and just so is it understood by us in proportion to our knowledge of the laws of the inevitable, to which it belongs (beginning with the fact that every man dies, and going on to the most intricate laws of economy and history). All knowledge is but the bringing of the essence of life under the law of Reason.

The freedom of man is different to all other forces in this: that man is conscious of it; but in the eyes of Reason it is no whit different from any other form of Force. The forces of gravitation, of electricity, or of chemical products differ merely inasmuch as Reason has defined them distinctly. And in the eyes of Reason the force of Freedom of Will only differs from other primary forces by virtue of the definition which this same Reason has given of it. But Freedom of Will *without* the inevitable — in other words without the laws of Reason which define and distinguish it, — is no whit different from the force of gravitation, or of heat, or of growth; in the eyes of Reason it is merely a transient and undefined sensation of life.

And as these undefined forces move the heavenly bodies — the undefined essence of the force of heat, or of electricity, or of chemical combinations, or of the vital forces recognized in astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, and so on — so does the essence of the force of Free Will give the bent to History. And just as the subject of every science is the manifestation of this abstract essence of life, while the essence itself can only be a subject for metaphysics, — so also the manifestation of the force of the freedom of persons in the abstract, — its times and its dependence upon motive, etc., — are the subject for history, while

Free Will itself, as an essence, is the subject of metaphysics.

In the experimental sciences that which we know definitely we call "the laws of the inevitable;" what we are not sure of we call vital force. Vital force is only the expression of the undefined and unknown remainder of that which we *do* know as to the essence of life. Just so in history, that which we do know for certain we call the inevitable; what we are not sure of we call freedom of will. Freedom is, from history, merely the expression of the undefined and unknown remainder of that which we do know concerning the laws of human life.

CHAPTER V.

History examines the evidences of freedom of will in mankind in its relations with the external world, with time, and with its conscious dependance upon motives; that is, history defines this freedom by the laws of Reason; and therefore history is a science in so far and in proportion as it defines this freedom by these laws.

In history, the recognition of the freedom of the Man as a Force able to influence historical events, is equivalent to the recognition, in astronomy, of the free power of movement of heavenly forces. This recognition would annihilate the possibility of the action of laws, — that is of knowledge of whatever kind it may be.

If there is a single body which moves of its own free will, then the laws of Kepler and Newton are non-existent and no representation of the heavenly bodies as moving bodies can stand. If there exists a single *free* action of a man, there is not a single law of history

which can stand, — and not a single presentment of historical events can be trusted.

In history there are distinct lines of the movement of human will, one of which is hidden in the unknown, while at the other end there moves, — in space, in time, and in dependence on Motive — the consciousness of the freedom of the individual in the present. In proportion as the course of this movement is cleared before our eyes, the laws which govern the movement become evident to us. To grasp and group or define these laws is the task of history.

From the point of view from which science considers its subjects, by the road which science takes to trace the motives for the manifestations of the free will of man, the formulation of these laws is impossible; because, whatever limits we may set to the freedom of men; so long as we recognize it as a force not subservient to laws, the very existence of such law is impossible.

Only by limiting this freedom of will to an infinite extent, that is by examining it as an infinitesimal quantity do we convince ourselves of the inscrutability of the motives leading up to it; — and then, instead of searching for motives, history takes up the enquiry into the laws.

This enquiry into the laws began long ago; and those new methods of thought which modern history has appropriated are working themselves out contemporaneously with the self-annihilation towards which old history, — always smothering and crushing the reasons for historical manifestations — is steadily advancing.

By this road all human sciences have passed. Arrived at the infinitesimal, mathematics — the most exact of the sciences — drops the process of division and betakes itself to the new process of addition of the infinitesimal atoms of the unknown. Dropping her re-

search into motive or reason, mathematics takes to investigating laws, — that is the nature common to all the infinitesimal elements of the unknown. The other sciences, in other forms, have followed the same road. When Newton gave out the law of gravitation he did not say that the sun or the earth had the special qualification of attraction; he said, that every body, from the greatest to the least, had the quality, as it were, of attracting every other body, — that is, having dropped for the moment the question as to the reasons governing the movements of bodies, he defined a general characteristic of all bodies, from the infinitely huge to the infinitesimally minute. The natural sciences have done the same; they put aside the question as to the reasons and betake themselves to a thorough study of the laws. On this road history is standing. And as history takes as its subject the study of the movement of nations and of humanity, and not the narrative of episodes in the lives of individuals, it must put aside the fuller understanding of reasons and go thoroughly into those laws which are common to all the elements of freedom, — the equal, closely-connected, and infinitesimally minute elements which go to make up the freedom of the Man.

Since the day when the law of Copernicus was discovered and proved, the one admission that it is the earth which moves and not the sun has annihilated the whole of the Cosmography of the Ancients. It would have been possible had the law of Copernicus been rejected to go on believing in the theories of the ancients, but as soon as the law was accepted it became manifestly impossible to continue in the faith of the teaching of the Ptolemaic world. (And yet, even after the revelation of the Copernican law, the Ptolemaic theories insisted on going on with their teaching.)

From the moment when it was first stated and

proved that the number of births, — and the number of crimes were subservient to mathematical laws, and that well-defined geographical and politico-economical conditions give this or that turn to the current of things in general — for instance, that certain conditions of the population of the globe superinduce the movements of Nations, — from that moment those bases on which history had built itself up were annihilated in their very essence!

It would have been possible for history, had it been able to reject those new laws, to continue in the old way of thinking; but, failing to reject these laws it has proved impossible to go on studying the revelations of historical events as the outcome of the freedom of will of individuals. Because, if any particular current of events set in, or if some movement of Nations took place in obedience to fixed geographical, ethnographical or economical conditions, then the wills of those individuals who figured as the directors of that current of events, or as the prime actors in that movement of Nations, can no longer be regarded as motive powers. Still even now, past history goes on with its teaching, parallel with the laws of statistics, geography, political economy, comparative philology and geology, on a line obviously antagonistic to their laws. Long and obstinate was the fight, in the domain of physical philosophy, between the old and new methods. Theology stood on guard on behalf of the old views and denounced the new for their destruction of revealed Truth. But when real Truth prevailed Theology established herself as firmly as before on the new ground!

The war between the old and new opinions upon history is now raging no less fiercely; and again is Theology standing at "present arms" for the defence of the old views, denouncing the new, as before, for its destruction of Revelation. As in one case, so in

the other the fray has roused the passions of both parties, and stifles the Truth. On one side are ranged the regret and sorrow which all fresh knowledge must bring, for the edifice of centuries; on the other the force of passion for destruction.

To men overcome by the awakening of the truths of physical philosophy it seemed that, so soon as they admitted these truths, away went their faith in God, in the creation of the world, and in the miracle of Jesus. To the defender of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, — to Voltaire for instance — it appeared that the laws of astronomy annihilate faith, and Voltaire used Gravitation as a weapon against religion. Just so now, as it seems, we need but admit the law of the inevitable and away go our conceptions of the Lord, of Good and Evil, and all the Institutions of Church and State that are based upon those conceptions! Like Voltaire in his time, the uninvited defenders of the law of the inevitable use it as a weapon against religion; while the law of the inevitable in history (like the law of Copernicus in astronomy) in reality not only does not destroy but actually strengthens and solidifies the ground upon which are built those ecclesiastical and state institutions which, at first sight, it seemed to annihilate.

As then in the matter of Astronomy so *now* in the matter of History, all varieties of opinion are based on the recognition, or the non-recognition of the absolute Unit which serves as the measure or standard of all visible manifestations. In astronomy this unit was the immobility of the Earth; in history it is the independence of the individual, — Freedom.

As, in astronomy, the difficulty of recognizing the possibility of the Earth's motion lay in this: that one had first to get rid of the immediate personal sensation of the immobility and fixity of the earth, and of a cor-

responding conviction of the particular movements of the planets, — so in history the difficulty in the way of admitting the subjection of the individual to the laws of space, time and motion, lies in this: that a man has first to get rid of his own personal and immediate consciousness or sensation of individual independence. But as in astronomy the new theory spoke and said: "it is true that we do not feel the earth moving; but if we were to admit that it does not move we should arrive at a *reductio ad absurdum;* while, granting, that it moves, although we may not feel that motion, we can deduce a consistent law!" So does the new theory of history speak to us, and in much the same words, — it says: "Very true — we cannot feel our dependence; but if we stand upon our absolute freedom we very speedily get to the *reductio ad absurdum;* whereas, if once we admit that we *are* dependent upon the external world, — and upon the laws of time and motive, we are within bond of the true law!"

In the first case we had to get rid of the false consciousness of our fixity in space, and to admit the existence of a perpetual motion which we could not feel; and in the second case, that of history, we have to rid our minds of the false consciousness of our own absolute freedom, and to admit the existence of our dependence although we are unable to feel it.

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